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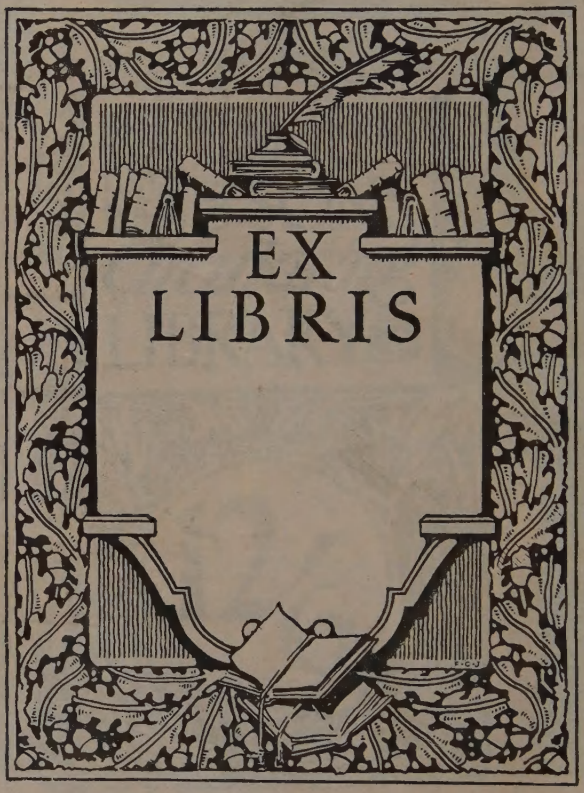

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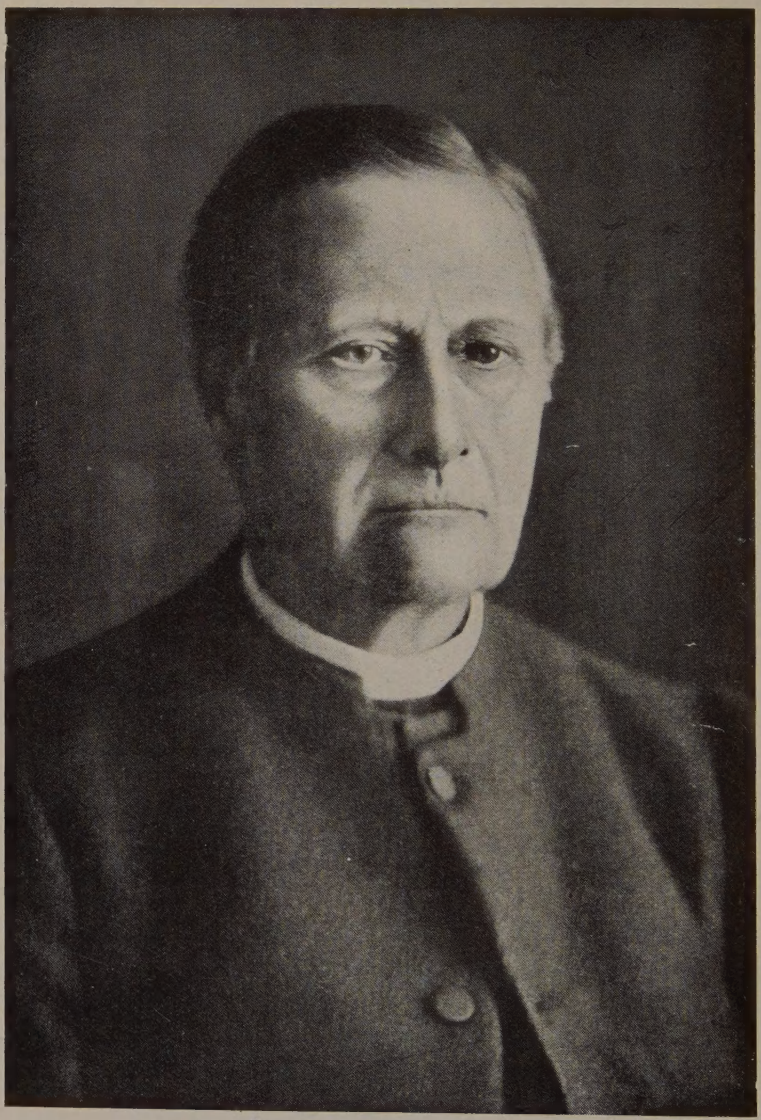

S. Baring-Gould

THE CHURCH REVIVAL

THOUGHTS THEREON AND REMINISCENCES

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BY

S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "THE TRAGEDY OF THE CÆSARS," ETC.

"Ecclesia videtur sicut luna deficere, sed non deficit; obumbrari potest, deficere non potest"

S. Ambrose, Hex. IV. 2

WITH EIGHTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO

TWO FRIENDS OF MY OWN GENERATION:
THE REV. J. T. FOWLER, HON. CANON OF
DURHAM AND HEBREW LECTURER TO THE
UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM, M.A., HON. D.C.L.,
F.S.A.; AND THE REV. J. M. GATRILL, LATE
VICAR OF ALL SAINTS', STANWAY

331800

PREFACE

I HAD no intention, in writing my Reminiscences, and Thoughts on the Church Revival, of having them published before my death. When this appears I shall be in my eighty-first year, and I have passed through many experiences during the second stage of the Church Revival. Memoirs and Recollections have been issued from the press relative to the first, or Tractarian stage, but none, so far as I can learn, that concerns the second epoch, that termed, first, Puseyite and then Ritualistic, except detached Biographies, and records concerning particular churches.[1]

I say that I did not desire to publish, but leave my MS. to appear later, because I was reluctant to hurt the feelings of sons and grandsons of some of whom I have had to say hard words. But I have been strongly urged to produce the work at once, because of late there has been a recrudescence of secessions to Rome of young clergy, impatient at the slow progress of the movement—above all at the favour shown to, and the advancement made to responsible positions in the Church, of men whose grasp on the fundamentals of the Christian faith is more than doubtful.

In this book I desire especially to show the younger clergy that the trials and discouragements through which loyally-minded Churchmen had to pass formerly were far more serious than any which they are called upon to endure at the present day.

If I have had to deal somewhat severely with the Bishops of the Victorian period, it must be borne in mind that they laid themselves out for condemnation. When one looks back on the

[1] I must, however, except Mr. Overton's excellent book, *The Anglican Revival* (London, 1897). It is, however, very brief, and more than half is devoted to the Tractarian movement.

hearts they broke, the hopes they extinguished, the bitterness of soul they engendered, the wreckage they wrought in the Church of England, wheresoever work was being done for God not exactly after the pattern with which they were familiar and in the fashion that they approved, and how they were able to throw a bomb and thrust in a torch to destroy loyal work, then the fire kindles and one speaks with the tongue. That they did not understand the movement towards fuller doctrine and more reverent ceremonial may well and readily be conceded, but that which cannot be excused is where they endeavoured to hinder or wholly prevent the Church from recovering her voice in Convocation, and in Synodal action, in a word from recovering her vitality, and also for obstructing the commissioning of Bishops to act as heads of Missions beyond the bounds of our Colonies, and for endeavouring to rivet on them the chains of the Royal Supremacy and the Judgments of the Court of the Privy Council.

A friend once showed an old Turk an engraving of Noah's sacrifice, highly idealised. The Ark, looking like a mastless old three-decker battleship, was in the background, and the elephants, giraffes, lions, tigers and lambs were represented walking lovingly in conjunction out of the sally-port, like a lady's seminary taking a constitutional. "Ah!" said the old Turk, "if only we had a photograph of it as it really was!" In the future, maybe, we shall have the Victorian archbishops and bishops idealised, delineated like apostles in stained glass with haloes about their heads. I see from an article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* that the halo is beginning to form even about Archbishop Thomson. Already Bishops Sumner, Bickersteth, Thorold, etc., have undergone beatification at the hands of admiring but uncritical biographers.

I have ventured to sketch some of these men. I do not for a moment mean to imply that they did not act conscientiously. I believe that Annas and Caiaphas were sincerely conscientious men. Only they knew not what they did. That is their excuse.

I find that among the younger clergy there is a growing impatience at the galling link between Church and State, and the impotence in which the Church is placed to select her own officers and manage her own affairs; and there is a readiness to accept Disestablishment at almost any price.

I do not wonder at it. From the time of the English Revolution, insult and outrage have been assiduously offered to the

Church, and every effort has been made to depress and cripple her, and force her to work as her taskmaster orders, in chains, and with the irons eating into her very soul.

One of our present bishops is reported to have said : " When I travel I always get into a carriage in the middle of the train, and I take a middle compartment, and plant myself in the middle seat, and trust the rest to Providence." This represents precisely the policy of a great many—not all—of our prelates. They do not want to lead, they do not want either to come in at the tail, but to occupy a position that exposes them to no danger or discomfort. What they look for is to be safe—safe in the middle compartment, with a buffer on each side, so that whatever might befall the train in which they travel—the Church of the Land—they personally will not suffer.

In the first two chapters I have endeavoured to trace the history of the parties in the Church to their sources, and to show how that Puritanism was a foreign element introduced into England. I have endeavoured also to show how that the Church has been like a cask half-full of generous wine, into which the State, like a dishonest host, has poured so as to fill the cask the water of Latitudinarianism charged with evil, as much as it would hold ; and how that the Church movement has been the fermentation of the noble liquor, endeavouring to clear itself of its impurities.

As a history of the Church in the Victorian age, my Reminiscences will not serve. They are rather a collection of disjointed notes on various matters connected with the movement, than anything of the nature of a consecutive history. I have dealt mainly with such events as came under my own immediate notice or with which close friends had been associated.

Here and there I have incorporated into the text passages from articles I had contributed to the *Guardian*.

I have ventured also to reproduce certain caricatures that appeared at intervals, also satirical verses that circulated, some in print, and some in MS. ; moreover I have given the texts applied by the late Dr. Littledale to the Victorian Bishops. All these items, trivial and even flippant, deserve preservation as illustrative of the feelings and passions excited on one side as on the other by the Church Revival ; and such in a few years would be difficult, almost impossible to recover ; and this must serve as my apology for their introduction. I may, like Autolicus, be a snapper up of unconsidered trifles, but it is precisely these

trifles that tell most of the temper of the times when they were cast aside.

> **Vive, vale: si quid novisti rectius istis,**
> **Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.**

I have to thank three old friends, of the same age as myself, for their advice in the compilation of this book, and for having read it over in MS. They are not, however, to be held responsible for my statements, censures, or opinions. I must also thank several laymen and clergy who have furnished me with details relative to the imprisonment of clergy under the P.W.R. Act. Also Mr. Mowbray, for kindly permitting the reproduction of one of the plates of *Deformation and Reformation*, drawn by his father in the forties.

S. Baring-Gould

Lew Trenchard, Devon.

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DANGEROUS FLIRTATION, OR SAM AND THE SCARLET LADY . 298
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(From *The Hornet*, 1874.)

THE CHURCH REVIVAL

CHAPTER I

THE SWAMPING OF THE CHURCH

1547—1660

A SURVEY, as brief as I can make it, of the history of the Church in England from the death of King Henry VIII must be allowed, if I am to convey to the reader a clear notion of the diverse elements that existed in her, and explain the rise of the Evangelical and the Oxford movements.

In limestone districts streams often sink and disappear, but at a distance of some miles re-emerge into light, with increased volume. It is important to trace up the diverse currents of religious convictions to their sources, that for a period have been below the surface invisible and unsuspected.

The exactions of the Papacy had provoked widespread hostility towards Rome, and the English people were quite content to be rid of the papal yoke, but had no wish to shed the Catholic Faith and see the worship of the Church revolutionized. The First Prayer Book of Edward VI issued in 1549 expressed the mind of the English Church; such reactionaries as Tunstall and Gardiner used it without scruple. All the Bishops signed it, with one exception. But under the sickly young king, the reins of government were grasped by the Protector Somerset, and after his execution, by Northumberland; and both these unprincipled men were abetted by an equally unprincipled Council, from which all men of Conservative tendencies had been excluded. These men had a mind to enrich themselves by the plunder of the Church, by appropriating to themselves episcopal manors, the estates of colleges, hospitals and chantries, and the glebe of parsonages; as Henry had

despoiled the monasteries, so would they despoil the Church. For effecting this purpose no better expedient presented itself to their minds than the Protestantizing of the Church, so as to render her powerless to resist.

Accordingly refugee Reformers from the Continent were welcomed with open arms, and in order to poison the wells, Peter Martyr, an Italian, who came by way of Zürich and Strassburg, and who had infected the mind of Ridley, was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford in May 1549; and Martin Bucer, a Strassburg pastor, was planted in the professorial chair of Divinity at Cambridge in the same year. Valérand Pullain, a Calvinistic Fleming, came with his congregation of weavers to England and was settled at Glastonbury. Pullain published a Calvinistic form of worship in Latin, in 1551, and dedicated it to Edward VI as a model upon which the English Prayer Book might be reshaped. Ochino was made prebendary of S. Paul's. John Knox also had a finger in the pie. It is due to a violent sermon of his against kneeling at Communion, that the "Black Rubric" was inserted in the Prayer Book.

John Alasco, an apostate Bishop, uncle of the King of Poland, came to England and established Calvinistic worship in the nave of the church of the Austin Friars. He also was consulted, so was Bullinger of Zürich, as to how far on the downward path it was advisable for the English divines to descend. "Never," says Dr. Gairdner, "was greater deference paid to foreign opinion than now, in a Church which had been emancipated from the jurisdiction of a foreign bishop."[1]

Some vivisectionists have extracted the brain from living animals, so as to ascertain to what extent they can live and move when divested of this vital organ. It was the purpose of Northumberland and the Council to have the Church so treated, all Catholicity taken out of her; and for this purpose Cranmer, Holgate and others were set to revise the Prayer Book. As Renan, after he had lost faith, still retained a love for Christianity, so did Cranmer. However harshly his foreign counsellors might bray into his ears their advice all day, at night came welling up the music of the ancient liturgy in his soul, and he could not resolve to cast aside so much that was beautiful to please his masters, the Council, and his foreign friends.

There can exist no doubt that the numerical preponderance

[1] Gairdner (Jas.), *The English Church in the Sixteenth Century* (1902), p. 291.

of the population was as many to one in favour of the old religion. The advanced reformers comprised but a very few inhabitants in any place, town or country. Such as did exist owed their views to Tyndale's Bible. Tyndale had been living at Worms. He fell under the influence of the Swiss reformers, whose convert he became. He translated the New Testament into English, giving it a strong Zwinglian bias, and he prefixed to every part, as issued, a preface vehemently denunciatory of the Catholic system of orders and sacraments. The book was smuggled into England in the reign of Henry VIII, and disseminated among such as could read, doctrines "made in Switzerland."

However, in 1547 the Commentary of Erasmus in English was ordered to be provided for every parish church, so that the readers of the Great Bible might at the same time receive a sober and orthodox interpretation of the Sacred Text.

In the same year the First Book of the Homilies was issued, and prefaced by a letter from the King enjoining these homilies to be read in all churches every Sunday, by such priests as could not preach. "But it is strange," observes Strype, "to consider how anything, be it never so beneficial and innocent, oftentimes gives offence. For a great many, both of the laity as well as the clergy, could not digest these homilies; and therefore, sometimes, when they were read in church, if the parishioners liked them not, there would be such talking and babbling in the church that nothing could be heard." Many parishes refused to provide the bread and wine for the Holy Communion under the new rite.

The English Prayer Book was unpopular; that, combined with the enclosure of commons and the depreciation of the standard, caused risings of the people in Devon, Cornwall, Essex, Oxfordshire, Kent, Suffolk and Norfolk.[1] The condition of affairs was serious, and had there been combined action among the insurgents the Government would have fallen. Martial law was established in London, and the insurrections were put down by thousands of Flemish and German lanzknechts, and Spanish arquebusmen, sent by the Council through the country to butcher the unhappy peasants. The diaries of the period are full of records of executions.

[1] "Insurrections broke out in Hertfordshire, Somerset, and Lincolnshire; then in Devonshire and Cornwall; in Gloucestershire, Berkshire and Buckinghamshire, Nottinghamshire, Warwickshire, Northamptonshire; in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Kent; and also far away in Yorkshire."—Gairdner (J.), *The English Church in the Sixteenth Century*, p. 266.

In the last Parliament of Edward VI no members were returned for the counties that were dissatisfied with the change in religion. The Council found it necessary to forbid all parochial clergy, and even the bishops, to preach without being accorded a licence by the Government, and special preachers were dispatched by the Council through the land to instil the new doctrines into the people. These men met with little encouragement, for often the use of the pulpits in the parish churches was refused them by the parsons and churchwardens. Moreover, a strict censorship was exercised over the press, and nothing was suffered to be published in favour of the old religion, whereas liberty most free was accorded to scurrilous and indecent pamphlets attacking Episcopacy, the Real Presence and the efficacy of Baptism, and advocating the grossest antinomianism. "The Church," wrote Canon Dixon, "was held dumb throughout this period, by the positive orders of the Council."

The Reformation under Edward VI was carried through without consulting Convocation, by the Protector and the Council at the head of a small and detested minority in both Church and Nation. "The Convocation of the Clergy had nothing to do with the First Act for the Uniformity of Religion. . . . Neither the First Act for Uniformity, nor any of the acts that came thereafter had any such origin. Laymen were the authors of these momentous measures. Laymen made the First English Prayer Book into the schedule of a penal statute, and from the time that they first did so, with mournful consistency, a penal statute accompanied every succeeding revision of the Book of Common Prayer. As little in the work itself, which was thus imposed on the realm, had the clergy originally any share." [1]

Antonio de Guarras, a Spanish merchant living in London, and speaking English perfectly, wrote his account of the accession of Queen Mary; in this he says that there were but 4 per cent in the country who were infected with the new religion; and he judged from London, where it had made far more way than in the country.

I have already mentioned some of the foreign Reformers who came to England. Cranmer had surrounded himself in Lambeth Palace with a crowd of these men. Beside Peter Martyr there were Julius, Tremellius, Dryander and other French Calvinists pouring their insidious advice into his too open ears. Others were

[1] Dixon, *History of the English Church*, iii. 5.

Peter Alexander, Bernadino Ochino, who was made prebendary of Canterbury, Matthew Nigellinus, and Martin Mycronius. In the second year of Edward came Fagius, destined with Bucer to occupy one of the professorial chairs at Cambridge. Cranmer entreated Melancthon thrice to come to England and help in the revision of the Prayer Book, along with Alasco, who did come. Calvin also thought fit to intermeddle. He wrote to the Protector on October 22, 1548, tendering his advice, or rather his dictation. Dryander, a Lutheran, was placed by Cranmer at Cambridge. Christopher Mount was dispatched by the Archbishop with a circular letter to Zürich, written in the name of the young King, in which the religious agreement between England and Zürich was assumed. It suggested that a Council should be held for the settlement of religion on a common basis. Happily nothing came of it. Again Calvin thought fit to interfere, by writing to the King in 1551, and to Cranmer, exhorting them to get rid of every trace of superstition. The objections raised by these foreigners to the First Prayer Book, the urgency of the Council and the "down-grade" tendency of Cranmer's mind, determined the latter on a reformation of the Prayer Book. He associated with himself the adulterous Holgate, Archbishop of York,[1] and the Bishops of London and Ely; and, acting on the advice of Peter Martyr and Martin Bucer—but not implicitly—he produced the Second Book in 1552. Bucer had recommended the pulling down of all chancels. But this was not done, as "there was no money in it," and it would have entailed expense in walling up the chancel arches. Somerset had desired to pull down Westminster Abbey and use the materials for building a palace for himself, and was only bought off by the Dean and Chapter by the surrender of ten manors. Then, for the construction of Somerset House he destroyed S. Mary-le-Strand and the cloister of S. Paul's Cathedral.

Too much credit has been accorded to Cranmer for moderation in the drawing up of the Second Prayer Book of 1552: that he and the other divines were Zwinglians with a strong dash of Calvinism, is certain, and that they desired to revolutionize the faith and worship of the Church is pretty certain. The Council desired it eagerly, and was not slow to mark its contempt for the book as not going far enough. But there was a force

[1] Poynet, Bishop of Rochester and then of Winchester, got into a scrape by adultery with a butcher's wife at Nottingham. Cranmer does not appear to have thought anything of that.

beside the Council that had to be reckoned with, and that was the English people, who disliked the changes. In fact, the risings in so many counties against the First Prayer Book, with the consequent bloodshed, and the gallows set up beside all highways, taught Cranmer caution, and he was afraid of giving occasion for further revolts by too drastic an alteration.

The new, the second Prayer Book of Edward VI, was issued without having been submitted to Convocation, on January 10, 1552. Happily for England and her Church, Edward died on July 6, 1553, so that the new Prayer Book, every page of which was soiled by the finger-marks of Bucer,[1] Peter Martyr, Pullain and Bullinger, had but a brief existence. All England welcomed Mary. It had been heartily disgusted with the self-seeking and the rapacity of the Council, with the sacrilege and devastation of the churches, and with the violent changes in religion. Indeed, as Paget wrote to Protector Somerset: eleven-twelfths of the kingdom were opposed to the new-fangled teaching.[2]

Mary was received in London and acclaimed throughout the country with transports of joy. Most of the Reformers fled to the Continent, without any attempt being made to detain them. When Mary came to the throne, she declared in Council, on August 12, that "she meant not to compel or strain the conscience of others, otherwise than by persuasion;" and such as had got to like the English service were at ease. At her accession the heart of the people was Catholic, but by no means Roman; when Elizabeth succeeded, it was Protestant. There is good cause to hold that the actual conversion to Reforming opinions went on at a speedier rate amidst the fires of Smithfield than during the oppressive rule of Somerset and Northumberland. In 1554 Mary issued orders for Mass to be performed in Latin, and for the ejection from their cures of all married clergy. Such as consented to renounce their wives were to be dealt with leniently, and be transferred to other cures, unless they had previously belonged to one or other of the Religious Orders. The number thus deprived was about one in six.[3]

[1] Bucer gives us his experience as to the result of his teaching in Strassburg. He candidly admitted: "What have we done to the great edifice of Christianity? We have destroyed a great deal, but we have built up nothing. We have rejected a great deal, and our successors go on and reject more—the commandments of God and common morality." And this was the man invited to work the same mischief in England! On further admissions of Bucer of wretched results, see Döllinger, *Die Reformation*, ii. 21 *et seq.*

[2] Strype, ii. 110.

[3] Frere, *The Marian Reaction* (S.P.C.K., 1896), p. 77.

In the diocese of Canterbury 73 were expelled, but of these 4 were reinstated. In the diocese of Lichfield, out of 550 benefices, the number of clergy dispossessed was 43, or one in 12. In Bath and Wells, where the preferments were 390, 69 incumbents were deprived or resigned—about 1 in 5. In Norwich, out of 1,120 parishes, 335 were destituted, or less than 1 in 5. In the diocese of London as it is at present constituted there were 213 parishes: Mary deprived 36 in 4½ years, being 2 out of 13. There would appear, however, throughout England to have been a certain number of benefices to which laymen had been intruded under the lax and immoral rule of Protector Somerset and the Duke of Northumberland, and these men were of course ejected. There seems to have been little or no question as to the validity of Ordination under the Reformed Ordinal, though in the first six months after Mary ascended the throne a few clergy, in a panic lest they should be dispossessed, sought the making up of any deficiency in their ordination by having their hands anointed. "Reasons have already been given to show that the general cause of deprivation was marriage, and in the cases where no cause is assigned it is natural to suppose that it was this. At any rate, there is no shadow of a hint that invalidity of orders had anything to do with it." [1]

It was moreover taken for granted that all these clergy were orthodox and not infected with the new doctrines, and further knew how to celebrate in Catholic manner at the altars.

When the news reached the Continent that Mary was dead all the Reformers, who during her reign had wrangled and denounced one another, came back to England, with a horde of foreigners at their backs.

When these men arrived in England, they laboured indefatigably to spread their imported opinions and to capture the Church. They did not succeed in this latter attempt, but they spread through the land, influencing men's minds everywhere against all that savoured of Catholic antiquity.

They found to their dissatisfaction that the second Prayer Book of Edward VI had been already subjected to revision and had been reinforced in a Catholic direction, and that there was manifested by the Queen no intention of lowering the tone.

In or about 1567 a veritable inundation of foreign malcontents came to London, so extensive as to move the jealousy of the community. The rent of houses was raised; these strangers

[1] Frere, *The Marian Reaction* (S.P.C.K., 1896), p. 109.

interfered with the trade. The streets had to be patrolled by the watch to prevent an outbreak of the 'prentices against them. The ports and havens were crowded by them. They founded colonies everywhere. The Bishops of London, Winchester and Lincoln greatly favoured them, as introducing a further infusion of heresy to strengthen the amount already found in the land, and with which these prelates were in sympathy. They were hardly settled in England before they were torn into factions fighting one another over theological points of no profit either spiritually or morally.

The restoration of the Prayer Book with its alterations at once called forth their animadversions. Peter Martyr and Bullinger wrote giving the perfidious advice to the Puritan clergy who had returned, that they should conform in part only to the liturgy, but preach against the ceremonies still retained, and refrain from administering the Sacraments so long as the vestments were in use. Beza also, from Geneva, put in his word in 1577, writing to advise that nothing should be allowed in the matter of ceremonies but what was after " Christ's ordinance, and the assured example of the Apostles."

The Zürich letters show us that the Bishops under Elizabeth were appealing incessantly for advice to the foreigners. In 1565–6, Horne, Parkhurst and Grindal sought to justify themselves to Bullinger and Gualter for having accepted bishoprics with the obligation to wear habits and use ceremonies to which these foreigners objected. Can anything be conceived more humiliating? They wrote their apologies also, in conjunction with Coverdale, to Beza, Farel and Vinetus at Geneva: " An unleavened cake instead of common bread; the Communion taken on bended knees; a square cap, bands, gown and tippet out of doors; the surplice and cope in divine worship, such is the picture of the Church! They who refuse it are deprived. . . . Publish a treatise to instruct both our Church and the Saxon Churches. Admonish our bishops by a printed letter not to persecute Joseph for his coat . . . communicate this letter to all your brethren." [1] Nor did Knox and the Edinburgh assembly abstain from uncalled-for—not to say impertinent interference, by sending a letter " to the Bishops and Pastors of England," deprecating the " Roman rags and dregs of the Roman Beast " still found in the Church (December 27, 1566).

Beza wrote to Grindal advising that the English Church

[1] *Zürich Letters*, ii. 121.

should combine with the Scottish Kirk in accepting the Helvetian Confession, approved by the Geneva Community.

The four demands of the Puritans were these :

(1) Equality of all ministers. The title and office of Bishop to be allowed to remain, but only as synonymous with Pastor or Teacher.

(2) All members of the Church to be subject to the discipline of the Consistory.

(3) The break with the past, with the historic Church, to be made absolute. The clergy who had been ordained under Henry VIII and Mary to be ejected from their cures, and everything in the Communion service that recalled the Mass to be cast forth.

(4) Nothing to be tolerated in public worship that had not been expressly enjoined by Scripture.[1]

Elizabeth had a very difficult part to play. It was her idea, as well as that of her advisers, that the Church should be National and all-comprehensive. It must contain those who clung to Catholic order and tradition, but those also who had been infected with the tenets of the foreign Reformers. Accordingly, at the revision of the Articles of Religion under Elizabeth the articles dealing with doctrines about which was dispute, as those on Justification by Faith and Predestination, were couched in such terms as seemed to favour the opinions of the Reformers, but qualifications were added that somewhat neutralised their force. Articles xi, xii, and xvi were cast to these fanatics to mumble,[2] whilst the faithful were given their Liturgy and rites to satisfy their conservative instincts.

Certain Articles of Religion were, in point of fact, much like Caliban with Trinculo under his gaberdine, having a forward and a backward voice, at one and the same time.

At the outset of the reign of Elizabeth, the clergy as a body objected to any change in the services of the Church and any tampering with the Faith. This was shown by the protest of Convocation in 1559, and by the resolute opposition maintained by the Bishops in Parliament. The Supremacy and Uniformity

[1] Paget (Dean), *An Introduction to the Fifth Book of Hooker's Treatise on the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity* (Oxford, 1899), pp. 52–3.

[2] The Convocation of 1573 which recast the Articles framed this Canon for their interpretation by all preachers : "In the first place they shall provide that they never teach aught . . . which they desire to be devoutly held and believed by the people save that which is agreeable to the doctrine of the Old and New Testament and which the Catholic Fathers and ancient Bishops have gathered from the said doctrine."

Acts and the revived and amended Edwardine Injunctions were in force by Midsummer 1559. A Royal Commission was appointed to visit both provinces and to impose on all the clergy an oath to accept the Supremacy of the Crown, to use the Prayer Book alone in public ministration, and to observe the Injunctions. The Visitors were empowered to deprive of their benefices such clergy as refused the oath.

This oath was administered throughout the country during August, September and October, 1559. A large number of clergy in the North put in no appearance. We have a complete list of them in the North, and a list of those who took the oath survives for five dioceses in the South. These show that nearly half the clergy absented themselves from the Visitation. Such as did appear and took the oath were mainly Henrician or Marian appointments who submitted to the change.

At the time of the Visitation of the Diocese of York there were 35 livings vacant. The absentees from it, of men who could not make up their minds to take the oath, numbered 152. Of these only 5 were deprived ; the others succeeded in swallowing their scruples.

In the diocese of Durham there were 180 incumbents, and of these 35 absented themselves from the Visitation, but of these 35 only 3 were deprived.

In the diocese of Carlisle there were 100 clergy, 35 absented themselves, and of these 2 were deprived.

In the diocese of Chester there were 250 incumbents, 90 absented themselves, yet not one was deprived.

There were, however, in the whole Northern province 22 men who had been ejected from their livings under Queen Mary, and these were now reinstated.

Those who evaded subscription at the Visitation either in the next few months took the oath or were passed over. No great diligence was used to enforce subscription. Nicholas Sanders in 1571 drew up a list of those clergy who had refused subscription and were ousted from their cures. He made the number to be 480 ; but his list of names has been minutely investigated by Dr. Henry Gee by the aid of the Registers, and he shows that Sanders included *laymen*, and that a goodly number of those he gives as ejected cannot be traced at all in any register.

The ascertainable number of clergy deprived *for all causes* between November 17, 1558, and November 17, 1564, is about 400 ; but then in the later period the deprivations were of Puritans

who refused to make use of the Prayer Book in their public ministrations; and Dr. Gee says that on a review of the whole evidence it is impossible to conclude that many more than 200 Papist clergy were deprived within the period 1558–64, because they would not conform to the Prayer Book and accept the Royal Supremacy.[1]

Camden says that out of 9,400 parishes only 189 priests refused to conform to the English Liturgy, but of these were 50 Prebendaries, 15 Presidents of Colleges, 12 Archdeacons, 12 Deans, 6 Abbots and 14 Bishops, of parish priests only 80. According to Collier, the total number was 229, that would give 120 parish priests.

Now what do we gather from this, but the fact that the vast majority of the beneficed clergy who had sung Mass during the reign of Queen Mary in Latin, wearing the Eucharistic vestments continued during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, singing Mass in English, perhaps to the setting of Merbecke, more probably to the old inflections to which they were accustomed, accommodating thereto the English words as best they might—just as I have heard done in Germany among the Old Catholics, just as is done still in Iceland, where the melody is that of the Pre-Reformation missal, but the words are in the vernacular.

So also these priests throughout the length and breadth of the land would use the vestments, lights, ceremonial to which they had been accustomed, where no rubric directed to the contrary.

An instance of the manner in which changes were accepted without much difficulty is to be found in the fortunes of S. John's College, Oxford, that had Sir Thomas White as its founder in the reign of Queen Mary. He accepted the English Prayer Book, and provided for the performance of Divine service in the college chapel, with no sign of violent breach with the past.[2]

How great and how piteous the confusion was in the English Church may be gathered from a letter of Mendoza to the king of Spain, in 1567. He wrote that it would be a difficult matter to reduce to one form in England the diversity of belief and teaching

[1] Gee (Dr.), *The Elizabethan Clergy and the Settlement of Religion*, 1558–1564 (Oxford, 1898). This admirable work gives the names of all who were deprived, and approximately all the Marian clergy who conformed.

[2] There still remain in the vestry of S. John's College two tunicles and a white cope of the same set, the orphreys of two chasubles, cut out of the vestments probably late in the seventeenth century, and a magnificent cope of blue and gold.

that existed therein, for "in every parish church a different service is held according to the bent of the minister;" and this is confirmed by an account published somewhat later, by J. Howlet, at Douay, wherein he says: "Although the world knoweth that the Order set down in the book [of Common Prayer] be commonly broken by every minister at his pleasure, and observed almost nowhere, yet small punishment hath ever ensued thereof." Robert Parsons, in a pamphlet published in 1580 against the Roman Catholics attending the reformed services in their parish churches, says of the clergy that "They deall too chyldishilye, when they say, their service differeth in nothing from the ould Catholicke service, but onelye because it is in English: thereby thinking to make the simple people to have the lesse scruple to come to it." This must have been where the English Liturgy was sung with much of the old ceremonial, with lights and vestments, and where the Holy Table stood altarwise, as it did everywhere except where the new hot-Gospellers held sway.

Bucer long before, in November 1550, writing to Hooper, complained: "In many places the Lord's Supper so takes the place of the Mass, that the people do not know in what respect it differs from it except that it is celebrated in the vulgar tongue."

Neal, in his *History of the Puritans*, says: "The service performed in the Queen's chapel and in sundry cathedrals was so splendid and showy that foreigners could not distinguish it from the Roman, except that it was performed in the English tongue. By this method most of the popish laity were deceived into conformity, and came regularly to church for nine or ten years."

But a change ensued. For the most part the Elizabethan Bishops were an unworthy set, avaricious, unscrupulous, and some of them unlearned. These men encouraged and advanced clergy infected with Calvinism; and Burleigh, Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord North, Leicester, Walsingham throughout favoured such as had been abroad and there contracted Zwinglian and other heresies; so that as the old Marian clergy that had conformed died, into their places were thrust either directly by these noble patrons, or mediately through the Bishops, men who had no savour of Catholicity about them.

We read and hear of "The Elizabethan settlement" as though religion in her reign had settled into something like the form that the Church afterwards assumed. But the condition under Elizabeth was actually one of unsettlement—of the clash-

ing of jarring and irreconcilable ideas, "a time of sharp confusion and inconsistent hopes." The men whom Leicester and Walsingham imported into the Church brought their foreign heresy with them; they did not find it ingrained therein. It was with the Anglican Church, not what would be scrofula in the human system, lodged in the blood, affecting the glands and all the vital organs, but as a superficial disorder, that may sadly disfigure for awhile, but can be subdued by judicious treatment. It was an episode in the history of the English Church, as was Arianism in the Universal Church fifteen centuries ago. The Elizabethan bishops, men returned from abroad, had left their hearts behind at Zürich. They had no belief in Episcopacy, and would, if allowed, have swept out of the Church all marks of Catholicity. They expressed a wish to get rid even of the surplice, and they put a disingenuous gloss on the Ornaments rubric, openly proposed the abolition of the Cross in baptism, objected to chanting and to organs, and followed Ridley's practice of turning the Holy Table lengthwise,[1] so that the priest might stand at the north side, facing south, a quibbling compliance with the rubric of 1552, defeating the real purport.

A great distinction must be drawn between the condition of the Church in the reign of Edward VI, and in that of Elizabeth. In the former period the Church was subjected to outrage and profanation by the rulers of the State, men destitute of religion, lusting after spoliation, who would carry off the copes to make coverlets for their beds, and chalices to decorate their sideboards. But under Elizabeth the fermentation was within. The disciples of the foreign Reformers were ordained priests, consecrated Bishops; and it was they who set zealously to work to devastate the Houses of God in the land, and render the worship of God indecorous. Let me take one instance. Emmanuel College, Cambridge, had been founded by Sir Thomas Mildmay to become a nursery of Puritanism. The college had been a Convent of Preaching Friars. Their chapel was now converted into the dining-hall, and a fireplace erected where had been the high altar. The old refectory, pointing north and south, was made into the chapel. In the latter no surplices were worn at any service. "In Emmanuel College they receive the Holy Sacrament sittinge upon formes about the Communion table, and doe pull the loafe one from the other after the minister hath begon. And soe the cupp, one drinking as it were to

[1] At least he did so on Easter Eve, 1551, in S. Paul's Cathedral.

another like good fellows, without any particular application of the said words, more than once for all."

There were thus in the Church of England as established, two currents flowing between the same banks, of diametrically opposite colour. It is so during a certain portion of the course of the Danube: one stream is brown and charged with mud, the other issuing from the great source of Bleubeuren is limpid and of a singularly blue and heavenly tinge ; after these streams have united, for some miles they can be discriminated, flowing side by side but not commingling.

A certain impetus had been given to the Protestant stream of feeling, through the hatred of Rome and Spain provoked by the cruelties of Queen Mary, and by the risks the country ran through the machinations of the partisans of Mary Queen of Scots, and the menace of invasion from Spain ; but the English people drew a long breath of relief when the Scottish Queen had been executed, 1587, and the Armada wrecked, 1588. Then came the turn of the tide. Elizabeth perfectly understood the temper and mind of her English subjects. She knew that the vast bulk of the nation was sober-minded and conservative in religion, and that it entertained a profound distaste for the violence and extravagance of the Puritans. The turn of the tide was marked by Bancroft's epoch-making sermon at S. Paul's, on February 9, 1589, on the divine institution of Episcopacy. Hitherto the orthodox party had been without leaders. But now such men appeared. Jewel wrote his *Apology*; and Richard Hooker, feeling that some basis must be found for the position of the English Church, whilst still young—he was but thirty-eight years old—retired from the strife of tongues to consider in quietness what had to be done, and then to do it. It is rare, as Dean Paget wrote, " for the heat of controversy to kindle in a man the desire not to talk but to think." In his *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity* Hooker laid down the lines on which the Church is reared, against the Puritan onslaught. There is a good deal in Hooker's view of the relations between Church and State that is defective, but at that period the relative situation of these powers was altogether different from what it is now.

Moreover the tone of feeling towards the foreign Reformers was greatly altered. Beza wrote from Geneva to the college of Bishops, imploring money contributions to assist the Calvinists to withstand the forces of the Duke of Savoy. Fuller says : " Wonder not that Geneva's wants found no more pity from the

A BACKWATER

Episcopal party, seeing all those Bishops were dead who, formerly exiles, in the Marian days, had found favour and relief in Geneva, and now a new generation arose, having as little affection as obligation to that government."

But although the Puritan reformers had invaded the ministry of the Church, they were not as yet in a majority, nor as yet were the people disposed to relish their ministrations.

Cambridge University had become a hot-bed of Calvinism, and was pouring forth men affected in heart and mind with heresy. Lord Clarendon wrote, but of a later period than the reign of Elizabeth and that of James: "I must not forget, though it cannot be remembered without horror, that this strange wild-fire among the people was not so much kindled by the Parliament as by certain of the clergy. These men having creeped into, and at last driven from their pulpits all the learned and orthodox clergy, had, under the pretence of reformation, and extirpation of Popery, infused seditious inclinations into the hearts of men against the present Government and the Church."

Side by side might be seen two parishes, in one the priest holding and teaching high Sacramental doctrines and evidencing them by his performance of divine worship, and a couple of miles away would be a Puritan denouncing everything Catholic and with his church divested of all sacred ornaments.

The condition of affairs under Elizabeth cannot have been very different from what they are at the present day, in outward appearance. Now we have a High Church with advanced ritual, and hard by one with none at all. But the resemblance is superficial only. Then the Catholic-minded clergy were dying out; moreover, the new generation of the same type had not come on, and a flood of Puritanism was rising, soon to overwhelm and sweep the Church away; whereas now it is only where some rare fanatical patron exists, or where one of the Evangelical patronage boards has control, that the relics of ultra-Puritanism have been left jutting out amidst a rising and advancing tide of High Churchism. I do not now refer to the moderate Evangelical. I give views of two churches in the West of England. In one the doors are locked throughout the week, the Sunday services are cheerless, the Holy Communion is celebrated once a month only. In all others round the doors are always open, matins and evensong are said or sung daily, the Eucharist is celebrated, not on Sunday alone, but frequently during the week as well, and the services are

warm and rousing. It must have been somewhat thus in Elizabethan times, with this difference, that the Catholic clergy were depressed, whereas the Puritans were full of fire and assurance—the reverse of the conditions at the present day.

A considerable number of clergy who had conformed under Mary, or had been then instituted, remained on under Elizabeth, as we have seen; these put aside their Missals and Breviaries, and used the Book of Common Prayer. We know that the lay Romanists attended their ministrations till Pope Pius X issued a bull of excommunication against Elizabeth (April 27, 1570) and absolved her subjects from the oath of allegiance. Then, and not till then, did they desert their parish churches, but few clergy followed their lead.[1]

I think, unless I am greatly mistaken, that we have in Iceland a picture of the condition of affairs in the Church in early years under Elizabeth. In Iceland the last bishop had been executed by order of the King of Denmark, and thenceforth the Apostolic Succession ceased. The new hierarchy in Denmark and Iceland devolved from Professor Buggenhagen, who, against his conscience, was compelled by King Christian to consecrate a new series of bishops, though he himself was only in priest's orders.

However, of that the Icelanders knew nothing. There, only the relics—and the head of S. Thorlac proved to be a cocoanut—were destroyed, and images that had received idolatrous worship were burnt, otherwise little was altered. The Mass was translated into the vernacular. The screens still divided the chancel from the nave, the priest still wore the Eucharistic vestments, as he does to this day; the wafer bread is still used for Communion, on the altar are still the lighted candles and the crucifix, and the priest still sings the Mass to the old inflexions.

Now, in the reign of Elizabeth the vast majority of the clergy had been accustomed to sing the Mass, to wear the vestments, and preach the Catholic faith. They did not care three straws for the Pope, and so they continued on. The liturgy was in English, that was an advantage, just as in Iceland the liturgy is in Icelandic.

But in England there was a disturbing element that did not exist in Iceland—the Marian exiles returning from Frankfort,

[1] The original Vicar of Bray is said to have been Simon Aleyn, who was Vicar of Bray about 1540 and died in 1588, so that he was Vicar for fifty years, in the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth. There were many like him. The song relative to the Vicar of Bray was composed about 1720, and refers to another conformist priest.

IN THE STREAM

Geneva, Zürich and Strassburg, with their heads full of desire to upset everything that savoured of historic Christianity; and what remained as a link with the past they would ruthlessly snap. Consequently there were two diametrically opposed currents of feeling and of practice in the Elizabethan Church. That it was so is shown by Cecil's report to the Queen in 1564. He complained that some said the service in the chancel, some in the body of the church, some in surplices and some without. In some churches the Holy Table was in the chancel, in others in the nave, in some set altar-wise against the wall and vested with a comely carpet, in others it was without any covering. Some celebrated the Holy Communion in surplice and cope, some with only surplice, some with neither; some with unleavened, others with common bread. The Queen was highly incensed with the Bishops for allowing such an indecent want of system to prevail, and ordered Archbishop Parker to correct these abuses. Under pressure the malcontents adopted measures to obtain what they wanted, and that with considerable ingenuity; for it was open to any discontented personages to found lectureships in any parish, and no law existed against it, and the lecturers were often firebrands, setting the parish in a blaze and ruining the work of the parish priest. These men invaded the Church, defied all order, and stirred up strife, till every parish was torn into factions, and religion perished in controversy.

Shrewd men saw that this system was bound to lead to great mischief, just as the invasion of the churches by members of the Religious Orders before the Reformation had led to the weakening of the influence of the curate, and had conduced to laxity. In 1630, Heylin, in a sermon preached at Oxford on the Parable of the Tares, said, that "the planting of pensionary lecturers in so many places will bring forth those fruits that will appear to be a Tare indeed; tho' now no wheat be accounted fairer"; and he plainly stated that their object was "to cry down the established clergy, undermine the public liturgy and so forth."

These lecturers formed, so to speak, an order of preachers in parish churches distinct from rector or vicar and curate. They were often chosen by the vestry or chief inhabitants of the parish, and supported by voluntary subscriptions and legacies; very often they were the chaplains of the landed gentry.

Everywhere they became an element of discord, forming about themselves a party hostile to the parish incumbent, gather-

ing about them all the discontented, perverse, and cravers after novelty.

They became very numerous, and everywhere agitated against Ecclesiastical Order. In the reign of Charles II an Act was passed (13 and 14 Chas. II, c. 4) to curtail their licence. Unless sanctioned by the Ordinary, and conforming to the Liturgy, they were to be disabled, and suffer three months' imprisonment in the common gaol; and two justices, or the mayor in a town corporate, were required, upon certificate from the Bishop, to commit them accordingly. Nevertheless, where the lectureships were founded by donations of pious persons, the appointment of the lecturers was to be with the founders without any interposition or consent of the rectors of churches, but licensed by the Bishop.

But such checks did not exist in the reigns of James I and Charles I. Laud vainly endeavoured to reduce these men to order; even to the present day, such lectureships as survive are often enough sources of discord.

Nor was this all. In the reign of Elizabeth, Burleigh throughout favoured the Puritanical reformers—even that turbulent Cartwright who was Republican in his politics as well as Calvinistic in his religious tenets. Several of the nobility also were with them. They had been in terror during the reign of Queen Mary lest they should be called on to disgorge some of the Church plunder on which they fattened, and they desired to keep the Church debilitated and distracted, lest at any time she should become strong enough to reclaim some of that of which she had been despoiled; and this was not only monastic lands, but glebe and episcopal estates which had also been annexed by unscrupulous laymen. These patrons, as the old Marian clergy died out, nominated to cures men steeped in Genevan vinegar, soured to the marrow.

There was death in the pot, because of the wild gourds shredded into it, culled from the Upper Rhine, the Main, and the Lakes of Zürich and Leman.

For the last forty years of the reign of Elizabeth, her efforts were directed to curbing the insolence of the Calvinists. In 1560 she had to issue a proclamation to restrain them from defacing the statuary and breaking the stained-glass windows in the churches. Thirty-seven Puritan clergy in the diocese of London were deprived because they refused to conform. In 1567 nearly a hundred men and women were seized at Plumbers'

Hall and punished for holding a schismatical prayer-meeting. In 1573 Elizabeth issued a proclamation against such as would not conform to the Prayer Book. Led by Cartwright an attempt was made to establish *classes* all over England, by means of which the authority of the Bishops was to be undermined as well as that of the orthodox clergy in their parishes.

At a meeting held in 1582 by the malcontents a Form of Discipline was drawn up under Cartwright and Travers, allowing no subscription to anything except some of the early Articles. "Those ceremonies in the Book of Common Prayer which, being taken from Popery, are in controversy, do seem that they ought to be omitted and given over, if it may be done without danger of being put out of the ministry. If subscription to the Articles of Religion and to the Book of Common Prayer shall be again used, it is thought that the Book of Articles may be subscribed to, that is, unto such of them only as contain the sum of Christian faith, and the doctrines of the sacraments; but neither the rest of the Articles nor the Book of Common Prayer may be allowed; no, though a man should be deprived of his ministry for it."

The Puritans met to hear the harangues of hot-Gospellers and for what they called *Prophesyings*. In 1593 the Queen appealed to Parliament, and an Act was passed providing that those who refused to attend church and assembled for unauthorized religious meetings should be banished the country. The very fact of this Puritanical turbulence shows that there was a strong Catholic element in the country and among the clergy. It was the presence of this which provoked the revolt of the Puritans. There is no reason to suppose that these fanatics carried any large number of the people with them.

The Millenary Petition addressed to James I showed how exacting the Puritan clergy had become. They desired toleration for non-compliance with the rules of the Prayer Book, within the limits of the Established Church. Bacon was for indulging them with this, but not so the King; and in the Hampton Court conference which followed, it was made abundantly clear that conformity would be enforced as much as possible. It was by no means certain that the Puritans formed as a body more than one-third of the population; which was the proportion estimated by Molin, the Venetian ambassador in 1607. The feeling of the people may be more surely gauged by the presentments made by the churchwardens during the Bishops'

and Archbishops' Visitations. Most of these are still preserved at the Diocesan Registries, and provide the most exhaustive material we possess for the internal history of the Church. A writer (Mr. N. Pocock, I believe)[1] has examined those of the Puritan strongholds of Norwich and Ely, with the following somewhat surprising results: 1. That, in the main, the congregations over which Puritan ministers had been placed disagreed seriously with their pastors, and presented them to the Bishop's Court for ceremonial omissions or neglect of frequent services; 2. That where there were many Puritan ministers in a neighbourhood the opposition to their neglect in compliance with the rubrics grew less between 1620 and 1630, and then ceased altogether; 3. That where Puritan ministers were few, opposition to them continued strong even until 1640; 4. That during nearly the whole epoch, and in nearly every county in England, they had but few supporters, and the evidence goes to show that until 1620 the number of their sympathizers in any one place was extremely small, not attaining the dignity of a respectable minority of the congregation.

This is significant. It shows that the suppression of the Church by Parliament was due to a comparatively small faction, and that the people, so far from objecting to the simple ritual of the Prayer Book, resented its not being complied with.

And now we pass on to the troubles between Charles I and his Parliament.

In February 1640 a petition was presented to the House of Commons signed by many Puritans in London and the counties, describing their grievances "occasioned by the Prelates" under twenty-eight heads. One was that the Bishops rendered the clergy fainthearted to preach the doctrines of Free Grace, Predestination, Election, etc. Another that they interfered with the buying of Impropriations by sundry well-affected persons, and placing ministers in them who preached the True Gospel. Another grievance was that the prelates would not allow that the Pope was Antichrist, and that salvation was unattainable in the Church of Rome. The fourteenth was "The great conformity and likeness both continued and encreased of our Church to the Church of Rome, in Vestures, Postures, Ceremonies, and Administrations, namely as the Bishops' rochets

[1] "The People and the Puritan Movement," *Church Quarterly Review*, April 1904.

and the Lawne sleeves, the foure-cornered Cap, the Cope and Surpluse, the Tippet, the Hood." The fifteenth complains of "The standing up at *Gloria Patri*, and at the reading of the Gospel, praying towards the East, bowing at the name of Jesus, bowing to the Altar, the Crosse in Baptism and the kneeling at the Communion."

The sixteenth grievance is: "The turning of the Communion Tables Altar-wise, setting Images, Crucifixes, and Conceits over them, and Tapers and Books upon them . . . forcing people to come up thither to receive, or else denying the Sacrament to them." The eighteenth grievance is that "The Liturgie is for the most part framed out of the Romish Breviary, Rituale, and Mass-book, also the book of Ordination, for Archbishops and Ministers, framed out of the Roman Pontifical."

Sir Edward Deering, moreover, spoke four times on the subject of the interference of the Bishops with godly ministers, and their issuing, *cum privilegio*, pamphlets against Puritanism, by Cosin, Dowe, Heylin, Pocklington, Mead, Shelford, Swan, Roberts, "and many more." [1]

Only a few days after the opening of the Long Parliament, November 3, 1640, the Commons appointed a Grand Committee, consisting of the whole House, to enquire into the characters, opinions and morals generally of the clergy, with intent of purging the Church of undesirable ministers, undesirable on account of their conduct, but undesirable also because hostile to the party in power. A general invitation was issued to all sorts of persons to get up all sorts of complaints against their pastors. The numbers that poured in made it necessary that the Grand Committee should divide itself into four or five.

If we may trust the statements made by the Committee for sequestrating livings, there were many cases in which the parsons were drunkards and swearers. But also there were numerous cases of "malignancy"—that is to say of believers in Episcopacy and of men using the Book of Common Prayer: this sufficed as a cause for expulsion.

In July thirteen bishops were impeached, and on December 30 following, ten of them were sent to the Tower. It is said that 110 of the clergy of the diocese of London alone were turned out of their livings in 1642 and 1643. As has been already said, large numbers of the clergy were Puritanically disposed. These

[1] *Speeches and Passages of this Great and Happy Parliament* (London, 1641).

drew up a Remonstrance addressed to the Parliament "against the whole government of the Church."

Later they added another and a stronger petition to the House of Commons, thanking Parliament for what, by purging the Church, it had already done, and urging to further action—the setting aside of the Liturgy and the rubrics; and this was actually presented at the bar of the House by their prolocutor, Dr. Burgess.

To what an extent those who were employed to purge the Church acted honestly and impartially, it is hard to say. In different districts the clergy were perhaps differently treated. Mr. W. N. Johns, in his *Historical Traditions and Facts relating to the County of Monmouth* (Newport, 1885), gives a list of all the benefices in the county from which the Committee, and later Cromwell's Tryers, ejected the clergy, to the number of eighty-eight, many of these as "malignants" and as "using the Prayer Book." Some were expelled for drunkenness, others for "inefficiency," *i.e.* because they did not come up to the theological standard set by their judges.

In the County of Devon, out of about 550 benefices, two-thirds of the parsons were deprived. The rest conformed to the religion—whatever it was—of the Parliament.

For the space of two years the country might be said to have been without any established form of worship. The clergy were left to use the Liturgy, repeating the prayers by heart without book, or not, as they pleased, and to follow their own devices in other particulars. Thus, we are told, while some of them continued to wear the canonical vesture, others gratified their taste by preaching in a cloak, after the fashion of the Protestant ministers of Geneva and France.

In the summer of 1643 it was desired by Parliament that all altars of stone in churches should be taken away; all communion tables removed from the east end of the chancels and set in the nave. All rails were to be pulled down, all candlesticks and tapers to be removed, and all crucifixes and pictures to be destroyed.

The building up of a new ecclesiastical polity was committed to an Assembly of Divines that met at Westminster on July 1, 1643. The Directory of Public Worship, which supplanted the Book of Common Prayer, was established by an ordinance on January 3, 1645; the Christian Seasons were abolished, kneeling was done away with, hats were worn during service;

in 1653 marriage was made a civil contract before a Justice of Peace.

The Puritans maintained great hostility towards organs and instrumental music in churches, and that it caused dissatisfaction when music was put down, the organs broken up and the choirs dispersed, one may judge by the diffusion of a ballad composed at the time, which I have published with its original air in my *Songs of the West.* It is too long to be reproduced here, but I give a few verses. I heard it from an old blind man on Dartmoor in 1883, but it has also been recovered at North Tawton, as happening there, and in 1877 the Hon. A. F. Northcote took it down from a pedlar at Buckingham, aged ninety years.

There's a man in Brixham town,
Of office, and in gown,
Strove to put singing down,
  Which most of men adore.
For House of God unmeet,
The voice and organ sweet
When pious men do meet
  To praise their God before.

Go question Holy Writ,
And you will find in it
That seemly 'tis and fit
  To praise and hymn the Lord,
On cymbal and on lute
On organ and on flute,
With voices sweet that suit
  All in a fair concord.

. . . .

Now there be creatures three,
As you may plainly see,
With music can't agree
  Upon this very earth:
The swine, the fool, the ass;
And so we let it pass,
And sing, O Lord, thy praise,
  Whilst we have breath.

There were some, Churchmen at heart, who conformed to the Directory and to the complete transformation of the Church into a Presbyterian establishment. A notable instance was John Pearson. He retained his living at Torrington in Suffolk, and in 1650 was appointed lecturer at S. Clement's, Eastcheap, in London; and it was to the parishioners there, during the

domination of Presbyterians and Independents, that he delivered his Exposition of the Apostles' Creed.

We can perhaps understand his position, and that of others like him who submitted, hoping by private advice and by public instruction to keep alive some spark of the Faith, and doubtless looking for better times to come; but it was hardly honest.[1] To a good many must have applied the words of Beatrice relative to Benedick: "He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat—it ever changes with the next block."

The Covenant, moreover, was devised as a method of assuring that the ministers were in full agreement with the religious opinions of the Parliament. On September 25, 1643, five days after the battle of Newbury, the Covenant was sworn to by the members of the House of Commons, and was soon afterwards ordered to be sworn to by every Englishman; and it was imposed on every incumbent as a test, and if he refused to subscribe he was treated as a malignant, ejected from his benefice with wife and children, and deprived of his goods. It was rendered hard for the loyal country gentlemen to assist their pastors, as the estates of malignants had been sequestered.

All who submitted to swear to the Covenant were accounted friends of "the Blessed Parliament," all who refused it were looked upon as "spies and betrayers of the Parliament." The Covenant was ordered to be written up in every church, and recited before the congregation by the minister once in each year. The terms of the Covenant were emphatic enough: "We shall sincerely, really and constantly endeavour, in our several places and callings, the preservation of the Reformed religion in the Church of Scotland in doctrine, worship, discipline and

[1] There were many such men. Lewis Atterbury, father of the Bishop, remained undisturbed at Milston, Pocock at Childrey, Sanderson at Boothby Pagnell. Stillingfleet was actually appointed to Sutton in 1657, and Bull to Suddington in 1658, all of course conforming to the Directory, but hating it in their hearts. So also Thomas Fuller, the Church historian, presented to the living of Waltham Abbey, 1649, and then that of Cranford, 1658. Heylin accused him of complying with the times, and South pictured him with his big book under one arm and his little wife under the other, running after his patrons for invitation to dinner. Hall was another Conformist, so also Westfield, Bishop of Bristol, who attended the Westminster Assembly, 1643, and was allowed by Parliament to retain his emoluments. Simon Patrick became Vicar of Battersea in 1658. He had been privately ordained. After the Restoration he became Vicar of S. Paul's, Covent Garden, and eventually in succession Bishop of Chichester, then of Ely. John Gauden was another who conformed to Presbyterianism, and was thereby enabled to retain his rectorship of Bocking. He became successively Bishop of Exeter and then of Worcester.

government, against our common enemies; the Reformation of religion in the kingdoms of England and Ireland, in doctrine, worship, discipline and government according to the word of God, and the example of the best Reformed Churches, and shall endeavour to bring the churches of God in the three kingdoms to the nearest conjunction and uniformity in religion, confession of faith, form of church government, directory for worship and catechising. That we shall in like manner, without respect of persons, endeavour the extirpation of Popery, Prelacy (that is Church government by archbishops, bishops, their chancellors and commissaries, deans and chapters, archdeacons and all other ecclesiastical officers, depending on that hierarchy) superstition, heresy, schism, profaneness, etc."

Some of the old clergy counted up the words of the Covenant, and found them to be 666, the number of the Beast. But what is startling is that so many acquiesced in the Covenant, took oath, and remained on in their cures. Thomas Fuller apologizes for his conformity by saying that he knew nothing of the Covenant save seeing it hung up in the Church, but he admits that he took the oath in the vestry of the Savoy chapel.

By ordinance of Parliament, May 9, 1644, it was directed "that no copes, surplices, superstitious vestments, roods or roodloms . . . shall be, or be any more used in any Church or Chapell, within the Realm . . . and that all copes, surplices, Superstitious Vestments, Roods and Fonts aforesaid, be likewise utterly defaced."

By an Act of Parliament passed on June 6, 1646, the Presbyterian form of Church Government was partially established by way of experiment, the preamble of the Act declaring "that if upon trial it was not found acceptable, it should be reversed or amended," but in 1649 it was declared without qualification by the House, that Presbyterianism should be the Established religion.

This was the year in which the Commonwealth was established. In 1653, however, Cromwell dissolved the Long Parliament, and on December 16 in that year became Lord Protector. With him Independency had the upper hand and the Presbyterians could ask for nothing but toleration. Their *Directory* was now scouted, and complete religious anarchy prevailed.

The Protector was disposed to tolerate all sects, but not Romanists, Anglicans and Quakers.

In March 1653 Cromwell, by an Ordinance in Council, ap-

pointed a Board of Tryers, thirty-eight in number, of whom part were Presbyterians, part Independents, and a few Baptists, to which was accorded, without any instructions or limitations whatever, the power of examining and approving, or rejecting, all persons that might thereafter be presented or nominated to any living in the Church. There was also instituted a Commission of Ejectors, to turn out those who, being in possession, were deemed unworthy, and such as employed the Prayer Book.[1]

Those of the sequestered priests who were unmarried were taken into the families of the country squires, where they served as tutors and chaplains, and used the Book of Common Prayer and ministered the Sacraments in secret. The Bishops behind shut and locked doors ordained to the priesthood. The married incumbents who had been ejected became schoolmasters in the parishes in which they had ministered as priests. But in 1655 the Protector issued an edict forbidding any ejected incumbent from keeping a school, acting as tutor in a private family, performing any rite of the Church, or using the Book of Common Prayer, and the major-generals were ordered to see that it was duly enforced. Yet Cromwell must have felt towards his end that his efforts to stamp out the Church were doomed to failure, for his daughters were sincere Churchwomen, and attended the ministrations and received the Sacrament at the hands of a proscribed priest in a private house, and had themselves married by one.[2]

There is a wooden parish church at Reykjahlid by Myvatn, in the north-east of Iceland. Between 1724 and 1730 ensued a sequence of irruptions from three volcanic vents in the neighbourhood. These poured forth a river of molten lava that flowed down to the lake and menaced to overwhelm the church; but the fiery flood parted at the churchyard bank and encompassed God's acre, spared the sacred building, save that it charred and started its planks; it slew all the fish in the lake, poisoned man

[1] What the judgments of the Committee were worth may be seen by that on Edmund Pocock, the great Orientalist and Arabic professor at Oxford, who only just escaped expulsion from his living of Childrey "for ignorance and insufficiency." And he one with an European reputation for learning!

[2] Mary was married to Lord Fauconberg by the Rev. Dr. Hewit. Cromwell had him executed on the pretence that he was engaged in a plot, with which, in fact, he had little concern. The last Roman Catholic priest who was executed for his religion in England suffered under Cromwell.

and beast with its mephitic exhalations, and buried wide tracts of pasture.

The Edwardian and Elizabethan periods were much like this. From Switzerland, the Rhine and the Main was vomited forth the poisonous and desolating torrent that overflowed our land, killing all spiritual religion and common morality, and substituting for them acrid controversy, unprofitable dogmatism, and relaxation of morals. It did appear as though the Church must perish, surrounded as it was by the incandescent current of Calvinism. But by the mercy of God—as by a miracle—it survived.

I have seen Reykjahlid. The desolating torrent is congealed into fanged fragments of rock, that produce not a blade of grass nor a goodly flower. It has been so in England; the stream has expended its heat, has lost its momentum, and remains a petrifaction without vitality and without productiveness.

CHAPTER II

THE SWAMPING OF THE CHURCH (*continued*)

FROM 1660 ONWARDS

AT the Restoration, in 1660, the parish churches were served by two classes of men: such as had received Episcopal ordination and had conformed willingly or reluctantly; and such as were Presbyterians or Independents or even Baptist preachers, and who had not been ordained.

Where there had been intrusion into benefices, and the original rectors or vicars were still alive in 1660, these latter were restored, and the intruders had to go. But of this class there were not many. Poverty and hardship had killed most of them.

Those ordained who had conformed to the *Directory* now made a second turn of the coat, back to the Prayer Book and to Episcopacy. Some of these profited greatly thereby. They could produce their letters of Orders, and show that they had been canonically instituted before the Rebellion. Pearson at once got preferment. He was presented to the rectory of S. Christopher in the City, became prebendary of Ely, archdeacon of Surrey, and in 1672 Bishop of Chester.

Some of those restored must have been of questionable value. No inquisition seems to have been made as to whether those reinstated had been deprived for their orthodoxy or for their disreputable conduct.

We obtain a tolerable insight into the condition of affairs from Pepys's Diary. Samuel Pepys, born on February 23, 1632–3, had known nothing of Church doctrine and order. At the time of the Restoration he lived in the parish of S. Olave, Hart Street, London, and the incumbent was Daniel Mills.

Mills had been appointed to S. Olave's, April 17, 1657, by the Commissioners or Tryers, under Cromwell's Protectorate, as a godly minister. He died in 1689, a bit of a pluralist, as rector of S. Olave's and also of Wanstead in Essex. He had not been episcopally ordained, but was quite prepared to conform, even before he was obliged to do so. Pepys wrote:

" 1660. 4 *Nov.* (*Lord's Day*).—In the morn at our Church (S. Olave's), where Mr. Mills did begin to nibble at the Common Prayer by saying ' Glory be to the Father, etc.' after he had read two psalms, but the people had been so little used to it, that they could not tell what to answer.

" 1662. 5 *October* (*Lord's Day*).—I to Church and this day the parson had got someone to read, with the surplice on. I suppose himself will take it up hereafter, for a cunning fellow he is as any of his coate.

" 1662. 26 *October* (*Lord's Day*).—To Church and there saw for the first time Mr. Mills in a surplice, but it seemed absurd for him to pull it over his ears in the reading pew, after he had done, before all the church, to go up to the pulpitt."

When the Savoy Conference met (April 15–July 25, 1661) there were twelve Bishops on one side, and twelve eminent Presbyterians on the other, and the object of the conference was to consider whether it were possible to so modify the Prayer Book as to satisfy the Puritans and allow them to retain their cures. But it soon appeared that the differences were radical, and that conciliation was impossible. The Presbyterians demanded the disuse of the title " priest," the abolition of Lent and Saints' days, permission to use extempore prayers as well as printed forms at the discretion of the minister, the omission of the sign of the cross in baptism, and of the ring in matrimony ; the discontinuance of kneeling for the reception of Communion ; they also objected to Baptismal Regeneration, and Confirmation as a preliminary to Communion ; they demanded as well the excision of the Ornaments Rubric. They were prepared to consent to Episcopacy if the Bishops were to be relegated to the office of superintendents and moderators among pastors, each to be *primus inter pares*, and that no obligation to be ordained should be imposed upon those who had received their mission from the Presbyterian classes. " In a word they sought the triumph of Puritanism over the Church, not a footing for Puritanism within the pale of the Church."

It was impossible to concede these demands without unchurching the Anglican Communion, making of it a Protestant sect among other sects. And it would have driven out of the fold all those who belonged to the old school, regarding the Episcopate and Apostolic Succession as of Divine institution, and the Church Catholic as the Kingdom of Christ upon earth.

The Prayer Book went through its final revision in 1661. The

Title itself is significant: "The Book of Common Prayer and the administration of the Sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies of the Church, according to the use of the United Church of England and Ireland."

The First Preface was a refutation of the Puritans. The Second is an adaptation from the revised Breviary of Cardinal Quignon authorized by Pope Paul III in 1535; and this it follows in all the main points. Nothing can show plainer that the Reformers meant not to create a new service-book but to reform the old. The words of the Preface make this clear. Four times in it is the authority of the "Ancient Fathers" invoked.

In the Third Preface no hint of revolutionary change is given; indeed it does not hesitate to declare that innovations are always to be eschewed.

The Act of Uniformity was passed in 1662. All ministers were required to accept and employ the Book of Common Prayer, and such as had not been episcopally ordained were required to seek orders from the Bishop, before S. Bartholomew's Day, August 24, or to vacate their incumbencies.

It has been stated by Calamy and Baxter that from 1500 to 2465 ministers were ejected. J. R. Green, in his *Short History*, says that it was only one-fifth of the clergy. Burnet himself doubted whether anything like the number had to leave that was supposed. "The numbers," he says, "have been much controverted." [1]

According to Clarendon a great many of those who vacated their livings did so on "bluff," hoping to get better terms, but conformed afterwards when they found out that the Government meant what it said.

In *Ichabod*, published in 1663, a work attributed to Ken, figures are quoted to the effect that out of 12,000 benefices, 3,000 were in impropriate hands, and that there were 4,000 incumbents who were not resident.

If we take it that 6,000 benefices were really occupied and that 2,000 ministers were ejected, of whom a good many returned, it would leave between 4,000 and 5,000 who conformed. But this takes no account of cathedral and collegiate establishments, and it is not certain that these 12,000 benefices represent all that there were in the English Church at that time.

Mr. W. N. Johns, in his *Historical Traditions and Facts relating to the County of Monmouth* (Newport, 1885), gives a list of all

[1] Calamy records 2,465, but of these a large number conformed later.

the benefices in the county from which the Committee and the Tryers ejected the clergy. It would seem from this that 88 were driven out of their livings; of these at the Restoration only five lived to be reinstated.

In 1660–2 the number ejected was 11, so that something like 72 must have conformed. Here, as Prince Hal might say, "O monstrous! but one halfpenny of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!" Five orthodox clergy to 72 reclaimed Puritans!

Now let us take Devonshire in the diocese of Exeter. The registers have been closely investigated by the late Rev. G. L. Hennessy with these results. Out of about 550 benefices in Devon, 52 ministers were deprived.

There were 35 benefices *jam legitime vacantes*. In the city of Exeter there had been 19 churches, but by Act of Parliament in 1656 these were reduced to 4. This would account for 15 legitimately vacant.

Of the 52 deprived some were intruders, the original incumbents being still alive. One was vacated on account of Nonconformity, and one on account of contempt and disobedience. This leaves 462 incumbents remaining. In 1660–3 there were 177 ordained by Bishops Gauden and Seth Ward. These were Conformists, leaving 343 in quiet possession, who had been ordained before the troubles, and had conformed to Presbyterianism and now conformed again to Episcopacy.

But that is not all.

Among the ministers who had not been ordained, some were allowed from ten to twelve years' grace in which to make up their minds whether to conform or not. Whether this was done in other dioceses I am unable to say. The number of time-servers like Mr. Mills was great—"cunning fellows as any of their coate."

The Bishops could not be exacting. They were constrained to fill the benefices with such men as they could get. An entire generation had sprung up without having received any training, any Church teaching, knowing nothing of the traditions of Church service.[1] Only some elders remembered what the Church had been and what Church principles were.

There had been, as we have seen, a large number of parochial clergy, who had been ordained, but had been carried away by

[1] From *Ichabod* we learn that 426 tradesmen who had been intruded into livings during the Commonwealth now submitted to ordination so as to retain their livings.

the current of Puritanism. These had not been ejected during the Commonwealth, and they now remained in their cures, though out of sympathy with the rites and doctrines of the Church.

Then there were the Conformists, who, to retain their parsonages and incomes, submitted to ordination, and undertook to use the Prayer Book.

According to Archdeacon Basire and Dean Granville, contemporaries, a great many of these Conformists took the oaths but did not keep them ; not merely neglecting to use the Book of Common Prayer, but preaching against the institutions to which they had sworn submission.[1] To use Dean Granville's own words : " they preach with cloven tongues and walk with cloven feet."

Mr. Green is probably right in his estimate that only one-fifth were ejected. The two- or three-fifths that remained were secretly hostile to the Catholic faith and scorned the Church rites ; and the quality of those who filled up the gaps was of more than dubious value.

When Nathaniel Heywood was required to conform or to quit the parish of Ormskirk, he was urged to accept the first alternative, but said he could not do so for conscience' sake. " Oh, sir," said a parishioner, " many a man nowadays makes a great gulp in his conscience—can you not make a little nick in yours ? " And, in fact, many did make this little nick. They conformed with their lips, but in heart they were with the old Puritanism, and they performed Divine Service in a way that showed that they despised the Book of Common Prayer.

From the time of Charles I to that of the reign of Charles II, the bulk of the clergy had been weathercocks veering with every wind ; first of all Churchmen, then Presbyterians, next Independents, and finally Churchmen again, but with their Churchmanship so diluted as to be scarcely discoverable.

Pepys enters in his Diary, August 24, 1662, the very day of " Black Bartholomew " : " To Church, where Mr. Mills, making a sermon on Confession, he did endeavour to pull down Auricular Confession, but did set it up by his bad arguments against it, and advising people to come to him to confess their sins, when they had any weight upon their consciences, as much as possibly, which did vex me to hear." [2]

[1] Overton (J. H.), *Life in the English Church* (London, 1885), p. 1.
[2] Yet even Pepys eventually went to Confession to Hickes.

Now, we have seen, Mills had been a Puritan minister, and he had just been ordained, so as to be able to retain the cure of S. Olave's. With his ordination he had made a *volte-face*, and was now desirous of using the power of the keys conferred on him a few days before.

Had Edmund Calamy the Elder been willing to conform he was to have been given the Bishoprics of Coventry and Lichfield; and the sees were kept open for him till December 1661; and Baxter, an ultra-Presbyterian, might have had the Bishopric of Hereford, had he been less honest.

Some of the Conformists did well for themselves: such were William Outram, who died prebendary of Westminster; such also was Timothy Tully, a "bright particular star" of Presbyterianism while the Commonwealth lasted, who altered his orbit, and conforming, became Canon of York. Thomas Tully, another, became Dean of Ripon. Such also was John Tillotson, of whom more presently. So also Richard Kidder (a Presbyterian and Republican), who had held the living of Stanground during the Rebellion, and was ejected from it as a Nonconformist under the Act of Uniformity. But he felt uncomfortable out in the cold, and conformed. William III gave him the see of Bath and Wells, from which he had ejected the saintly Bishop Ken. He and his wife were killed together in a storm, 1703, by the fall of a stack of chimneys on the bed in which they were sleeping. Samuel Parker, who had posed as a Presbyterian of the straitest section, changed at the Restoration, became Archdeacon of Canterbury and Bishop of Oxford. Reynolds, a staunch and convinced Presbyterian, put his convictions in his pocket, conformed and became Bishop of Norwich. What could be expected of such turncoats?

This flood of Conformists, bred in ultra-Calvinism, knowing nothing of the faith of the Church, ignorant as to the significance of the ceremonies and sacraments of the Church, but who were too worldly to endure the annoyance of expulsion from their cures, racked the Church to her bones. When the Earl of Manchester told King Charles, during the debate on the Act of Uniformity, that he was afraid the terms were too harsh, and that many ministers would not comply, Bishop Sheldon, who stood by, said: "I am afraid that they will." And they did so, and brought a muddy stream of dishonest Puritanism into the Church. It was reckoned that at this time fully one-half of the clergy were out of sympathy with Church doctrine and practice. They

regarded the Church as an Establishment that provided them with a livelihood, endured the Prayer Book, without entertaining any love for it, and were not scrupulous to obey its rubrics and conform to its spirit. Referring to the Act of Uniformity, Dr. Allen said to Sheldon: "'Tis pity the door is so strait." To which Sheldon replied: "'Tis no pity at all. If we had thought so many of them would have conformed we would have made it straiter."

The Conformists had an ingenious method of salving their consciences, by putting up vastly long extempore prayers before and after the sermon, hurrying over the morning and evening prayers at a gabble, in the most slighting manner, and concentrating the whole interest of the congregation on their own effusions.

These were called "conceived prayers," and the Conformist clergy made no scruple to cut down a good deal of the Liturgical Office, so as to give scope for their own lucubrations. One incumbent in the diocese of Gloucester had the audacity to excuse himself to Bishop Frampton for so curtailing the Office prayers, on the plea that "the length of the service hindered him from praying in the pulpit as long as he would." It was not possible to stop this practice, to which the old Presbyterians and Independents were greatly addicted, as a means of showing themselves off to great advantage to their audience; and the bishops were afraid of forbidding it. Even so late as 1675, a published sermon has a "conceived prayer" preceding it, four pages long.

In some churches, as a correspondent complained to Dean Granville, the congregation loitered about outside the church till the Liturgical Office had been said, when they rushed in to hear the "conceived prayer."

Churchmen, like Dean Granville, looked upon these extempore prayers as marking men to be insincere Conformists. Referring to the Church prayers, they would say: "We have hitherto prated, but now let us pray," or "Brethren, it is true we have been praying in the voice of the Church, but now we'll pray better."

Moreover, as during the time of the domination of Puritanism the Celebration of the Lord's Supper, even after Presbyterian forms, had become rare, it remained rare wherever there were Conformists, and they allowed Communicants to walk up to the Holy Table and receive standing, or else they went down into the body of the church and communicated the people in their places.

The Test Act of 1673, which forced Nonconformists either to abstain from seeking any public office or to become occasional communicants had a most mischievous effect. They came, but persisted in standing to receive; and Dr. Hooke, vicar of Halifax, was thought to be very uncharitable because he refused certificates to such as would not kneel; and the rule requiring Communicants to kneel was generally dispensed with by clergy at the time.

Another point on which the Conformists held out was against the Catechizing of Children on the Sunday afternoon. It interfered with, or supplanted the relished sermon, but it was a point strongly insisted on by the Bishops. For one thing those Conformist clergy did not like the plain doctrine contained in the Catechism of the Church.

The Puritans were very anxious to retain the Lecturers as free lances, wherever malcontents could be found in a parish who would put their hands into their pockets to find a stipend for them, and thus keep up a spirit of strife and dissent wherever there was an orthodox pastor. Baxter, among his proposed terms of union in 1673, required "that lecturers should not be obliged to read the service, or at most that it be enough if once in half a year they read the greatest part of what is appointed for that time." I have already mentioned the Act that was passed to put them under some sort of control.

It would be a great mistake to attribute the neglect of Church ordinances to the Conformists alone. The fault lay equally with the poor quality of clergy who were of the Church throughout, or had been recently ordained. Dean Granville writes, 1675: "As for the observation of the festivals (wherein an especial part of our religion doth consist) they are notorious prophan'd not only by the people, but scandalously neglected, or slightly observed (as to the due performance of God's worship in them) by the Priest. Ministers begin, I see, to make very bold with them, and for little, despicable, temporal convenience change the customary hours of God's worship and sometimes wholly lay it aside, at least in the afternoon, and sometimes upon no better account than that they and their people may goe to a horse-race, or some such idle sport or divertisement."

The Conformists were especially bitter against those Presbyterians and Independents who did not conform. They thought and hoped that, had all come in, they would have been enabled to capture the English Church. Dean Granville wrote in 1679:

" And of all non-conformists, I confesse I have most indignation against those that can accept of a fat benefice and preferment upon pretence of conforming and giving assent and consent to our order, bitterly inveighing against all dissenters from our rule, which they most scandalously neglect and contemne themselves, nay sometimes even persecuting well-meaning though misguided soules, by virtue of the Common Prayer Book, which they themselves will not observe, nay scarce ever consideringly read."

In his *Observations on the Grievances and Abuses in the Church of England*, the Dean notes first of all " that the Door of Ordination was in reality made too wide, not so much by our Church as by our Churchmen." And this was the case. So many thousands of livings had to be filled, that the Bishops and patrons accepted almost any man who offered. His second grievance was that the clergy neglected the rule of the Common Prayer Book after having made a public declaration of conformity in the Church and having given their assent and consent to it.[1]

Amidst the Dean's correspondence is a communication from a student in the Inns of Court, giving an account of the irregularities in the performance of Divine Service by the clergy of London. Perhaps one of the most curious was that of reading the Visitation of the Sick in church instead of at the bedside of the sick man. In Cumberland and Westmorland there had been twenty-eight ejected. Of these some because they were intruders, and the old incumbents were still alive. Calamy and Palmer give the number of ministers ejected in Cumberland as thirty, of whom four conformed afterwards ; for Westmorland nine, of whom four conformed. " What impresses the reader is the eagerness of the number of those who accepted the new ritualism and therefore were left undisturbed." [2]

From Ken's Visitation Articles, issued in 1684, we learn that at that date, in the diocese of Bath and Wells, there were still churches in which the surplice was not worn, and where the altar stood without cover or rail in the nave, where there was neither chalice nor Prayer Book. In 1662 Archdeacon Basire reported of Northumberland that " in many churches there were

[1] Archdeacon Granville's *Remains* are most interesting reading, and throw a great light on the condition of the Church of the Restoration. They were published by the Surtees Society, 1861, 1865.

[2] Nightingale (B.), *The Ejected of Cumberland and Westmorland* (Manchester, 1911). The number 28 is taken from " a Great Catalogue of the names of the several ministers lately ejected," 1663, in Mr. Nightingale's book, p. 80.

neither Bibles, Books of Common Prayer, surplisses, fonts, Communion Tables, nor anything that is necessarie for the service of God." In 1665 matters were not much better. In the diocese of Hereford in 1675 Bishop Croft did not think it "wise to be zealous for the surplice."

Dean Granville complained of his curate at Kilkhampton in Cornwall "officiating without the surplice to please the dow-baked people of that country."

Archdeacon (afterwards Dean) Granville, in his Visitation charge, 1674, says: "I have look'd on it as (a) very fatall presage since the restoracion of our Church service that the Cleargy have expressed noe more affection to it." No wonder, when the majority were Conformists. He urged again and again: "Besides the ordinary offices for Sundayes and Feastivalls and dayly prayers throughout the yeare, there should be a conscientious discharge of the duties of Catechizing, Exposition, Visitation of the Sick, personal application, sermons on all festivals." Nevertheless "the Dayly Prayers injoined to be said in all Parish Churches, are not observ'd in more than four places throughout the whole Diocese. Catechizing enjoin'd on all Sundays and Holy Days is restrained by most only to Lent."

On the other hand there was much earnestness manifest among High Churchmen to rebuild the waste places of Zion, and to restore the solemnities of Divine worship. Wherever there were clergy of the old school "the full system of the Church was at once restored, even before the Act of Uniformity was passed. Surplices reappeared in church, the clergy once more walked about the street in gown and cassock and square cap. The altars were moved to the East end of the chancel and railed in. The cathedrals were purified from the state of neglect in which they had lain during the Commonwealth. The walls were repaired, the signs of wanton destruction and desecration as far as possible removed, and the choirs once more resounded daily to the tones of the organs and the voices of the choristers. At Durham the copes were worn, and the candles lighted; at Ely incense was burned at the celebration of the Holy Eucharist." [1]

Pepys entered in his diary:

"1660. 8 *July* (*Lord's Day*).—To White Hall chapel. Here I heard very good musique, the first time that ever I remember to have heard the organs and singing men in surplices in my life.

[1] Wakeman, *History of the Church of England* (1904), p. 404.

"1660. 24 *July* (*Lord's Day*).—To White Hall chapel, where I heard a cold sermon, and the ceremonies did not please me, they do so overdo them.

"1661. 17 *Nov.* (*Lord's Day*).—To Church and heard a simple fellow upon the praise of church musique, and exclaiming against men wearing hats in church.

"18 *Nov.*—At S. Paul's, where I saw the quiristers in their surplices going to prayers, and a few idle people and boys to hear them, which is the first time I see them, and am sorry to see things done so out of order."

Notwithstanding the amount of Puritanism that had been imported into the Church through the Conformists, under the energetic rule of the Caroline Bishops the standard of Faith and practice that had been set up by the great divines under James I and Charles I was being rapidly recovered. A good many of those who belonged to the first period lived to a great age and were able to help in the reconstruction of the Church after the Restoration; and few things are more remarkable than the rise and expansion of Church feeling, and growth of public worship in the reign of Queen Anne. Out of such unpromising material good had come. The levelling up was in full progress when, with the Revolution, and the arrival of William of Orange, the Church suffered severely. Indeed he put a check on her recovery.

William was a Dutch Calvinist of strong anti-Catholic prejudices. He showed his disregard for Church feeling by having himself proclaimed on Ash Wednesday, a day then observed with greater strictness than in later times. Old-fashioned Churchmen were offended at seeing bonfires blazing, wine-casks broached in the streets, processions marshalled, banquets spread, and at hearing the church bells ringing merry peals on the first day of the Lenten fast. William ostentatiously kept his hat on in church, as he had been wont to do in the Calvinistic tabernacles at home, and obsequious courtiers did the same. His wife, Mary, had been brought up as a Churchwoman, and had imported to The Hague, Ken and Hooper as her chaplains, men of definite Church opinions, who afterwards became successively Bishops of Bath and Wells. William entertained a dislike for them, and declared that, should he ever obtain the crown of England, he would never promote such men as these.

After the Revolution he had Gilbert Burnet as his chief adviser in Church matters, a man who had been brought up as a

Scottish Presbyterian, and who in Holland had assiduously attended Calvinistic worship, and even communicated in the Dutch conventicles. He had been ordained in the Church, but his sympathies and prejudices were those that he had acquired in early days. John Tillotson was the son of a Yorkshire clothier, a Presbyterian, and his intimate friends had been Socinians, Quakers and Puritans. At the Restoration he had been ejected from his fellowship at Clare, Cambridge, on account of his Puritanism. But he became a Conformist, and had been made Dean of Canterbury, then raised by William to be Archbishop and Primate of all England. He never shook off his Puritanical principles, and was largely credited with being a Socinian at heart. He had no affection for the Creed of the Church, and despised its ritual, which he disregarded. Wherever he could, he acted as a Dissenter rather than as a Churchman. He was wont to administer the Eucharist to persons sitting instead of kneeling. He would saunter up and down in the church carrying the Sacred Elements, and administer first to those lounging in their pews, and then to those kneeling at the rails; he would not himself go within, but standing without, forced the Communicants to turn about so as to receive. That King William should have offered such a man the Archbishopric is what we can well understand, better than we can the dishonesty of Tillotson in accepting it.

Henry Compton was already Bishop of London—a man after the King's own heart, as he was thoroughly Latitudinarian. He was an ex-cornet of the Royal Horse Guards, and as ignorant of theology and of Church principles as a soldier might be. On December 3, 1689, when William of Orange entered London, he, the Bishop of London, to the scandal of Churchmen, drew on top-boots, put his rapier by his side, slung pistols in his belt, and throwing a purple cloak over his shoulders, rode, thus accoutred, to meet William. Ever afterwards he bore the nickname of "Jack Boots." Stillingfleet, whose *Irenicon* was the text-book of those who denied Episcopacy, or any form of ministry to be of Divine appointment, was made Bishop of Worcester.

Tenison was another Latitudinarian on whom William could reckon. He had been made Bishop of Lincoln in 1692, and on the death of Tillotson was raised to the Primacy. He valued the Church as a political institution, and had no regard for it as a Spiritual society. He hated Convocation as truly as did Tillotson, as a manifestation of life in the Church, and he advised the

King not to call it together, but to govern the Church by Royal Injunctions; and this William did. "It certainly seems ludicrous," says Mr. Hore, "that an Anglicized Dutchman who was in his heart a Calvinist and a Presbyterian, should be requested by an Archbishop of Canterbury to teach the Bishops their duty."

As the opinion prevailed that the clergy generally were Jacobite in feeling, the unprecedented step was taken of enforcing on them an oath of allegiance to William and Mary. Eight bishops and about four hundred clergy refused the oath, and were deprived. Hereby a large opening was made for the advancement of men of Low Church and Latitudinarian views.

In the first two years of the reign of William and Mary as many as fifteen bishops were appointed. Burnet obtained the Bishopric of Salisbury, and Tillotson, the ex-Presbyterian, was elevated to the throne of S. Augustine and Laud. Before the end of the reign, the Episcopal bench was packed with prelates who were Latitudinarians, men of no Church principles, ready to take direction from a prince who was an adulterer, and a foreigner, and not a member of the Church, and were willing to carry out William's favourite device of broadening the basis of the English Church so as to take in all Dissenters.

In 1689 a Bill was passed through both Houses appointing a Commission to examine into the means to be adopted to effect this purpose, by revising the Liturgy, the Canons, and the Ecclesiastical Courts. It met in October 1689, and proposed to undo everything that had been done by the Convocation of 1661; to forbid the chanting of the Psalms, even in cathedrals; the observance of Saints' Days, the cross in Baptism, the appointment of godparents, all these were to be abolished. The wearing of the surplice was to be made optional. The form of Absolution was to be modified. Episcopal ordination was not to be required for the ministry; kneeling to receive the Communion was to be optional, and the Collects, as too concise, were to be puffed out with rhetorical bombast. Convocation met on November 20 to consider the proposals of the Commission. It soon became apparent that the Lower House was opposed to any alteration in the Prayer Book and in the constitution of the Church. The Prolocutor, addressing Compton, Bishop of London, who was in the chair, eulogized the Church in England as maintaining the Faith once for all delivered to the saints, and as preserving the marks of the Catholic Church throughout all

ages. He plainly intimated that no alteration and watering down would be tolerated by the clergy. He concluded with the significant words "*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.*" The King, Burnet, Tillotson, Compton and other Latitudinarians speedily became aware that the Lower House was not to be hectored or cajoled into submission to the King and his obsequious bishops.

William, disappointed and offended, prorogued Convocation for six weeks, and when these six weeks were over, seeing no chance of getting his way, prorogued it again indefinitely.

The Convocation of 1689 saved the Church of England from devolution into a formless, colourless, invertebrate lump. After this failure to broaden the basis of the Established Church, all the Latitudinarians could do—and they laid themselves out to do it—was to encourage laxity in ceremonial and discipline. We have already noted how that Tillotson defied rubrical order in the administration of Communion. Unable to get the Prayer Book altered, and angry at the opposition of the clergy, he and the rest were in no mood to insist on the due observance of rules which they neither obeyed themselves nor wanted to see obeyed by others, and which they desired to see expunged out of the Liturgy. The parochial clergy manfully resisted for a while. But the dead weight of unsympathetic Bishops bowed them down, and in the end they also ceased to observe the rubrics and rules of the Church, when they found that in the eyes of their diocesans such as did were regarded as unsuitable for preferment, and the most lax came in for smiles from statesmen and Bishops alike.

An example of the subserviency of the bishops appointed under William and Mary was afforded at the execution of Sir John Friend and Sir William Parkyns in 1696, for high treason. The two knights were attended on the scaffold by three non-juring clergy, Jeremy Collier, Cook, and Snatt. Before the hangman adjusted the halter, the dying men knelt, and the three priests laid their hands upon their heads, and Collier pronounced the Absolution, to which the other two responded *Amen.* For this Cook and Snatt were flung into prison, and Collier only escaped by concealing himself.

Thereupon the two Archbishops and twelve Bishops issued a manifesto denouncing these priests, on the wretched plea that the form of absolution prescribed in the Prayer Book was only to be employed in the visitation of *sick* people.[1]

[1] *Secret History of Europe* (1715), iv. p. 241 *et seq.*

It has been asked, whence did William obtain the bishops whom he advanced to the vacant sees, so devoid of principle as to use their utmost powers to subvert the Church? He found them among the Conformists. Too many of the old Presbyterians, as we have seen, had been bribed to join the Church by offers of mitres and decanal stalls, in the reign of Charles II, and there were others who had conformed simply so as to be in a position to look out for preferment. No man can betray his conscience for filthy lucre and not be morally degraded thereby. Such were these men. The sin of Jeroboam was that he made priests of the lowest of the people. William incurred the same condemnation, not that his prelates were of low birth, or were ignorant men, but because of their moral baseness.

At the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by Louis XIV in 1685, the French Huguenots came over to England in troops. But even prior to that date the French Calvinists had swarmed across the Channel and had set up their conventicles in Canterbury, Canvey Island, Colchester, Dover, Faversham, Glastonbury, Ipswich, Maidstone, Norwich, Rye, Sandtoft, Sandwich, Southampton, Stamford, Thetford, Thorne Abbey, Whittlesea, Winchester, Yarmouth; in and after 1685 at Barnstaple, Bideford, Bristol, Chelsea, Dartmouth, Exeter, Greenwich, Hammersmith, Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Thorpe. In a few months in 1688 fifty thousand families left France for ever, and many of them came and settled in England.

But earlier, in 1620, there was a French church in London, and Pepys sometimes attended it. After 1621, in it was used the English Church Liturgy translated, and Pepys noticed that the pastor preached and prayed with his hat off. A royal bounty was accorded to the refugees, consisting of money raised throughout the Kingdom, large sums were subscribed for them in 1681, and in the two or three ensuing years. In 1686 another collection was made, and something like £40,000 was raised.

A Bill for the Naturalization of Foreign Protestants was brought into the House of Commons on February 14, 1709, and passed on March 23. Elie Bouhérau, son of a pastor at La Rochelle, was made Chanter and Librarian of S. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin; he founded the family of Borough, Baronets. Titles were lavished on these refugees, and livings and prebendal stalls on such Calvinist ministers as would swallow their scruples and submit to ordination. Daniel Lombard, who could scarce speak a word of English, was given the rectories of Lanteglos

and Advent in Cornwall, the former including the market town of Camelford. Jacques Abbadie was made Dean of Killaloe, and not thinking himself sufficiently repaid for his abandonment of his cure in France, clamoured for the deanery of S. Patrick's. Jacques Pineton was given a canonry at Windsor. James Peter, son of the refugee Jacques Auriol, was the father of Edward Auriol, Rector of S. Dunstan in the West and Prebendary of S. Paul's. Thomas Roger, son of the refugee Gabriel de Quesne, got the vicarage of East Tuddenham, and was made Prebendary of Ely. Peter Allix was a Huguenot pastor and the son of a pastor. When he came to England he submitted to ordination. Woodrow wrote: "Mr. Webster tells me that . . . Monsieur Allix was the first [of the pastors] who submitted to reordination in England, and that he was so choaked (shocked) when he saw M. Allix reordained . . . that he could not bear it, but came to Scotland." Allix's son, Peter, became incumbent of Castle Camps in Cambridgeshire, Dean of Gloucester, and next Dean of Ely. De la Roche wrote: "A clergyman well acquainted with Isaac Vossius told me that one day he asked that Prebendary of Windsor[1] what was become of a certain person. He has taken Orders," replied Vossius; "he has got a living in the country, *sacrificulus decipit populum*."

The son of Josias de Champagne was granted the deanery of Clonmacnois, a grandson was made Rector of Twickenham and Canon of Windsor; Guillaume Portal received the rectory of Fambridge, Essex, and Clowne in Derby. Charles Daubuz was given the vicarage of Tenterden, the rectory of Shargate, and the living of Goodmestone; and his son the rectories of Danbury and Woodhamferries, and after the death of his father also Goodmestone. Pierre Drelincourt was accorded the archdeaconry of Leighton and the deanery of Armagh. Jean Armand de Bourdieu was made snug in the rectory of Sawtry All Saints. Jacques Sartres became prebendary of Westminster. Daniel Armand got the rectory of Holdenby and a canonry in Peterborough Cathedral. Antoine Ligonier, a pastor, was appointed military chaplain. Théophile Louis Barbaud was granted the rectory of S. Vedast, London. The son of Bernard Majendie, a Calvinist pastor, had a son who was put into a canonry at Worcester. James Saurin, a descendant of the Huguenot

[1] He was a Dutchman. He died in 1689. "A strange scholar," said Charles II of him. "He believes everything but the Bible." "Il mourut à soixante et onze ans, n'ayant fait paraître aucun sentiment de piété." *Biog. Universelle.*

refugee of the same name, was made Bishop of Dromore in 1819. Daniel Letablière, Dean of Tuam, Vicar of Laragh, and Prebendary of Maynooth, was the son of a refugee, René de Lestables. Archdeacon Fleury of Waterford, Prebendary of Kilgobenet, was descended from the pastor Louis Fleury of Tours. Daniel Augustus Beaufort, Archdeacon of Tuam, was son of a French pastor. Archdeacon Jortin was son of René Jortin, a refugee; beside the archdeaconry of London he received the rectory of Kensington. Richard Chenevix, of another refugee family, was given the bishoprics of Waterford and Lismore. A Trenche was made Archbishop of Tuam. I might multiply instances. Not only was the ministry of the Church invaded by Calvinist pastors, but the Huguenot refugees and their families married into English families, carrying with them and leavening the country with their Huguenot convictions. Many of the refugees became merchant princes. In 1744 the merchants of the City of London presented a loyal address to the King in consequence of His Majesty's message to the Houses of Parliament "regarding designs in favour of a Popish pretender to disturb the peace and quiet of your Majesty's kingdom." Among the 542 signatures are 94 French names, chiefly Huguenot. Several of the refugees were ennobled. The Marquis de Rouvigny was created Earl of Galway by William III. Jean Louis Ligonier was raised to the peerage as Viscount Ligonier of Enniskillen in 1757. Edward Ligonier was created Earl Ligonier in 1776. Earl Clancarty is a Trench descended from the Huguenot family of Trenche. The Earl of Radnor is a Bouverie, whose ancestor was Laurent des Bouveries, a silk-manufacturer, who fled to England from French Flanders. In 1689 was naturalized Count Schomberg, whom William III at once elevated to the English peerage with the titles of Baron of Teyes, Earl of Brentford, Marquess of Harwich and Duke of Schomberg. His son Charles, naturalized in 1691, was created Duke of Leinster.

Frederick William de Roy, naturalized in 1694, was created Earl of Lifford. Armand de Liremont was given the title of Earl of Faversham by Charles II. George Réné, son of the pastor Aufère, had one child, Sophia, the ancestress of the Earls of Yarborough. A Trenche was created Lord Ashtown. I need not give the names of the baronets and county families that come of the refugees. Sufficient is it to say that both the aristocracy and the burgess class have had infused into them a

torrent of Huguenot blood, carrying with it hatred of Catholicism and a love of Calvinism.[1]

Taking the clergy of the present day, there are under the letter B such names as these : Backert, Ballard, Balleine, Baring, Baumann, Baumer, Baumgarten, Beaghen, Becker, Bellamy, Bennertz, Benoit, Benoy, Bergemann, Berger, Bergheim, Bernays, Bienemann, Biron, Bischoff, Bleiben, Blumhardt, Boehm, Boissier, Bonney, Bosanquet (six of these), Boudier, Bouquet, Bourdillon (three of these), Boutflower, Bouverie, Bozman, Breguet, Brinckmann, Buee, Buer, Busch, Butchart, all French or German names. Of the Des (Mullins is actually De Moleyns) there are d'Auvergne, d'Easun, Death (de Ath), de Ballinhard, de Bary, de Beauvais, de Berends, de Boinville, de Bourbel, de Brisnay, de Candole, de Cas, de Castro, de Cériat, de Cetto, de Chair, de Coetlogon, de Courcelles, de Gruchy, de Guérin, de Labat, de Labillière, de la Hay, de la Pryme, de la Rosa, de Matter, de Mel, de Paravicini, de Pencier, de Putron, de Quetteville, de Renzi, de Romestin, de Rougemont, de Sainte Croix, de Salis, des Barres, de Silva, de Smedt, des Quartiers, de Spaillier, de Trévelec, de Vine, de Wolf, de Wit, du Boe, du Boulay (six of these). Some are from the Channel Islands, descendants of Huguenots settled there.

If under two letters we find such an influx of foreigners or descendants of foreigners, conceive what an inundation there must be discovered to exist if we take the trouble of going through the entire clergy list!

But this does not exhaust them, for great numbers of such as were naturalized had names so similar to those of Englishmen that it is impossible to distinguish their sons and descendants from native Englishmen. Thus Fletcher of Madeley was a Swiss De la Flechère. In addition to this many of these Huguenots who were naturalized deliberately shed their French appellations and adopted genuine English names.

Such names as these that follow would at once disappear as distinctive : Hain (becoming Hayne), Vincent, Amory, Aubry, Benet, Bernard, Bourn, Chamberlain, Carpentier (becoming Carpenter), Chapell, Combe, Clement, Crispin, David, Dufay (becoming Duffey), Farman, Gaude, Gervaise, Gilbert, Godfrey, Gouffe (becoming Goffe, or Gough), Heron, Huet (now Hewett), Hayes, Lambert, Michael, Martin, Mariot, Marchant, Porch,

[1] On one day, July 3, 1701, as many as 303 were naturalized.

Robert, Roger, Tavernier, Tournour (now Turner), Vivian and Vincent.

Then again several of these refugees deliberately adopted English names—as Taphorse, Collier, Percy, More, Nisbet, Niel, Ogilby, Paulet, Paget. In 1687 we find Page, Smith, King, Lee and Wildgoose ; and in 1688 Boyd, Cooke, Pratt and Pain (becoming Payne). I have not extracted a tithe of those who almost at once formed families that could not be distinguished by their names from such as were genuinely English. And, unquestionably, there are a large number of these of Huguenot origin, not recognizable as such, to be found in the Clergy List.

The Channel Islands were a harbour of Calvinism, that sent its emissaries into England. At the instigation of Sir Thomas Leighton and Sir Amyas Paulet, Governor of Guernsey and Jersey in 1558, Queen Elizabeth permitted them to set up Genevan discipline in the islands, though politically attached to the diocese of Winchester, and the " Church " there was put practically in communion with the French Huguenots. No English bishop set foot in the islands since the transfer in Elizabeth's reign from the French diocese of Coutance to the English one of Winchester, till they were visited in 1818 by Bishop Fisher of Salisbury. I was several times in the islands between 1847 and 1851, and they positively reeked of Geneva. The clergy were indeed ordained, but were very much a law to themselves, and the services in the churches appeared to me—even in those my young days—intolerably repulsive. And there was always a setting in of clergy from the islands to England, bringing contamination with them.

Two centuries ago there existed in Soho and its neighbourhood as many as twelve chapels for the convenience of French Huguenots, Swiss and Dutch Calvinists. All are now gone—but the descendants of these foreigners have been absorbed into the mass of the English people. It was inevitable that Calvinism should saturate and sour the soil that absorbed it. In most places these refugees conformed to the Church, so far as going to the services can be called conformity, but their hearts were far from the Catholic faith.

There is a certain diseased condition of the blood—which affects a man till he dies, and also pursues his descendants from generation to generation. It does more—it is infectious and contagious. And such was Calvinism. It transformed, made infirm, the fair Church of England. The Huguenot immigrants

speedily accommodated themselves to making way in the Established Church by impregnating it with their Calvinism, and in time transformed its outward appearance.

"I know that Deformed," said the watchman in *Much Ado about Nothing*; "a wears a lock." And the Dogberries and their like knew the English Church in the early Victorian period only in its deformed condition, its mouth padlocked by the State, disfigured and silent.

As if it were not enough to be invaded directly from France by Huguenots, the refugees in Switzerland presented a petition in 1712 to Queen Anne, to be taken under her royal and gracious protection, beseeching her to obtain for them the restitution of their properties and privileges in France. The petition, we are informed, was most graciously received, and promises were held out to them—which, however, were not carried out. Finding that the Treaty of Utrecht did not give them back what they wanted, and the Swiss not caring to be burdened with too many of them, a number of these refugees made their way down the Rhine and into England.

The Laboucheres were a Huguenot family settled in Holland. Pierre César became a clerk in the House of Hope of Amsterdam. He was sent over to England during the troubles of the Revolution to settle some business with the House of Baring. He fell in love with Dorothy, daughter of Sir Francis Baring, and proposed. The Baronet rejected him with scorn. "But how," he asked, "if I be a partner in the House of Hope?" "In that case," said Sir Francis, "the case would be altered." Pierre César swept back to Amsterdam, and demanded that he should be taken into partnership. This was indignantly refused. "But," he said, "how if I am son-in-law to Sir Francis Baring?" "In that case, it is different." So, at one stroke he became partner of the House of Hope, and was received into the Baring family. Pierre César and his firm worked hand in hand with the Barings all through the Great War, when they stood at the head of European finance. He came to England in 1816, retired from business, enormously wealthy, and his son, Henry, was created Lord Taunton, and became leader of the Evangelical party—of course he did, for the virus of Calvinism ran in his veins.

Further, when Louis XIV devastated the Palatinate, swarms of the inhabitants came to England—Calvinists to a man—and were most graciously received and patronized by the Queen,

the nobility and the citizens of London. They were settled about in divers places. Something like 6,544 persons arrived in the Thames from the Palatinate in 1708—not a great number, but helping to swell the torrent of Calvinism that was drenching England. But, as if this did not suffice, from beyond the Tweed came hordes of Scots, perfectly ready to pocket their prejudices sufficiently to qualify them to settle down on English Church pastures. It had been, and continued to be, like the army of locusts described by the prophet. But with the Church there had not been one invasion only, but many, one succeeding another. The N.B.R. pierced the wall of Severus, and a legion of needy Scots rushed through the gap without return tickets—the N.B.R. till comparatively recently, if it does now, issued none from Edinburgh to London and back—upon the fertile South with huge appetites, red heads, empty pockets and high cheek-bones. Everything was grist to the Caledonian mill. The invading Scots carried off whatever they could lay their hands on. Nothing was beyond their reach—a Premiership, a Chancellorship, an Archbishopric, a royal Princess.

We have but to look to our own day. At the present date both our Archbishops are Scotchmen, and their predecessors Tait and Maclagan were also of that nationality. When Archibald Tait became Archbishop, some lines circulated :

> Archie was a Scotchman, Archie was discreet,
> Archie came to England and got the Primate's seat.
> I went to Archie's land, Archie was from home :
> Odd that thistles flourish best the farther South they roam.

Of a Scotch family also was Archbishop Thomson of York. So is Archbishop Mackray of Rupertstown. Of bishops, besides the archbishops, there are now six in England, and as many in the Colonies. Taking up a recent clerical directory, I find in the Church of England ministry 471 *Macs.* Of these, two are bishops, 8 are archdeacons, 2 are deans, 30 are canons and prebendaries. Of Andersons there are 260, with 2 bishops and 2 canons. Of Camerons and Campbells there are 33, of Cunninghams 15, 3 with canonries and 1 with an archdeaconry. Of Douglases there are 40, of Grahams 44, of Hamiltons 47, of Kennedys 33, of Murrays 34, of Duncans and Dunbars 25, and so on. Some of these minister in their own land and some in the colonies, but the majority of them are in England, ousting our modest English curates from livings and benefices. Some

are sons of Episcopalian Scots, more are sons of Scottish Presbyterian ministers, or else of Presbyterian farmers, who have crossed the Tweed with a bawbee in their pockets to see what pickings were to be had either in the merchants' offices or in the Church. Some doubtless are sons of Scots who have been settled in England and have conformed. At an earlier period it was the needy and hungry Presbyterians and sons of Presbyterians who came over to England, tired of oatmeal porridge and whey, and desirous of eating roast beef in English parsonages, and drinking generous port.

Nor is this all. In Ireland, in the north, were colonists from Scotland, Presbyterians; and these took boat across S. George's Channel to lay hold of anything they could get in England which Ireland did not furnish in sufficient profusion.

The migration had begun before the disestablishment of the Irish Church; it has swelled in volume since the curates "compounded and cut." These men are voluble, insinuating, for the most part ultra-Evangelical, and have been accordingly welcomed by Erastian statesmen and Broad Churchmen; have been hugged to the heart by Evangelical prelates and thrust into livings, deaneries and bishoprics.

Looking into a recent Clergy List, I find seventy-four O's, and of these only thirty are in Ireland. McNeile, a blustering Irishman, was given the deanery of Ripon. This is the man who had the effrontery to send about an advertisement of a book of his as by "that great and good man Dr. McNeile."

Magee was made Bishop of Peterborough and then advanced to York—a witty Evangelical. The Simeonite and other Evangelical Trustees who have acquired the patronage of so many important parishes in England are fain to import Irishmen to occupy them, because the English supply is running short.

The consequence of all this overwash of seas is that the vessel of Christ's Church in England had not only her hold full of the bilge-water of Conformists of 1661–2, but also that she had shipped seas fore and aft, port and starboard, from France, from Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Scotland, Ireland, till she had settled so low that it seemed probable she would founder, with only a few Churchmen clinging to the rigging.

CHAPTER III

A REMNANT

MATTERS were not, however, quite so bad as they appeared. Out of the livings throughout England and Wales, six thousand, or about half, were in the gift of private families, those of the nobility and squirearchy of land.

In certain cases we know that livings were put in the market and sold to the highest bidder, and were bought by unscrupulous persons who perjured themselves before the bishop when they took the required oath against simony. Nevertheless, the vast majority of livings to which the country gentry presented were given honestly, conscientiously, to men whom the patrons respected.

Throughout the eighteenth century the Orthodox clergy were regarded by the Court and by the Ministry with undisguised suspicion, as Jacobites. It was quite true that the landed gentry and the country parsons alike had no love for the House of Hanover, but their Jacobitism was sentimental only, and went no further than the planting of Scotch firs and drinking the King's health over the water in their finger-bowls.

The Whig ministries, however, mistrusted them, and ecclesiastical preferments went to clergymen who were either Latitudinarian in their opinions, or were inoffensive nobodies.

In Convocation, the Upper House had been composed of Whig Bishops appointed by William III and the Whig administration during the first half of Anne's reign ; and when in 1717 the two Houses came into collision, the Lower House being mainly composed of High Churchmen, the Government prorogued Convocation with intent not to summon it again, and in accordance with this resolution, for upwards of a century it was merely convened as a matter of form and not allowed to debate. Thus the English Church was effectually muzzled, she could not utter her voice on any point.

The country squires, nearly all Tories, when they presented to the livings in their gift, appointed very generally relatives brought up in their own political opinions, and in High-Church traditions. If they had not relatives to promote, they nominated men of their own political views, which at that time went hand in hand with Orthodoxy, more or less theoretical, always inert. The consequence was that although the bishoprics, deaneries, canonries, Crown and Chancellor's livings, those to which the Bishops presented, and most town livings, were filled with colourless men without definite convictions, throughout the country in quiet parsonages, before whose windows hollyhocks bloomed, and whose porches were wreathed with woodbine, were living Churchmen, well read in the old English divines, Hooker, Andrewes, Cosin, Bull—if not also in the Ancient Fathers. I happen to have examined the library of one of these parsons who lived in the reigns of George III and IV and William IV, and it consisted of the works of these divines in ponderous tomes.

Sir Roger de Coverley is represented as taking great pains to secure a worthy incumbent for his Worcestershire parish. I do not for a moment suppose that he was unique in this respect.

Looking at the Church from without, she seemed to be waterlogged and motionless. But such as looked deeper saw that there was still life in her, though feeble. Writing of the Hanoverian times, Mr. Molesworth says[1]: "Here we reach a period which is a blank in our narrative, and which we must be content to leave blank, for the simple reason that history traces the evolution of events, and that when there is no evolution, and consequently no progress, there can be no history. Even at the dead period we have now reached, there was probably some movement, but it was so sluggish as to be altogether inappreciable. It is true that there were archbishops succeeding one another in the chair of Lanfranc, Anselm, Becket, Laud and Sancroft. Carlyle asks, 'Who was the primate of England at this time?' and he answers with bitter irony, 'No man knoweth.' Nor was this far from the truth. There were contented Erastians like Wake and Potter carrying on controversies now entirely forgotten, as they well deserve to be. There were men full of decencies and proprieties like Secker, but who cares now to know what Archbishops Herring, Hutton and Moore thought, said or did? I have searched carefully the seven volumes of

[1] Molesworth (W. M.), *History of the Church of England* (1882), p. 297.

Lord Mahon's history for the names of these prelates, but have not succeeded in meeting with any of them. If their works ever possessed any living interest or any particular value, they have long since lost it. They never attempted to guide or elevate the religious destinies of the nation over whose Church they uselessly presided."

The same characteristics marked almost all the rest of the bishops. If we wander back in search through the desolate wilderness in quest of some men upholding the prophetic office, we shall find none save in lowly nooks and far from towns. Those clothed in purple and fine linen uselessly occupied episcopal palaces; reeds shaken with the wind were in decanal and prebendal stalls. The debased and torpid condition of the Church was due entirely to the Whigs. The Church was gagged, and the lower clergy depressed; there was nothing for them but to wear out their lives in country parsonages, far from the current of life and thought, elbowed into corners, trodden underfoot by the plethoric, well-fed favourites of the Ministry.

From what has been said, it appears certain that in the English Church there existed elements of different kinds ready to start into activity when the opportunity came—the Evangelical, out of the foreign Calvinistic material forced into the Church, and the Catholic revival, springing out of her inherent nature. The Church for three centuries was subjected to Taliacotian treatment. The surgeon Taliacotius invented and practised a process of cutting a hunk of flesh out of the person of one man, where it could best be spared, and engrafting it on the body of another. Thus was the Church of England dealt with. She possessed her own organic, apostolic, Catholic self, patched with grafts from various foreign bodies. According to *Hudibras* (Pt. I. cant. 1) so soon as the individual died from whom the flesh had been taken, the grafts fell off; and now that Continental Protestantism is expiring and in process of decomposition, we may trust that all the foreign matter which has been patched into the body of the Anglican Church will likewise drop away.[1]

The time at last came when the Dead Sea of the Georgian

[1] Here is M. Edouard Rod's description of French and Swiss Evangelicalism—and he is himself a Protestant. It is a "rationalizing religion, a compromise between dogma and common sense, of which the dialectic and exegesis are lamentably poor, of which the icy worship is only one endless discourse—a string of halting metaphors—of a structure so feeble that a child could break it, recited in a melancholy voice with false action and whining intonation—the religion which cavils instead of loving, and parcels itself out into rancorous sects."—*Le Sens de la Vie* (1889), p. 273.

Church was to be ruffled and lashed into waves, and become a sea of storms.

The old Conformists had for the most part lost their zeal and fanaticism and become Latitudinarians, but some few still remained with the old venom tingling in their arteries. But the first movement sprang more immediately out of the descendants of the Huguenot refugees, the Scottish invaders, and the Germans who hung on to the skirts of the Georges.

We may liken the English Church to the goodly heritage of Christ in our land, held by indisputable title-deeds. To this domain came troops of needy squatters from various lands, who boiled their kettles on land that was not their own, tolerated in kindly pity. They trampled down every green blade and broke every flower; they defiled it with their refuse. But they were aliens, they had no legitimate position where they lodged. Their descendants, waxing wanton and insolent, laid claim to the whole estate. They committed the strategical error of striking for monopoly, and for ejecting the legitimate tenants. This necessitated a demand for their leases. They had none to show. All their claim rested on the indulgence accorded to their forbears to be allowed to squat.

Meanwhile they had wrought incalculable mischief. They had introduced foreign contagious diseases, had robbed hen-roosts, had broken down hedges, and had contaminated the wells. "Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn," said Biron in *Love's Labour's Lost.*

It was not an infiltration but an inundation, transforming the aspect and quality of the Anglican Communion. The fine wine of Catholic Orthodoxy was diluted till hardly retaining any of its colour, glow and vinous force.

Take a clerical directory of the present day and reckon how many names of the clergy are German, French, Swiss, Dutch, Jewish, or even Swedish. As to such as are Scottish, I have already dealt with them. Under the letters B and C alone a recent directory gives us 123 names of clergy unmistakably of foreign extraction. John Henry Newman, drawing his life from a mother pertaining to a Huguenot family, sucked in Calvinistic prejudices. "I became most firmly convinced that the Pope was the Antichrist predicted by Daniel, S. Paul and S. John. My imagination was stained by the effects of this doctrine up to the year 1843." He once preached a sermon to that effect.

Those descended from Huguenots felt an hereditary pride

in the fact, and hugged their Calvinism as a precious heirloom, not to be surrendered though they attended Church ministrations, not even if they themselves ministered in the pulpits and at the altars of the Church.

But, along with all this impregnation of the pure river of the Anglican Church with foreign matter, it was not wholly and radically contaminated. It was like a mountain stream that receives mud, and dye from cloth mills, till it becomes thick, malodorous and sluggish. The vulgar looking on and sniffing at it come to regard the pace, the colour, the smell, as its essential qualities, and even get to relish them. These, however, are importations—they were not in it at first. We can point to where and when they flowed in and befouled the stream.

But against all this contamination with foreign heresy there is something to be said.

In the Pyrenees, in the Middle Ages, certain valleys were given over to the lepers. To them they were confined. They might not associate with the healthy, even in Divine worship. They were called the Cagots. But the pure air of the mountains, the balsamic breath of the pines, the sweet milk of their kine, have resulted in the total elimination of leprosy, and the descendants of the Cagots are as healthy and vigorous as any other mountaineers; they can be known only by their surnames. It has been the same in the English Church. Some of our ablest, most devoted and most Catholic priests are descendants of the Cagots from Scotland, France, Switzerland, Ireland, and Germany —nay, even from our recently acquired Transvaal. The Spirit of God breathing in the Catholic Church, the religious atmosphere, the fragrance of the sanctuary, the pure milk of the Gospel, have had a marvellous effect in the expulsion of the germs of heresy, and the building up of vigorous Church life. And yet the invading Cagots were not confined to sequestrated nooks, but advanced to high places.

I have been told that in banknotes a fine red fibre was formerly introduced into the texture, and that unless this were seen and acknowledged, the note was worthless. But I do know, that unless, through the centuries, there had existed Catholic faith and tradition from the period before the Reformation, sometimes so finely attenuated as to be scarcely discernible, at other times broadening to a ribbon, at another dyeing the whole tissue, the Church of England would have been as utterly worthless as a forged banknote. The red thread has ever been there; we can

see it at every period. It was never broken: in the Elizabethan period it was tangled up with some coarse hempen threads, in the Puritan time it was overlaid, in the Hanoverian it was again overlaid, but it was there.

The conforming Marian clergy had hardly died out before there appeared such men as the saintly Lancelot Andrewes, the profoundly learned Richard Hooker, author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, of which Pope Clement VIII declared that "it had in it such seeds of eternity that it would abide till the last fire shall consume all learning"; Bancroft, Overall,[1] Young, George Herbert the poet, Moreton, Laud the martyr, Wren also, who was specially obnoxious to the Puritans, and was confined as a prisoner in the Tower from 1641 to 1660. He was the butt of Puritan satire:

> A little *Wren* came flying through the air,
> And on his back betwixt his wings he bore
> A minster stuffed with crosses, altars' store,
> With sacred Fonts and rare gilt cherubims,
> And bellowing organs, chanting curious hymns.
> . . . . .
> "Buy my high altars," he lifts up his voice,
> "All sorts of Mass-books here you may have choice."
> *Lambeth Fair.*

There were others: Felton, Bishop of Ely, the friend of Andrewes, and his successor; John Buckeridge, Laud's tutor; Peter Heylin, who stoutly defended the position of the English Church, as inherited from the earliest days, Bilson, Sutton, Montague, Cosin, and many others. The red thread had never been broken, or such a manifestation of Church feeling could not have appeared. Whence did these men derive their definite orthodoxy? The Elizabethan immigrants had not a grain of it in their whole composition. They drew it from Catholic tradition and the study of the Fathers. They were so learned that it was said of them on the Continent, "*Clerus Angliæ stupor mundi.*"

The uprise of a strong definite Church feeling towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth and in that of James I, is a remarkable phenomenon.

For a little while the Church had been like a vessel at sea in a storm, with the sailors drunk and mutinous, with no man at the

[1] Overall said: "It were better to endure the absence of the people than for the minister to neglect the usual and daily" (Eucharistic) "sacrifice of the Church." So Cosin, his secretary, informs us.

wheel and no captain on the bridge. But now, at once, the officers started up and insisted on order, sent the mate and the steersman and each several and sulky mariner to his proper place, to do his proper work. Great indeed was the change. Isaac Casaubon, who had been reared in Geneva for the pastorate, revolted against the narrowness, the inhumanity of Calvinism, and its absolute severance from the Christian past. He came to England in the reign of James I, and thence wrote to his old antagonist in controversy, yet friend, Cardinal Peron: "The Anglican Church is prepared to give an account of her faith, and to prove by facts themselves, that the authors of the Reformation established here did not propose to erect any new Church (as the ignorant and malevolent assert), but to restore one which had fallen to the best possible form; and they judged that form to be the best which was handed down to the rising Church by the Apostles, and adopted in the ages nearest to them." During the reign of Elizabeth it was not possible for any one to feel any regard for the Church. It was like a family in which every member was wrangling with every other, the father storming, the mother scolding, the children defiant and disobedient. But the impress made by the body of Catholic feeling among the people generally produced a change in the situation. Rapidly men realized what the Church really was, how beautiful and precious was the Prayer Book. The Church, instead of being regarded with contempt, was looked upon with hatred on one side [1] and with love on the other; so much so, that there were men during the Rebellion and Commonwealth who were willing to suffer, for the sake of the Church, the spoiling of their goods, even death itself.

Permit me to look back and briefly trace the crimson thread. That there were very decided Churchmen in Jacobean days in some of the parishes, we can judge, as we can also their confidence of gaining the upper hand over the Protestants of the Calvinistic type, by the great cost and labour displayed in the setting up of chancel screens in churches that were without or where they had been destroyed. In Devonshire there are a limited number of cases only, because the retention of the older screens had been general. There is one very magnificent, rich

[1] Robert Parsons wrote in 1580: "I mighte bringe the opinion of all the hotter sort of Protestantes, called Puritayns, who in wryting, sermons, and private speeches, doe utterly condemne the service which nowe Protestantes have, and thereupon doe refrayne from it, as much as Catholicks."

JACOBEAN SCREEN, CROSSCOMBE

with carving, gold and colour, at Lustleigh, that is of post-Reformation date, probably of the reign of Elizabeth, as the panels do not contain Saints but clerics and choristers. One very similar is at Bridford—evidently by the same craftsmen—in this also there are no saintly figures. At Holbeton there is another; one of very fine quality of the reign of James I at Washfield, dated 1624; another at Ermington.

In Somersetshire the post-Reformation screens are much more numerous. Mr. F. Bligh Bond has kindly furnished me with the following list: (1) Croscombe (Jas. I). (2) Rodney Stoke with loft, 1625. (3) Low Ham, about 1630. (4) Mark, 1634. (5) East Brent with loft, 1635, now removed to west end. (6) North Newton (Chas. I). (7) Thurloxton. (8) Keynsham, now removed to serve as a parclose. Others remain imperfect, mutilated, of Caroline date. (9) Bruton. (10) Ditcheat, now in private hands. (11) Berrow, post and beams of loft, 1637. (12) Bridgewater, Elizabethan. (13) Norton S. Philip, two screens. (15) Isle Abbot. (16) Crowcombe. (17) Ilminster, a baluster screen.

Earlier screens that had been injured were restored in Jacobean and Caroline times. (18) Elworthy. (19) Nunney. (20) Pilton, a chantry screen. (21) Kingsbury Episcopi. (22) Raddington. (23) Loxton, debased Gothic. (24) Marston Magna, of same late Gothic type. (25) Old tymphanum, with heraldry and black-letter texts on it at Wyke Champflower, under which a Jacobean screen stood until recent years. (26) Another old tymphanum with Royal arms at Stockleigh English.

It is, moreover, exceptional to find the paintings of saints on the earlier screens wantonly defaced. The number of very richly carved Altar tables that pertain to the Jacobean period certainly point to reverence for the Lord's Board. The Puritans contented themselves with a shabby table, moved into the nave.

The Communion Service continued to be the principal service for the Sunday, and was choral. The earliest setting of the English office is that called the *Missa Simplex*, an adaptation of the old Plain Song to English words. It was performed at the opening of the first Parliament of King Edward VI in 1547. The next was that by Merbecke published in 1550, conforming to Archbishop Cranmer's rule that one note should be given to each syllable.[1] This was re-issued with harmonies so as to be

[1] The First Prayer Book of Edward VI assumed that the Holy Communion should be celebrated daily in cathedrals and collegiate churches,

sung by four voices in 1560, and again in 1565. Next came that by Tallis, the date, according to Dr. Rimbault, being 1570. Unhappily only the bass has been preserved. The Rev. William Harrison, who became Canon of S. George's, Windsor, published a *Description of England* in 1577. In the course of an account of the Church of England and her services, he says: "After morning prayer we have the litanie and suffrages. . . . This being done, we proceed unto the Communion, if anie communicants be to receive the Eucharist; if not we read the decalog, epistle and gospell with the Nicene creed (of some in derision called the Drie Communion), and then proceed unto a homilie or sermon, which hath a (metrical) psalm before and after it, and finallie unto the baptism of such infants, etc. . . . And thus doo we spend the sabath daie in good and godlie exercises, all doone in our vulgar toong, that each one present may heare and understand the same, which also in cathedral and collegiat churches is so ordered, that the psalms onlie are soong by note, the rest being read (as in common parish churches) by the minister with a lowe voice, saving that in the administration of the Communion the quier singeth the answers, the Creed and sundrie other things appointed, but in so plaine and distinct manner, that each one present may understand what they sing, every word having but one note, though the whole harmonie consist of manie parts, and those very cunninglie set by the skillfull in that science."

As Mr. Royle Shore says: "It was not until some seven months after the accession of Elizabeth that the English rites were resumed. It is becoming increasingly admitted that, whatever may have happened later, on the restoration of the Book of Common Prayer, the setting and accessories of the services did not necessarily differ very greatly in their broad features from those of the Latin rites. This largely helped to conciliate those who were attached to the former state of things." [1]

I am indebted to Mr. Royle Shore's paper for the following list of composers of Communion Services, such as remain in whole or in part. It must be borne in mind that a vast amount of our old Church music perished in 1645, at the dispersion of the choirs and the destruction of organs. It is probably due to this that none has been recovered of the period of James I.

and more frequently than on Sundays in parish churches, for it directs the omission of the Exhortation except once a month.

[1] "The Church Eucharist since the Reformation" in *The Cathedral Quarterly* (No. 2, 1913).

Also, in some cases only the Kyrie and Creed have been preserved, probably because in later days the full Communion Service rendered chorally ceased to be observed.

First Period: Edwardian (1547–1558)

(1) Missa Simplex (plain song), 1547.

(2) John Merbecke, organist of S. George's, Windsor (plain song), printed in 1550.

(3) Thomas Tallis of the Chapel Royal (1575–1585), Communion Service in five parts; only the bass remains.

(4) Thomas Causton (d. 1569), of the Chapel Royal, for men's voices, printed in 1560, reprint 1913. This splendid piece of composition has been neglected till the present date.

Second Period: Elizabethan (1558–1589)

(5) Robert Whyte (*c.* 1540–1575), organist of Ely and Westminster, wrote a complete Communion Service in 1560 that is lost.

(6) Thomas Causton (as above).

(7) Thomas Heath, a Communion Service printed in 1560.

(8) Thomas Tallis (as above), a Communion Service in the Dorian mode (about 1570), printed in 1641.[1]

Third Period: Caroline

(9) Adrian Batten (about 1590–1637), organist of S. Paul's, Communion Service in the Dorian mode.

(10) John Amner (d. 1641), organist of Ely. Of his Communion Service only the *Gloria in Excelsis* remains.

(11) William Child (1606–1697), organist of the Chapel Royal and of Windsor. Communion Service in the Dorian mode; another of which only *Kyrie* and *Credo* remain for four voices; also *Sanctus* and *Gloria in Excelsis* for eight voices.

Nor did the composition of Choral Communion Services end here, but continued to quite a late period.

George Jeffries (middle of the seventeenth century) wrote a complete Communion Service some time after 1669. Pelham Humphry (1647–1674) wrote a Communion Service in E minor. Loosemore of King's and Trinity Colleges, Cambridge (1627–

[1] To these may be added John Brimley, Master of the Choristers and organist of Durham, 1557–1576. In one of the old MS. music books is "Mr. Brimly, his Kerrie," followed by a *Credo*.

1670) composed a *Gloria in Excelsis* that remains; John Foster (d. 1677), organist of Durham, also a *Gloria*; so also Michael Wise (1638–1683). Jeremiah Clark (1670–1707), *Sanctus* and *Gloria* in A minor. John Blow (1648–1708), organist of Westminster, *Sursum Corda*, *Sanctus* and *Gloria* in D, also *Kyrie* and *Credo* in A, also a complete service in G, another in six parts also in G. Henry Aldrich (1647–1710), a Communion Service in G. Tobias Langdon (d. 1712), succentor of Exeter Cathedral, a *Gloria in Excelsis* in B minor.

I will carry the list no further.

It must be borne in mind that the rubrics in the Communion Service order the Creed and the *Sanctus* to be "sung or said," whereas in Matins and Evensong the Psalms are to be "said or sung." In fact, the tradition of Choral Eucharists never did die out, from 1548, when, as we read, "Powles' Quire, with divers other parishes in London, sung all the service in English to the Mettens, Masse and Evensong; and at the anniversary of Henry VII kept at Westminster on May 12, 1548, the Mass was sung in English with the Consecration of the Sacrament also spoken in English." In fact, the rupture in the tradition of Choral Eucharists and in the use of Plain Song was due to the Rebellion. At the Restoration the Choral Communion Services were resumed; but as the tradition of Plain Song had died during the period of the triumph of Puritanism, there came in, in its place, Anglican barred Chants making chopped nonsense of the words; and unecclesiastical "Services" for the canticles.

In Durham the Choral Eucharists continued to the present day, though rendered now only on the first Sunday in the month.[1] In 1696 Bishop Compton of London gave directions for the singing of the *Sanctus* and the *Gloria in Excelsis* in his cathedral. At Exeter "in connection with it there was a very curious

[1] In 1685 Dr. Granville wrote to Sancroft: "Among many other excellent things, my Lord of Durham hath strictly enjoined us to continue the weekly Communion with Jubilation" (i.e. choral).

The cantankerous Smart wrote in wrath: "A strange speech, little better than blasphemy, uttered by a young man in the presence of his lord and many learned men: 'I had rather go forty miles to a good service than two miles to a sermon.' And what meant he by a good service? His meaning was manifest: Where goodly Babylonish garments were worn, embroidered with images, where he might have a delicate noise of singers, and sackbuts and cornets and organs, and, if it were possible, all kinds of music, used at the dedication of Nabuchodonosor's golden Image." There can exist no manner of doubt that many shared the opinion of this young man, as we share it at the present day. How men must have got to loathe the braying of the preachers through a whole hour!

custom, only discontinued within comparatively late years. As may be seen by reference to old drawings of the choir, there were two altar rails at Exeter—one near the Holy Table, the other at some distance. Within these rails the communicants were assembled, and the sacred Elements administered to each by the officiating priest going round to them. At the *Gloria in Excelsis* the ten chorister boys, who alone appear to have remained, were ranged outside the outermost of these rails. Two musical settings for this service are in existence; one in B minor by the Rev. Tobias Langdon, succentor of the Cathedral (d. 1712), the other by William Jackson (d. 1803). After the service the boys closed the procession of clergy, each party filing off to its respective vestry. But when the Bishop was present, the boys preceded, and arranged themselves in a line, on their knees, in the south aisle, to receive the Bishop's blessing as he passed out of the Cathedral to his palace." [1]

Up to the triumph of Puritanism at the Rebellion, it would seem that the Eucharist had been the principal service of the Sundays and Feast Days. Matins was said early, at 6 or 7 a.m., the Litany later, at 9 or 9.30 a.m., and this was followed by a Choral Communion. John Johnson, writing in 1709, said that it was an innovation to run the three services together. But even in the reign of Charles I they had begun to be joined, as a concession to the later hours that were gradually gaining ground, and as Heylin expresses it, " because of the sloth of the people." But long after the Restoration the distinction was maintained in some places.[2]

The position of the priest at the Holy Table has been a subject of much debate, and " the north side " has been variously interpreted. The north side is not the north end. Actually an altar has on its front three parts, *medium* and two *cornua* or sides. According to the Sarum, the most extensively spread Use in England, the priest at High Mass ascended to the Altar and said the two preparatory prayers at the south horn or side; but for Low Mass he said them at the north horn or side. Side or horn were interchangeable terms: thus, in the *Alphabetum Sacerdotum*, the direction as to the Gospel is " differat missale ad aliud locus." When the Prayer Book of 1552 was being drawn up, Cranmer was unwilling to make too violent, obvious

[1] Bumpus (T. F.), *The Cathedrals of England and Wales* (London, 1905–6).
[2] Abbey and Overton, *The English Church in the Eighteenth Century* (London, 1887), p. 452.

changes, so as not to provoke fresh outbreaks and bloody reprisals. He introduced the rubric as to the position of the Holy Table, that it should stand either in the body of the Church or in the chancel. Now in pre-Reformation times, the people in a large cathedral or collegiate church communicated not from the high altar, but from the people's altar that stood before the screen at the chancel steps. The high altar served for the Chapter Mass. This may be seen in many cathedrals and large churches abroad at the present day. For instance, at Cologne, where for the Chapter High Mass the priest celebrates at the high altar, but for the *Volksmesse* at the head of the steps of the choir. At Genoa the high altar and the people's altar are back to back ; the chapter occupy the chancel, and the celebrant stands facing west. But for the people's service he stands facing east, and the two altars are at the choir steps. At Chartres Cathedral a wooden altar is rolled in early on Sunday morning, and is planted below the steps into the choir and the metal screen. About it are set up temporary rails hung with the houseling cloth. Thence the people are communicated, at it the Children's Mass is said, after which it is dismantled and rolled out of sight. Consequently the rubric directs nothing but that to which the people were accustomed. So also that requiring the priest to say the introductory prayers standing at the north side was to require him to occupy that position which the congregation was accustomed to see ; as they hardly ever saw a High Mass, save in cathedrals, and then that was not *their* mass.

But, during the outbreak of Puritanism in Elizabeth's reign, the fanatical clergy, compelled to conform to the rubric, did so in a way most calculated to degrade the service, by turning the Holy Table lengthwise, "oysterboard fashion." Laud and the bishops in the reigns of James I and Charles I insisted on having the tables replaced altarwise ; but with the Rebellion and the Commonwealth, Presbyterians and Independents resumed the lengthwise position of the table. At the Restoration, and when the Church came to her own again, once more the Holy Table was replaced altarwise ; but owing to the hosts of Conformists being ordained, it was not possible to get them to accept the traditions of the Church, and these men went round to the north end looking south in place of the north side looking east, and this had to be borne with or connived at, though the revisionists of 1661 surely desired a return to the proper liturgical position.

No sooner did Charles II regain the throne than staunch upholders of Catholic tradition came to the front. Cosin and his son-in-law Granville, Peter Gunning, who throughout the Puritan times had persisted, at the risk of imprisonment, in reading the Prayer Book; Hackett of Lichfield, who at once set to work to restore his beautiful cathedral; Wren, who came forth from his prison in the Tower to remount his throne and resume the ceremonial for which he had suffered bonds and imprisonment; Bramhall, Thorndike, a liturgical scholar, Henry Hammond, a Laudian, Anthony Horneck, Kettlewell, and many more. Next appeared Ken, Frampton, Atterbury, and devout laymen such as Robert Nelson.

Bad as were the appointments to sees under William III, there was one exception—John Sharp, who was made Archbishop of York, in this case probably through the influence of Queen Mary. He was a model bishop, an earnest and thorough Churchman, greatly preferring the first Prayer Book of Edward VI to that of 1662.

In the reign of Queen Anne the Church became stronger, and had a greater hold of the people than ever before. In the Georgian period there was still evidence of life. We see it in Bishops Butler, Wilson and Horne. Take, for instance, the saintly Bishop Wilson of Sodor and Man. The Earl of Derby, who was "King of Man," sent a governor (Captain Horne), and got the appointment of an archdeacon, Horobin, with the express purpose of neutralizing to the best of their ability the spiritual work of the Bishop. In 1719 the Governor's wife had grossly slandered a woman of good character in the island, and the Bishop refused Communion to her till she repented. But the Archdeacon, to oppose the Bishop, communicated her, whereupon the Bishop suspended him. Thereupon the Governor threw Bishop Wilson into prison on S. Peter's Day, 1722, and there he was confined for nine weeks in a damp cell, in which he contracted a rheumatic affection that disabled him ever after from the free use of his right hand. But "the concern of the people was so great that they assembled in crowds, and it was with difficulty they were restrained from pulling down the Governor's house, by the mild behaviour and persuasion of the Bishop, who was permitted to speak to them only through a grated window, or address them from the walls of his prison, whence he blessed and exhorted hundreds of them daily." He was wont to say that he ruled his diocese better when in prison

than when out of it. The love borne him by the people made them more amenable to his discipline.

The Church is not infrequently blamed for the low condition to which she sank under the Hanoverian rule; but unjustly. The fact was that she was so paralysed by the State that she could do nothing. In all high places were either Latitudinarian Bishops or men chosen on political, not on religious grounds. She was debarred the exercise of her voice in Convocation; she had no power to oppose unsuitable prelates being appointed to rule her.

It would be possible, and not difficult, to form a full catena of faithful men holding definite Church doctrine from the time of Henry VIII down to the Victorian period, but such is not my object. The work has been done, for the tract of time between 1660 and 1714, by Mr. Overton.[1] When one finds gold grains in the sand at one's feet, one knows that a gold reef is present.

There were books as well as men that maintained the truth; books read in quiet parsonages, in manor-houses and in citizen families, sound in doctrine and inspired with true devotion; moulding the opinions and shaping the spiritual lives of tens of thousands. The series begins even during the Commonwealth with *The Whole Duty of Man* (1657), the authorship of which was never divulged. It sprang almost immediately into popularity. It was placed with the Bible and Prayer Book as the indispensable requisites of the Christian life; it was issued in innumerable editions. From first to last it is a plain, sober, orthodox statement of Church doctrine; it does not turn to right or left, to Geneva or to Rome. There can be no better proof of the deep-rooted place the Church had taken in the affections of the people than its extraordinary success. Then came Jeremy Taylor's *Golden Grove* and *Holy Living and Dying*; there appeared notable expositions of the Church Catechism by Hammond and by Ken and Beveridge. Conspicuous among books of devotion for the Holy Communion was that issued by Archdeacon Lake, putting forth advanced views without compromise or disguise, and which maintained its popularity for a very long time. But there were numerous other devotional works for the Holy Communion. I will mention but two. In 1738 appeared Samuel Keble's *Week's Preparation* for a worthy reception of the Eucharist, and another edition appeared in 1742. But it

[1] See as well Dean Stephen's *Life of Dean Hook* (1879), i. chap. iv.

was couched too much on the lines of the "Song of Solomon," and exception was taken to its almost sensuous raptures. Then appeared *The New Week's Preparation*, which went rapidly through edition after edition. In seven years it passed through thirty-four editions. The book consisted of two parts; the second is entitled *The Companion for the Altar*, and this continued to be reprinted almost year by year down to 1870. There are no tokens in it of anything but strong Catholic doctrine on the Real Presence. Here is a prayer for Monday morning: "Rise, my soul, and take thy swiftest wings; fly to this great mystery. There we shall see the Prince of Peace sacrifice Himself to reconcile us with the Father; there we shall see, O stupendous mercy! the Son of God with heavenly food entertaining the sons of men. Can we, O dear Redeemer! believe the wonders of this mystery, and not be ravished with admiration of Thy great goodness? Can we acknowledge Thy perfect veracity, and not believe this wonder of Thy love? Let us not then refuse to believe our God, because His mercies transcend our capacities, etc." After the Consecration comes this prayer: "Now, O my God, prostrate before Thine altar I dare not so much as look upon this mystery of our salvation, if Thou hadst not invited me. I beseech Thee, therefore, accept of this representation we make before Thee of that all-sufficient sacrifice, which Thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ made upon the cross. Let the merit of it plead effectually for the pardon and forgiveness of all my sins, etc." Then we have Bishop Wilson's *Sacra Privata* and *Instructions for the Lord's Supper*.

Nelson's *Festivals and Fasts* had a wide and enduring popularity. Sparrow, Bishop of Exeter, in his *Rationale* of the Book of Common Prayer, showed how that it was drawn from Catholic sources.

There was a book by Jane West, *Letters to a Young Lady*, that appeared in 1806 and ran into three editions in the same year. A fourth came out in 1811. Jane West devoted two long chapters to Calvinism, and insisted on the poisonous nature of its doctrine. She fairly traced its introduction into England from abroad. When she comes to the teachings of the Church of England she is thoroughly sound. She had already issued *Letters to a Young Man on First Entering into Life*, the sixth edition of which appeared in 1818 couched on the same lines.

This is but a slight notice, but it suffices to show that the red line was never broken.

In the Hanoverian period of cloud and thick darkness, among the clergy who still held the faith, their orthodoxy was instinctive rather than due to well-grounded conviction. The orthodox clergy were like men groping in the dark, asking to be led—knowing whither they desired to go, but unable themselves to find the way.

The one tenet they clung to with both hands was the Apostolic Succession, and the divine institution of the Episcopal order.

"My reverend brethren," said Bishop Horsley in his charge of 1790, "we must be content to be High Churchmen—or we cannot be Churchmen at all, for he who thinks of God's ministers as mere servants of the State is out of the Church, severed from it by a kind of self-excommunication."

"To God," wrote Archdeacon Wrangham in 1823, "and not to a patronising Crown or to an electing people, we can authoritatively refer our origin as a ministry. For Christ, we are expressly told in Scripture, sent the Apostles with a power to send others, thus providing an unbroken succession for all coming ages, and promised to be with them always, even to the end of the world."

Later, Samuel Wilberforce, when incumbent of Checkendon, let it be plainly seen that he believed in Baptismal Regeneration; and, preaching at Bishop Sumner's Visitation in 1833, he boldly called on the clergy to "prize at a higher rate that unbroken succession whereby those who ordained us are joined unto Christ's own Apostles," and he spoke strongly on "the danger of quitting the high vantage ground of Apostolical authority to fight the battle out upon the doubtful level of Erastian principles."

After the Reform Bill, and the suppression of some of the Irish sees, Churchmen in England were in perpetual alarm. "We felt ourselves," wrote Mr. Palmer, "assailed by enemies from without and from within. Our prelates insulted and threatened by ministers of the State . . . clamours loud and long for the overthrow of the Church; Dissenters and Romanists triumphing in the prospect of its subversion, and assailing it with every epithet calculated to stimulate popular hatred."[1] Danger menaced from the timidity of the Bishops and other dignitaries, who were prepared to cast out the lading of the ship, her doctrines and rites, if only they could save their own position.

Thus menaced, a declaration was drawn up addressed by

[1] Palmer (Rev. W.), *Narrative of Events* (1883), p. 8.

the clergy to the Archbishop of Canterbury. "At a time when events are daily passing before us, which mark the growth of Latitudinarian sentiments and the ignorance that prevails concerning the spiritual claims of the Church, we are especially anxious to lay before your Grace the assurance of our devoted adherence to the apostolical doctrine and polity of the Church over which you preside, and of which we are ministers; and our deep-rooted attachment to that venerable Liturgy, in which she has embodied in the language of ancient piety the orthodox and primitive faith." This was signed by seven thousand clergy, against the expressed opposition of the dignitaries and the aloofness of the Bishops. The Evangelical clergy did not sign.

This was followed by a declaration to much the same effect by 230,000 heads of families among the laity; and was presented to the King on May 27, 1833.

Such declarations show that there existed still a strong and faithful remnant in the Anglican Church, ready to make itself heard, and to act, and that it would not tolerate any watering down of her formularies. The red line was not ruptured. Church Unions were formed in London, Bristol and elsewhere, for general Church extension, an increase of the Episcopate, with some valid security against unfit appointments, the revival of Convocation, and the restoration of Discipline.

There is further evidence of the existence of distinct orthodoxy among the clergy of the Early Victorian age. When the Gorham judgment had been delivered, and Archbishop Sumner was prepared to institute Mr. Gorham into the living of Bampford Speke in defiance of his diocesan, Henry, Bishop of Exeter, summoned a synod of the diocese to protest. This proceeding excited the liveliest alarm among Whigs and Latitudinarians. Here was the torpid Church showing unwelcome signs of vitality, and resistance to the judgment of the Privy Council, ready to declare what is the faith of the Church against the ruling of the judges. On May 2, 1851, Mr. Childers, in the House of Commons, asked the Prime Minister what the Government was prepared to do in the case—whether the meeting of the synod could not be prohibited. Lord John Russell referred the matter to the law officers of the Crown, and was surprised and disconcerted to learn that there existed no law in the Statute-book prohibiting the holding of diocesan synods.

The Bishop had desired the Archdeacons to inform the clergy that he would hold the Synod on June 25 and two following

days; and the object would be to make a declaration of firm adherence to the articles in the Creed—"I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins," and the doctrine of the Church on the Grace of that Sacrament, as set forth in the Catechism.

The Synod met, and was attended with the utmost success. Of thirty-two rural deaneries in the diocese only two failed to send representatives. "Considering," says the Report of the *Metropolitan Church Union*, "the pains taken to defeat the Bishop's intention by preventing the Clergy from assembling in such numbers as to constitute a fair representation of the diocese, the result is highly encouraging. No less gratifying is the fact that, in spite of the endeavours made to excite the public feeling in opposition to the Synod, to an extent which seemed at one time to threaten the peace of the Cathedral city, no commotion or demonstration of any kind took place, but the synod was protected in the discharge of its functions by an evident feeling of respect on the part of a populace, certainly not prejudiced in favour of its proceedings."

The declaration "On Baptism" agreed on by the Synod was of an uncompromising character, definite in proclamation of the faith of the Universal Church and of that of England in particular. It was a declaration that the Church in the diocese of Exeter utterly repudiated the decision of the Privy Council. The clergy had loyally rallied about their Bishop, and had upheld the Catholic Faith as maintained by the formularies of the Church in the matter of Baptismal Regeneration.

Mr. Gladstone and the Bishop of Oxford were of opinion that had the English Bishops met and issued a joint proclamation affirming the doctrine of the Church in this matter, there would not have ensued many secessions. But the prelates were too timorous, too much afraid of offending the Liberal Ministry under Lord John Russell, to take this step.

"Alas!" wrote Bishop Wilberforce at the time, "all is very dark around us. I fear we shall lose some of our very best men, and my heart bleeds at every pore at the prospect. But I firmly believe in the vitality of the Church of England, that it will throw off the evil of such a loss of best blood as this." So a good many of "our very best men" were sacrificed because the Bishops neglected to do what in duty they were bound to do. "The conies are but a feeble folk," said Solomon, and alas! at this period the conies ruled over the nobler beasts.

I may here quote Miss Mitford in *Belford Regis* (1835), who, after describing the revived activity in the Church, gives a delightful sketch of the orthodox clergyman: "I cannot help entertaining relentings in favour of the well-endowed clergyman of the old school, round, indolent, and rubicund, at peace with himself and with all around him, who lives in quiet and plenty in his ample parsonage-house, dispensing with a liberal hand the superfluities of his hospitable table, regular and exact in his conduct, but not so precise as to refuse a Saturday night's rubber in his own person, or to condemn his parishioners for their game of cricket on Sunday afternoons; charitable in word and deed, tolerant, indulgent, kind to the widest extent of that widest word. . . . There he goes, rotund and rosy, a tun of a man, filling three parts of his roomy equipage; the shovel hat with a rose in it, the very model of Orthodoxy overshadowing his white hairs and placid countenance. There he goes in whose youth Tract societies and adult schools were not, but who yet has done as much good and as little harm in his generation, has formed as just and as useful a link between the rich and the poor, the landlord and the peasant, as ever did honour to religion and to human nature."

Very charming is Lord Selborne's account of his own father, the Rev. W. Joscelyn Palmer (b. 1778, d. 1833), Rector of Mixbury and Finmere, holding the former living for forty-seven years. "I have heard some people speak as if the care of a few hundred souls were insufficient employment for the zeal and energy of a clergyman of mark. What God had charged him with was the care of those five or six hundred people at Mixbury and Finmere, for whom there was no one else to care; among whom there was no praise to be won, no distinction to be attained, no ambition to be gratified. He was content with this, and sought nothing more. The people he loved and willingly served, wisely also and discreetly, as a spiritual father and friend, who understood them, and was able to speak to them in a way which they could understand. There was not one, young or old, whom he did not observe and study. His interest in individuals was not capricious or transitory, but patient and persevering. It was long before he despaired (if he ever did despair) even of those who went astray."[1] We are further told that Mr. Palmer was a staunch Anglo-catholic priest in church, in advance of his time, both as to reverence and as to rubrical

[1] *Memorials*, by Roundell Palmer, Earl of Selborne (1896), i. 5–8.

strictness. Where the High Church clergy failed and proved faulty was in their remaining content with the very minimum of worship. The Church unquestionably required that they should observe daily prayer twice in their churches, and should celebrate the Eucharist at the least every Lord's Day and every Holy Day. They contented themselves with two services on the Sunday and with Communion once a month at oftenest, and made no attempt to improve on what had become the routine before their time.

When I was a boy, in my neighbourhood all the clergy with two exceptions were in theory High Churchmen. One of the exceptions was a very worthy, spiritually-minded man who served two churches, and was mildly Evangelical; the other was the Vicar of Tavistock. The vicars there were appointed by the Whig Dukes of Bedford, who always nominated men of no definite Church opinions.

One of these actually proposed to banish the Church Catechism from the National School, although there existed in the town an undenominational British School. The subscribers to the National School were incensed, and pertinently inquired for what their subscriptions were solicited, if in the Church school Church doctrines were not to be taught.

But in Tavistock of recent years, the tide has notably risen, and there are now daily prayers, and weekly and Saints'-day Communions.

I do not suppose that in any Christian church except the Evangelical and Calvinistic communities in Germany, which do not pretend to be a part of Catholic Christendom, such long-protracted and cogent efforts have been made to degrade and dedoctrinize, as have been made by the State in England, which had encroached on and neutralized the liberties of the Church, guaranteed to her by *Magna Charta*.

In the Turkish Empire, although there has been persecution of the Christians, the Sublime Porte has never interfered with the teaching and the worship of the Orthodox Churches.

The nearest approach to the condition of affairs we have gone through was under Constantius, when he forced Arians into the bishoprics, or under Anastasius I when he filled the sees with Monophysites. That was but for a time. But in England the evil began with Charles II, was accentuated under William III, and was carried on with but slight intermission till the middle of the reign of Queen Victoria, and even considerably later.

First came the Conformists bribed with mitres, then from 1689 to the appointment of such men as Thomson and Tait to our own two Archbishoprics, for something like a hundred and eighty years, did this continue.

In olden times there existed in England a punishment entitled *Peine forte et dure*, that consisted in prostrating the victim on the floor, and putting lumps of lead in slow succession on his chest till the life was squeezed out of him. And it was in this way that Statesmen dealt with the Church of England for two centuries—and these lumps of lead were all stamped with mitres. Some were lighter, others were oppressive, but together they nearly drove the breath of life out of her. Happily the vitality of the Church was sufficient to enable her to swell her lungs and endure them with such patience as she could muster, till a gracious Providence tumbled them off, and dropped them into Lethe.

Here and there, wide dispersed, were men who looked back with sadness, and looked forward without hope, who said to themselves, like Elijah in the reign of Ahab: "I, even I alone am left!" Yet it was not so—it was through that miserable time as when Jezebel threw down the altars and persecuted the prophets. God Almighty knew what man did not—that there were left to Him seven thousand in Israel, all the knees that had not bowed unto Baal, and the mouths that had not kissed him.

Owing to total absence of salt in Central Africa the cattle of the natives suffer from a polypuslike parasitic growth in the intestines that drains away the vital juices, affects the tissues, and reduces the yield of milk to meagreness in quantity and quality. On the other hand, in the Alps, in the crisp early dawn, the herdsman, furnished with a wallet full of rock-salt, stands at the door of his hut and calls in patois "*Kuh seele! Kuh seele!*" whereupon from all the pastures, with bells tinkling, come galloping the cattle to receive from his hands the renovating and health-giving condiment, that ensures their vigour and the abundance and sweetness of their milk.

The English Church was full of abuses and corruption that had reduced her vitality. Her intestines were choked with the loathsome growths of indifference, Erastianism, neglect of duties, pomposity, secularity. Then came the Tract writers with the salt of the Catholic Faith—and since then, all is changed; the Church is full of vigorous life, the clergy are energetic, and the quality of their teaching is improved. The churches are

transformed; and life, beauty and joy have become the characteristics of worship in them.

And now to give some of my personal experiences. My uncle Charles was born in 1807, and became rector of Lew Trenchard in 1832. I do not conceive that he ever read the *Tracts for the Times*; at all events they were not comprised in his library. But he preached incessantly on Baptismal Regeneration and the Real Presence, and at Ember-tide on the Apostolic Succession and the Constitution of the Church. There was nothing approaching to Ritualism in the services, but as to his convictions, of them there could be entertained no doubt. To him I owe a great debt of gratitude. Indeed, I may say that, to a large extent, he moulded my opinions. He was wont to give me Paget's *Village Tales*, and Neale's *Stories from Church History*, as also Monro's *Allegories*. My mother gave me Sparrow's *Rationale*. Later I had Wordsworth's *Theophilus Anglicanus*, which absolutely fixed my belief.

Then, again, my mother, a daughter of Admiral Thomas Godolphin Bond, R.N., was born in 1808, and married in 1832, after which we lived so much abroad that she was never brought within the influence of the Oxford movement. Nevertheless she had been reared in definite Church doctrines; she used daily Bishop Cosin's *Book of the Seven Canonical Hours*, and would never communicate except fasting, although the celebrations were always late.

My very old friend, Canon Fowler of Durham, tells me of his grandfather, William Fowler of Winterton, Lincolnshire (1761–1832), a man famous for his engravings of Roman pavements, stained glass, etc., that he was a thorough Churchman all his life, never missing Sunday morning or afternoon service, or Holy Communion. He was much stirred by the piety of the first Wesleyans, and became a Class-leader, yet without breaking away from the Church.

When, in his last illness, he desired private Communion, he requested the Vicar to wear his surplice and to bring the parish clerk with him to make the responses, "that it might be more like Church." One of his favourite books was Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living*; his copy bears his pencil-marks of approval in many places; and in the margin opposite to where fasting Communion is recommended "unless it be in the case of sickness, or other great necessity," he had written, "This puts me in mind of

my dear grandmother. May I follow her example in that which is good. Amen." Her maiden name was Mary Taylor, and it is recorded of her that "she never neglected the Church or Holy Sacrament, and always received the latter, after due preparation, fasting."

That Holy Communion was received fasting was a pretty general usage among pious people, as we learn from Vaux's *Church Folk Lore*, in which a great many instances are given.

At Luffincott, a very small parish, containing sixty-two persons, of which the living was worth as many pounds, and some glebe, with no resident gentry and but one large farm, in 1791 the parishioners at their own expense rebuilt the church tower. When I first knew it, in early life, the incumbent was the Rev. Frank Parker, a scholar, well read in Patristic theology. He possessed a large library of the Fathers of the Church and Anglican Divines. He had daily service, fasted from meat throughout Lent, and was unmarried. Some rumour, quite unfounded, got abroad that he proposed taking to himself a wife. "Ah, Parker," said a neighbour, "soon, instead of thy Fathers thou shalt have children."

Our nearest neighbour at Coryton, distant two miles, belonged to the old High Church school. On his death he was succeeded by his son, who at once instituted daily service in the church.

I may go back somewhat earlier and mention a circumstance that happened before my time, which at all events shows strong church feeling in that dead period.

Madam Gould of Lew Trenchard, who died in 1795, was left a widow in 1766. She had a son, a spendthrift, who got rid of the principal family property at Staverton, and would have got rid of Lew Trenchard as well, had not his mother secured it by a lease of ninety-nine years. She had also a daughter married to Charles Baring. When the son died, in 1788, Mrs. Baring might look to succeed to Lew Trenchard as heiress. Old Madam drove in her coach to Courtlands, near Exmouth, where lived Charles Baring and his wife. She arrived on Saturday. Now Mr. Baring had his religious views, like the rest of his family, and attended a conventicle he had set up in Limpstone. On Sunday morning Mr. Baring took his mother-in-law in his chariot to the chapel instead of to church. She sat grim and motionless throughout the service, and silent in the carriage on the return to Courtlands. So soon as she was in the hall, she

turned on her son-in-law and said: "Charles, order my coach round at once."

"But—we are about to sit down to early dinner."

"I will not eat with you, nor visit you again. I leave at once. And, Charles, never whilst I live shall you set foot in Lew House, and never shall you or Margaret inherit an acre there. I shall leave everything to my grandson William."

And Charles Baring never did set foot in Lew House. The old lady was a sturdy Churchwoman. She would stand up during prayers in church and see if any of the congregation failed to kneel; if so, such persons heard of it from her in the ensuing week. As none but herself and the clerk in the congregation were able to read, the latter was wont to give out the psalm in this fashion: "Let Madam and I sing to the praise and glory of God."

"Madam" was a sort of female Sir Roger de Coverley. In the *Spectator* it is related how that this worthy knight "keeps the whole congregation in order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it but himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at Sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servant to them. He sometimes stands up when everybody else is on their knees, to count the Congregation, or see if any of his Tenants are missing. . . . He has often told me that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular, and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms."

I repeat what I have said already, that notwithstanding every effort made by the Crown and Prime Ministers of the day from the reign of William of Orange to far on in that of Queen Victoria to deaden the Church and drive orthodoxy, if not wholly out of her, yet into holes and corners of the land, there remained a large, if inactive, Church element. In books of Natural Science published at the beginning of the nineteenth century, we were taught that in metals, minerals, etc., existed a body of *latent heat* that might well remain unsuspected, because unmanifested. A little friction or a clash would, however, bring it into evidence. It sufficed to strike a flint with steel to produce a spark, the

latent heat elicited from the cold silex. There was throughout the land latent Church feeling, not among the clergy alone, but among the laity as well; and all required was a sharp stroke such as that dealt by the publication of the Oxford Tracts to make it flash light everywhere, in towns, in villages, in colleges and schools. When in 1827 John Keble published *The Christian Year*, it was hailed everywhere with avidity. It passed through edition after edition, as had no other book. It found its way into almost every parsonage, and into every house where any Church feeling existed. Only the Evangelicals looked upon it with a jealous eye. The volume could not have sold as it did, and become the spiritual food of thousands of souls, had there not been in England a vast amount of latent Catholicism.

There was, indeed, in most Church households Nelson's *Festivals and Fasts*, which was read and re-read, but that was mainly in prose.[1] Now Fast and Festival were invested with the glamour of beautiful poetry that carried the teaching of the *Christian Year* to minds hitherto unconscious of its significance.

The time had at last come when the long-bound and down-trodden Orthodoxy of the Church was to show itself.

I think we may trace an analogy between the fortunes of the English Church and those of the English people. The old Anglo-Saxon stock extended through every shire and was embedded in every parish; it had become lethargic, unprogressive, and its vitality failing. It needed the infusion of fresh blood to re-invigorate it. This was obtained through the Norman Conquest. The remedy was desperate, and for a long time it seemed as though the inherent strength of the race would expire under such drastic treatment. English institutions, social order, genius, literature, alike disappeared beneath the influx of French fashions, culture and language, only slowly to re-emerge, and eventually to assert themselves as predominant factors in every department of life, retaining but a trace here and there of prolonged foreign mastery, in our tongue and in our manners.

In like way was it with the English Church. The body was sound in constitution, in orthodox doctrine; but it was submerged for awhile, as I have shown, beneath a flood of Continental Zwinglianism and Calvinism, in the reigns of Edward VI and Elizabeth. Only in those of James I and Charles I did the tops of the hills appear, to be again engulfed for a season. But Puritanism never altered the substance, the contour and con-

[1] The thirty-third edition was issued in 1818.

formation of the English Church, however greatly it may have devastated its surface, overlaid it with a film of slime, not without fertilizing qualities in it, and strewn it with wreckage.

I happen to live where the sedimentary rocks have been heaved aloft, contorted, rent, shattered, and in places metamorphosed by the granite, the bed-rock of all, spiring into lofty tors.

And the bed-rock of the English Church has been its primitive Catholic and Apostolic constitution. All the superimposed strata of novel Continental heresy have been riven and disintegrated, crumbling down into beds of intractable, sterile clay. What has become of Calvinism in England? Even in Presbyterian Scotland it is dead or moribund. But with us in England, the imperishable primary rock of the Faith as once for all delivered to the Saints, Catholic worship, and Apostolic order, remain in their integrity. When we would build, on that we lay our foundation. We hew it for the corner-stone of every structure; of this primeval material are the blocks fashioned into which we drive the crooks on which every hinge of our spiritual and moral life turns. Of the late-deposited strata—so modern that they are not more than three and a half centuries old—we can utilize only such as have been transformed—crystallized—by contact with the primary rock, and have thereby acquired consistency and durability.

Antiochus Epiphanes resolved on Hellenising the Jewish people and assimilating their religion to that of the Greeks. He was greatly assisted in his work by apostate Levites and the High Priests, Jason and Menelaus. In December 168 B.C., the enclosure was broken down between the outer and the inner courts of the Temple, and a Grecian *cippus* was placed on the platform of Zerubbabel's altar and dedicated to the Olympian Zeus. The profanation was consummated by introducing a herd of swine and slaughtering them in the sacred precincts. From that hour the daily sacrifice ceased, the sacred fire was extinguished, and the faithful Israelites fled from the dishonoured Temple.

At the time commemorated in the Book of Daniel the Abomination of Desolation ceased, Antiochus was dead, his generals and armies had been routed, and after the battle of Bethzur in 165 B.C., the Jews were able to undertake the purification of God's House. The gates had been consumed with fire, the altar overthrown, and the platform was overgrown with nettles. The faithful people and such of the priests as had remained true set to work to restore and to cleanse. The holy fire, if we may trust

the Second Book of Maccabees, was discovered in a pit where it had been hidden. The Temple was re-dedicated, and again the altar smoked and the lights burned.

Something much like this occurred in the English Church. From the time when William III landed in Tor Bay, through the Whig administration of the early days of Anne, through the long period of Whig prime ministers, from 1714 to 1770, during the twenty years when Walpole was prime minister, through the Peel, Palmerston and Russell domination, the Government laboured to Protestantize the Church of England, now in the direction of Evangelicalism, then in that of Religious Indifference.

But with the publication of the *Tracts for the Times*, from every quarter men started up, shook off their torpor, and began to rebuild the Temple of God. The fire—the sacred fire—was kindled in ten thousand hearts, and flamed in the House of God. Although the progress of restoration might be slow, halting, and hampered, it never was wholly given over. The reign of the Abomination of Desolation was at an end.

"*Populus qui sedebat in tenebris vidit lucem magnam: et sedentibus in regione umbræ mortis lux orta est eis.*" (Matt. iv. 16.)

CHAPTER IV

THE EVANGELICAL MOVEMENT

AS I have already pointed out, a foreign element, as by a hypodermic injection, had been introduced into the blood of the English Church, predisposing it for the outbreak of an Evangelical epidemic. That epidemic was Calvinistic, not Arminian, for the very good reason that it was Calvinism which had entered the Church from the Puritan Conformists, the French Huguenots, the Dutch, the Scottish and Irish invaders. The sons and grandsons of all these men may have conformed, but the old Predestinarianism ran curdling in their arteries. It did not at once reveal itself. It lay dormant. For awhile it remained incubating. It was bound eventually to manifest itself.

The old Puritan party had become disintegrated.

A major portion had conformed, as we have seen ; it had lost all its vehemence and vitality in so doing, and constituted, in the reign of William III and during the Hanoverian period, the bed of Latitudinarianism in the Established Church ; whereas the sincere Puritans formed Nonconformist bodies, Calvinistic or Unitarian.

As to true Evangelicalism—real spiritual converse with God—that had never lacked in the English Church. It had been manifest in the saintly Andrewes, in Nicholas Ferrar, George Herbert, Vaughan the Silurist, in Ken, in Nelson, and in Law.

But the modern Evangelical party in the Church was started by the preaching of Wesley ; it speedily altered its direction from Arminianism to Calvinism. It owed its real origin, Orion-like, to the united operation of Scottish, Dutch and Huguenot invaders.

The English Bishops and clergy have been often and unjustly accused of having thrust Wesley and his followers out of the Church. But it was impossible to allow the Methodist doctrines of sensible and instantaneous conversion, personal assurance, and indefectability to find a lodgment within the Church.

Let us see shortly what were the fundamental doctrines of Calvin ; and I will take for the purpose the Lambeth Articles :

(1) From all Eternity God had predestinated some to life eternal, others to be cast into hell-fire.

(2) The efficient cause of predestination to life eternal is wholly independent of a man's faith, good works, perseverance. It exists solely in the determination of God.

(3) There exists a limited, foreknown number of those who are to be saved.

(4) Those who are not thus fore-ordained will be lost eternally.

(5) The elect can never lose a justifying faith.

(6) The elect are made conscious by assurance in their hearts that they are destined to eternal life.

(7) Grace is not given outside this limited number of the elect to enable others to be saved.

(8) All men are not drawn by the Father to come to the Son to be saved.

(9) It is not placed in the will or power of any man to be saved.

That this terrible doctrine was one *stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ Calvini* appears from the story of Barneveldt and Grotius in the Netherlands. These men, who were at the head of the Estates of Holland, in order to mitigate the severity of the Calvinistic doctrine, attempted to impose on all the ministers a command to teach " that God has created *no* man in order to damn him ; that God has not laid man under a necessity of sinning ; and that He invites no man to be saved to whom He has resolved to deny salvation." This roused stubborn resistance. Maurice of Nassau, the Stadtholder of the United Provinces, a bitter and unscrupulous man, and of immoral life, set himself at the head of the Calvinistic party, brought Barneveldt to the block, and Grotius to imprisonment that was to have been for life, only he managed to escape in a book-box and fly to Paris.

Such then are the doctrines which the Puritan party strove to import into the English Church, and which the Divines under James I and Charles I refused to entertain and allow a lodging within the covers of the Prayer Book. And it was these doctrines that were re-introduced at the close of the eighteenth century by the Evangelical preachers.

The low condition, the small vitality of the Church, prepared the way for such an appearance as that of pseudo-Evangelicalism. It is so in the human body: when the health is feeble, the pulse

low, and the brain torpid, then it is that the extraneous humours that have been imported into the blood come to the surface.

I knew a case of a girl who had swallowed a paper of pins. For years she suffered great inconvenience and discomfort, but eventually they all worked out and she became robust and healthy.

And so it was with the Anglican Church: she had endured much through the amount of alien matter that had been imported, even forced into her. It is to be trusted that eventually she will get rid of it altogether.

We should be doing most of the early Evangelicals a great injustice if we lumped them with the ultra-Calvinists. They held Calvinistic doctrine indeed, but in a very modified form, and their teaching was far from being antinomian. They felt, and expressed a great truth, that the Gospel appealed to men's hearts as much as, if not more than, to their intellects. Theirs was an emotional religion, and the cold Latitudinarians and the rigidly orthodox abhorred "enthusiasm," by which they meant religious fervour. These men had no thought of contravening the doctrines of the Church; they accepted them without laying stress upon them; they had not given them a thought; they hardly realized what they were.

We must clearly distinguish the early school of Evangelicals from such men as Toplady, Whitefield and Romaine, who formed a school to themselves altogether Calvinistic.

Early in the fourteenth century a phase of Quietism among the monks of Mount Athos attracted attention. By crouching with heads bowed and chins resting on their breasts, contemplating their navels with absorbed attention, they conceived that they saw the ineffable light of Tabor, bathing and irradiating their internal organs. This light became to them an instructing, guiding and overmastering illumination.

The Evangelistic movement among the Churchmen in England, like Pietism in Germany, was a corresponding religious phase to that of the Omphalopsychæ. Instead of looking to the Church and its teaching for guidance in the spiritual life, they turned their eyes inwards, there to find a supreme director in faith and practice; and with indifference they were prepared to burst through rule and order in obedience to the inward guide. Dr. Dale of Birmingham wrote of the early Evangelicals:

"The Evangelical movement encouraged what is called an undenominational temper. It emphasized the vital importance of the Evangelical creed, but it regarded almost with indifference

all forms of Church polity that were not in apparent and irreconcilable antagonism to that creed. It cared nothing for the idea of the Church as the august society of saints. It was the ally of individualism." Further: "Although its leaders insisted very earnestly on the obligation of individual Christian men to live a devout and godly life, they had very little to say about the relations of the individual Christian to the general order of human society, or about the realization of the kingdom of God in all the various regions of human activity. The Revival had no great ideal of the Church as a divine institution." [1] This is an appreciation by an outsider, a Dissenter; and it is valuable.

> Put but a little water in a spoon
> And it shall be as all the ocean,

said the Bastard in *King John*, and this applied to the Evangelical movement. The Evangelicals had laid hold of a truth, a valuable truth, but it was only as "a little water in a spoon," and they magnified it to be "as all the ocean," the whole sum and substance of Christianity.

The consequence was that their religion was of a miserably partial quality, not partaking of the fullness of the spirituality that is found among Catholics, English or Roman. The old teaching of Churchmen was the duty men owed to God, to their country, to their neighbours and to themselves. And this teaching has left its mark on the English character. We hear of a nurse in a burning house, who will sacrifice herself, and that readily, to rescue the child committed to her charge, of an engine-driver who will devote his own life to the saving of the passengers in the train, and of the captain of a sinking ship who will see crew and passengers safe before he will think of leaving the wreck.

With this, Evangelical doctrine had nothing in common. In fact, the idea of Duty was scouted by the Evangelicals. "Duty! duty!" exclaimed one of the School to me—"There is nothing in the Gospel about duty: everything is performed for us." "'Well done, good and faithful servant,'" I replied, "'enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' Was there no duty done there?"

What is very significant is the permanence of this sense in the English character, impressed on it by the old, despised orthodox clergy, never wholly effaced by Low-Church individualism.

The teaching of the Orthodox had been inadequate and incomplete. The prevailing idea among all classes of Church-

[1] Dale (R. M.), *The Old Evangelicalism and the New* (London, 1889), pp. 17-18.

people was indeed that of *duty*. They brought their children to be baptized and confirmed; they attended church once at least on a Sunday, because they conceived that it was their duty so to do; they communicated monthly, for the same reason. This may be fairly taken as the prevalent conception of English Churchmen as to what was expected of a Christian, and would lead to Eternal Life; and against this conception the Evangelicals waged implacable war.

> Doing is a deadly thing,
> And doing leads to death.

This was their doctrine; turning all Christians into such as the *rois fainéants* of the Franks, who sat smiling in inward complacency, receiving homage and tribute, combing their yellow hair, and doing nothing either royal or manly.

The teaching of the orthodox clergy consisted in appeals to the reason to acknowledge the truth of the Christian religion, and to the conscience to obey its precepts.

This was well and necessary; but it was not the whole Gospel. If left out of account the feelings, and it is out of the heart that man believeth unto righteousness. That under it very noble characters were formed, high-minded, honourable, truthful, sincere, is absolutely certain; but so were also characters formed under the teaching of the heathen philosophers.

What the orthodox failed to inculcate was that man is invited to fulfil his duties, not as a servant to a master, but as a child to a father. They had taught, indeed, that man was redeemed by the death of Christ, but had not shown how that the death of Christ was a manifestation of the love of God, calling for reciprocation.

It was to fill this void in the ordinary predication of the orthodox, that the Evangelicals stepped in. They insisted on the continuous effects of the death of Christ; they represented the blood as an ever-flowing stream, cleansing the sinner from every spot and stain, and rendering him henceforth impeccable. They sang—

> There is a fountain filled with blood
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
> And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
> Lose all their guilty stains.

And the mode of plunging was an act of faith. When once cleansed there was no more amenability to the Law; they had received a complete discharge from all the obligations of duty. Those who had acquired assurance of salvation, according to

the teaching of these Evangelicals, were supernaturally born again, and knew this by a Divinely-given perception akin to a new sense, and were thereby freed from indwelling sin. They could not sin—the faculty to do so was taken from them. This, which was Wesley's doctrine, was held by the early Evangelicals, but it soon got fused with Calvinism.

A recent traveller in Armenia states that, what with the pictures of bleeding martyrs in Greek churches, and especially the preaching and howled-out hymns of the American Protestant missions, about blood—blood—blood! the Mussulmans have acquired an impression that Christianity is a sanguinary creed. The Salvation Army bears on its banner "Blood and Fire."

Stress was laid by the Evangelicals on the death of Christ, but small account was made of His Life. They declared that, however exactly men might discharge their obligations to God and man, nothing of this availed—all their righteousness was filthy rags. Now it is true enough that we are commanded to account ourselves unprofitable servants when we have done all that is commanded us, but we are nowhere told that we are not held responsible for our acts. Up to a certain point the teaching of the Evangelicals supplemented that of the Orthodox, but it erred in superseding it. It rendered conscience a valueless faculty. It deprived man of every motive for resisting temptation; and self-indulgence was fostered. Everything was done for us, and we had nothing to do ourselves but to accept. Having no particle, no fibre of good in us, we were to be saved by the imputed righteousness of Christ.

Mr. Mozley, who for many years of his boyhood and early youth sat under this kind of preaching, says that its great success lay in its extreme simplicity. "Simple I say it must have been, for it excluded everything else. You were to be quite sure not only that you had received a special revelation that Jesus Christ died for you in particular, but also that your salvation was now a certainty, so as to place you above all further anxiety. You might have your faults, but you were saved; your neighbours might have their virtues, but, wanting this personal assurance, they were not saved. They were not even one step on the way to salvation. The impression of the system on my mind, after many years of such sermons, nay, thousands of such sermons, with hardly any relief whatever, was that it put the character of Jesus Christ entirely out of account, and that it reduced the Sermon on the Mount, all the discourses of our

Lord, and all the moral arguments and exhortations of S. Paul and other Apostles, to mere carnalities that no real Christian need have anything to do with. All that is tender, all that is touching, all that appeals to our higher and nobler feelings, all that by which Jesus Christ is the object of unbounded love and adoration even to those who shrink from the attempt to fathom the mystery of His being, was thrust aside—behind, I should rather say, trampled upon, as likely to lead us astray from the real point at issue, viz. whether we ourselves are personally saved to our own certain knowledge."[1]

I sent a daughter once to a cookery school. She returned with a masterly knowledge how to make *marchpane*, almond paste, but could do nothing else, not even boil a potato. Now marchpane is very toothsome, but when served up twice a day, and every day in every year, it palls on the appetite. The Calvinistic Evangelicals had but one or at the outside two doctrines, and they not of marchpane daintiness. On the other hand, what a range of subjects has the Churchman to dilate on: every fast and festival furnishes him with a theme, and enables him to bring to light different and complementary verities.

The Evangelicals persistently dwelt on the utter helplessness and hopeless depravity of human nature. Fallen man was corrupt to the core; no act of his, however generous, merciful and just, that was not cankered, and to be regarded as worthless and reprobate in the sight of God.

That this teaching produced smugness and self-righteousness in those who regarded themselves as among the elect goes without saying.

The Mussulmans have an account of the creation of man that tallies exactly with the tenets of Calvin. They say that Allah was sitting on His throne, and He took up two lumps of clay, one in the right and the other in the left hand, moulded them into living men, and cast them right and left. "This goes to Heaven—and what care I? And this goes to hell—and what care I?" Burns satirised the Calvinism of the Scotch in "Holy Willie":

> O Thou who in the heavens dost dwell,
> Who, as it pleases best thysel',
> Sends me to heaven, and ten to hell
> A' for Thy glory,
> And no for unco guid or ill
> They've done afore Thee.

[1] *Reminiscences*, i. 188.

The Almighty, according to the Calvinist and Mussulman Creeds, is an arbitrary and capricious tyrant. And one consequence of the preaching of the Evangelicals and the Calvinistic Methodists was the fits of terrible, agonizing despair into which men and women were cast, through supposing they had been foreordained from all Eternity to hell-fire, that God had created them, brought them into the world and nourished them therein, for the purpose of serving as fuel in the everlasting burning.

Children, brought up under Calvinistic teaching, imbibed a conception of the Almighty, as though He were like the ogre in a fairy tale, who fattens up little boys and girls in a cage for his eating. They looked on Him with terror, not with love.

Shakespeare points to the doctrine of predestination so widely preached in his day, when in *Measure for Measure* he makes Claudio say :

> The words of Heaven—
> On whom it will, it will ; on whom it will not,—so ;
> —Yet still 'tis just !

The preachers not only denounced flagrant sin, but also with equal energy what they termed " the World " : balls, races, theatres, cards, even though no money passed ; novels, except such as were religious—in fact all amusements ; they looked askance at cricket, and with horror at football.

Only such as had the required assurance were regarded as Christians ; all outside this narrow clique were lumped together as Worldlings. The Elect pretended at a glance or a word to be able to classify a man as predestined to glory or to hell-fire. Extremes meet. S. Bridget of Sweden declared that she could always detect a sinner by his malodour, and even distinguish his special form of vice by the peculiar stench. A writer of the period (R. Graves), describing Whitefield's preaching, says : " He usually made choice of a different text at each meeting, but whatever the subject was, it always ended—like Cato's speeches in the Senate-house, with *delenda est Carthago*—with Down with your good works ! with a denunciation against self-righteousness, and a recommendation of Faith alone in its stead—as if virtue was inconsistent with belief in the Gospel ; though Chillingworth observed, ' This doctrine of renouncing their own righteousness has been generally found most agreeable to those who have no righteousness of their own to renounce.' Mr. Whitefield said little about repentance, but laid all the stress upon faith alone ;

so that if a man was, or fancied, or even said, that he was possessed of true faith, he was immediately pronounced a convert, and whether he reformed his life or not, became a saint upon easy terms."

William Romaine was for awhile curate of Lew Trenchard, but so small a parish and such simple country folk did not afford him the scope he desired. He became a lecturer at S. Dunstan's-in-the-West,[1] and principal adviser of Lady Huntingdon. In his teaching, Calvinism was pressed to its ultimate term. Believers were assured that they were not bound to keep "the law" in order to be saved. "Remember, thou art not required to obey in order to be saved for thine obedience, but thou art already saved." Final perseverance, and the impossibility of a believer falling from Grace whatsoever his acts might be, was prominently enforced. One of the "chosen vessels" being drunk, tumbled out of a cart and broke his leg. The pastor on hearing of the accident exclaimed, "Oh what a blessed thing it is that he can't fall out of the Covenant!"

The saner Evangelicals always qualified their teaching about a saving faith by insisting that a true faith must manifest itself in a good life, and that to boast of faith and live an immoral life was a self-delusion. This, of course, is wholesome and true doctrine.

But among Dissenters, where no qualification was added, it led to most disastrous results—it entirely dissociated morals from religion. When Dr. Benson was appointed to Truro, he was horrified at the immorality of the Cornish, coupled with loud profession of being in a "saved state." "The confusion of sensual excitement with religious passion is awful," he wrote. "The immoralities of revivals simply appalling."

That the Evangelical party, with their doctrines, was adventitious, and did not spring out of the Church herself, is fully recognized by Dr. Stoughton in his *Religion in England under Queen Anne and the Georges* (ii. 93). "The Evangelical leaders of theology were disciples of the Puritans. They leaped back over a hundred years to get at the time of Goodwin and Owen, Baxter and Howe, Bates and Charnock, Gurnall and Flavel.

[1] This was an instance of the mischievous nature of the Lectureships founded by the Puritans before the Rebellion. Romaine had been appointed by the Trustees. The rector disputed his right to occupy the pulpit. The churchwardens refused to light the church, and to open the doors till the very moment that the lecture was commencing. The case was brought before the King's Bench, and judgment was given in favour of the Trustees and Romaine.

The doctrines of Redemption and Justification by Faith, of the Work of the Holy Spirit, were zealously embraced. The wells, next to those of the Bible, whence the Evangelicals drew their inspiration, were not Patristic, not Anglo-Catholic, but they were Protestant works of the sixteenth and Nonconformist works of the seventeenth century." That is to say, the Calvinistic party was an eruption of suppressed Puritanism, altogether alien to the faith and practice of the Church.

The first Evangelicals were a class to themselves. They were, after a fashion, loyal Churchmen, held the doctrines of Baptismal Regeneration and the Real Presence, though not in as crisp and pronounced a form as did the Tractarians. They represented the rise of Spiritual Life above the deadness of ordinary Churchmanship in their day. They brought their hearers to the foot of the Cross, but it was to stand there stunned and inert. The taint of Calvinism had not as yet entered deep into their theological system. They ministered faithfully and truly to their flocks, and were men of prayer in their closets, and not, like the later Evangelicals, blatant on platforms.

Some were like John Fletcher of Madeley, who laboured like an apostle among the Shropshire colliers. He was a Swiss, and had been trained for the Calvinist pastorate in his native land. His real name was De la Flechère. Some were like the Scotts, whose clerical life was laborious, and passed, as it were, in the shade.

Earnest men of the older Evangelicals were rather influenced by Wesley—who, as is well known, looked with repugnance on separation from the Church, and who sought the infusion of spirituality into a presumedly moribund body, and hated Calvinism. William Wilberforce, the father of the Bishop, belonged to the primitive Evangelicals. A more saintly soul never lived in the English Church than Henry Venn. His absolute faith in the Incarnation, his fervent love of Christ, his urgency of the means of grace, mark him out as an Evangelical of the better type. But he had no conception of what the Church was, and when he quitted Yorkshire his congregation lapsed into Dissent. His son, John Venn of Clapham, if not quite equal to his father, was also a most zealous and holy man. At Clapham his Lenten Lectures were specially devoted to the moral and religious improvement of the younger part of his flock. He shared in the establishment of a local Bible Society, and was one of the founders of the Church Missionary Society. But his most

noted characteristic was humility, and at the last it was his earnest and particular wish that nothing should be recorded of him in the way of panegyric. On reading his sermons one cannot fail to be struck with the soundness of his theology. His sermon on the "Communion of Saints" is excellent, only just stopping short of Communion in prayer.

There was in my own neighbourhood one of the true representatives of the early Evangelicals. He had but a small vicarage in which to live; his wife was stone-deaf, and he had a large family of very noisy children who pervaded the house. On one side of the parsonage was a grove, in spring a sheet of snowdrops; this was his study, his oratory and place of meditation; for here alone was he free from the racket in the house. Here, in fine weather and in foul, in rain and snow, and when the sun strewed the sward with flakes of gold, the old man paced up and down, his lips murmuring in prayer, or with a far-off gaze, looking into the mysteries of God, preparing his Sunday discourses. He served two churches three miles apart, and had in consequence to take three services every Lord's Day. He was an earnest and powerful preacher, but had only rustics to listen to him. In his humble soul he was content with that, and had no aspiration to occupy a pulpit in a fashionable watering-place.

But it was with few, very few of the representatives of the early Evangelicals that I was brought into contact. The breed rapidly, indeed suddenly, deteriorated; and this was due to a large extent to their adoption of Calvinism. What a blight John Newton cast on the genius of Cowper! Newton had been a blaspheming slave-dealer. He was converted and became a black fanatic.

Most of the Evangelicals whom I met and knew were formal; and smugness was the badge of all their tribe. They were all, without exception, men of very narrow views. Religion with them was subjective, emotional, concentrated on self. "All you care for," as some one said to Clayton of Cambridge, "is the saving of your own dirty little soul." They conceived of God in no other capacity than that of being engaged over individuals, like a scientist examining, feeding and providing for animalcules, and unconcerned about creation at large. Of worship they had no conception at all. We hear a good deal of the Romish priest occupying the place of God, intervening between the human soul and God; but it has always struck me that in no

form of Christianity does man so poke himself into prominence, and stand in the light, and throw his ugly shadow over the soul, as in Protestantism, where the preacher is all in all, and the worship of God is nowhere. Henri Quatre once said to a pastor, "I had rather be with my God for one quarter of an hour, than hear a fellow talk about Him for an hour and a half." Common Prayer, the Eucharist especially, were disregarded as acts of worship and treated as adjuncts to the sermon. I spoke once on Daily Prayer to a clergyman of this school. He did not see any good in it unless it led up to a sermon.[1]

The very position of the Catholic priest is significant. He kneels or stands facing East at the head of his flock, like a shepherd leading to God. But the Protestant pastor confronts his congregation, to bluster, or, if he wants their money, to cajole.

From the Evangelical point of view the Church was the kingdom of the Elect, known only to one another. As a body the Evangelicals opposed the revival of Convocation and of Diocesan Synods. When some of them became Colonial Bishops they were helpless, they could wag their tongues, but put no hands to work. Hands efficient for any constructive work they had not, only fins wherewith to propel themselves into notice—and to muddy the water in which they swam.

The contrast presented between the two provinces of Australia and South Africa bears out this assertion. The former had been for long ruled mainly by Low Churchmen ; in consequence there was no cohesion at one time between the different dioceses, and Churchmanship everywhere is still at a low ebb. In the latter the decided teaching of the metropolitans of Cape Town and their suffragans has borne fruit in the vigour of the Church at large, and its activity in propagating the Gospel, as tract after tract of that huge continent has come under English influence. And this in spite of trials arising from continued warfare with natives and Dutch settlers, and the schismatic action of Bishop Colenso. The secret lies in the fact that the South African bishops realized the corporate character of the Church, and acted on this belief ; and this the early Australian prelates with but few exceptions did not understand. But there were difficulties to be met in Australia, though not greater than those encountered in South

[1] What the Evangelical never understood was the difference between preaching and teaching. The office of the priest is to preach to the practically heathen and call to the truth, and then to teach, or build up in the Faith and the practice of the Christian duties.

Africa. South Australia was founded seventy years ago as an avowed Congregational settlement, in which Churchmanship was a barrier to material prosperity. Of the population a good number were the descendants of convicts, and there were to be found among the settlers German Lutherans and Moravians, Roman Catholic Irish, Scottish Presbyterians, Russian Greeks, also Poles, Chinese, Kanakas, Japanese, Javanese and Aboriginals. The distances to be traversed were enormous. The Archbishop of Sydney some time ago took occasion to pay a visit to his brother at Perth. Now the Bishop of West Australia has a diocese extending over near on four thousand miles, and he thought right to turn back from a Confirmation tour to meet his Primate at Albany. As they clasped hands, the Archbishop said: "Well, my dear Bishop, I have come two thousand miles to see you." "Aye," answered he of Perth; "and I have travelled four thousand miles in my own diocese to meet *you*."

> Ubi probus est architectus,
> Bene lineatam si semel carinam collocavit,
> Facile est navem facere, ubi fundata et constituta est.

The South African bishops could well say, with Periplectomenes:

> Nunc hæc carina satis profundata bene et statuta est.
> Plaut., *Miles Glor.*, iii. 3.

A great point of Evangelical insistence was the verbal inspiration and infallibility of Scripture. These men could not realize that the Old Testament was written to give us an aspect of human history as seen from above, in contradistinction to secular history, which sees all from below and misses the guiding hand of God. The overstraining of this doctrine has had disastrous consequences. J. Anthony Froude's book *The Nemesis of Faith*, published in 1849, shows how this accounted for the shipwreck of many faiths. "Perhaps the world has never witnessed any more grotesque idol worship than what has resulted from it in modern Bibliolatry."

Although the Evangelicals insisted on verbal inspiration, they were too blind to see that their system was condemned root and branch by Scripture. In their scheme the Beatitudes had no place, and their denunciation of good works was contrary to the teaching of Our Lord as to the blessing pronounced at the Last Day on such as had done works of mercy. How could they explain away the saying about giving a cup of cold water—that it should meet *with reward*? Mr. Swinburne in his

Memories of a School Inspector mentions a sermon that he himself heard from an Evangelical divine on the text "Not everyone that *saith* unto me Lord! Lord! shall enter into the Kingdom of heaven, but he that *doeth* the will, etc." And his sermon was to show the precise contrary. It was a violent attack upon such persons as urged that faith must be evidenced by works; "words," said he, "were all the necessary evidence of inner faith—acts were naught. Passive faith," he argued, "was action of the highest kind."

That the Church of Rome was Babylon and the Pope Antichrist, with these men admitted of no question. Newman shows us how steeped his mind had been in that conviction, and it was the reiterated denunciation of Rome which conduced largely to conversions. Men who had had it impressed on them that the Roman Church was the Scarlet Whore, when they travelled abroad and came in contact with good Papists, and saw how much more religion existed in Catholic lands than among Protestants, what a living faith was possessed by Catholics, how sweet and beautiful were their lives, then their prepossessions fell, and they rushed into the contrary extreme, exclaiming that their former teachers had been false guides and lying prophets. The majority of those who "went over" had been, like Newman, Faber and Oakeley, Sibthorpe, Manning, Dodsworth, the two Wilberforces, and Allies, trained in Evangelicalism; whereas those who had been brought up on Church principles, like Keble, Pusey and Isaac Williams, remained unshaken.[1]

The Evangelical clergy, as already said, made preaching the end of everything, and for the sake of that every other obligation must be set aside. They were to be seen scampering about the country, away from their parishes, to mount strange pulpits, harangue on platforms, and gush in prayer meetings.

Simeon, the great luminary of the school, was a most worthy man. He took the poorly endowed living of Holy Trinity at Cambridge that he might use its pulpit as a rostrum whence to pour forth his doctrine. He died in 1836. So great was his

[1] Of the fourteen writers of the *Tracts for the Times*, only one, Newman, seceded. Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle wrote: "A grave warning to all teachers and controversialists, the immense and incalculable harm that was done to me by the prejudiced, ignorant, and inaccurate notions of Romanism which I had heard in talk, or had presented to me in silly tracts, in partisan histories, in evangelical fiction, and in other bad and foolish literature of these kinds. . . . It was the recoil from the Protestant libels and misstatements which drew me at last into the Papal Church."—*National Review* (May 1900), p. 489.

devotion to his work that he resigned his rights to a family property, and persuaded his elder brother to leave it to another.

Nevertheless he disregarded his parochial duties; he passed over the whole pastoral work to Robinson, afterwards Archdeacon; this latter, in his turn, and for precisely the same reason (viz. a feeling that his calling lay in the pulpit rather than by the sick-bed), transferred the entire pastoral duty to a third clergyman. But he, also, preferred talking to acting, and little relishing having to visit the poor and comfort the dying, with a small gratuity handed over the charge to a layman, a very humble member of one of the College choirs.

It was Simeon who in 1816 set himself to purchasing the livings of popular watering-places and large towns. Although this was done with the best intentions, it has acted in the long run in casting a blight on such places. In that year he wrote to Dean Milner: "Cheltenham, where there are ten thousand souls, besides ten thousand visitors, or nearly so, is mine. It was to be sold for £3,000, and I instantly secured it. . . . Mary-le-bone, where there are one hundred thousand souls, is also to be sold. The price named is £40,000. I hope to get it much under, and if it be sold so low as £25,000 it is mine at this moment."

Evangelicalism in the English Church fed Dissent, which gave more highly spiced doctrine than the sober Low Churchmen could set before their people. Thirteen young men, converted by Venn, became dissenting ministers.

In 1830 the Evangelical party could boast that they had alienated from the Church the greater portion of the people, and increased the number of meeting-houses from 35 to 1,000. Venn on leaving Huddersfield, in lieu of exhorting his flock to abide in the Church, sanctioned and subscribed to the erection of a dissenting chapel; "and when another Vicar came, from whom he never wished the people to secede, but few returned to the Church." Butt, Vicar of Kidderminster, habitually, in full canonicals, held the plate at the door of the Kidderminster meeting-houses. Mr. Wills, knowing that the Gospel would not be preached according to Calvin, on resigning the curacy of S. Agnes sold his family plate to build a dissenting chapel. Mr. Ingham, a priest, placed himself at the head of eighty-four congregations formed on the Moravian pattern, of which all but thirteen left him and became Sandemanians. From Robinson's congregation at Leicester a hundred at a time would pass to the meeting-house from church. Newton, at Olney, with

a population of 2,500, turned his people into Antinomians, Christians without morality.

For thirty-seven years the Evangelical clergy went from place to place, preaching indifferently in Dissenting meeting-houses or in Church pulpits, till the decision of the Consistorial Court in 1777 pronounced the illegality of such procedure, and this induced some, but by no means all, to desist from invading the chapels. A certain number severed their congregations from the Church. Indeed, Berridge frankly admitted: "God sends Gospel ministers into the Church, to call people out of it. What has happened to Venn's Yorkshire flock will happen to the Yelling flock, and mine," also to Dr. Conyers' flock at Helmsley.

"This was a fatal drawback in the Evangelical movement, that, except so far as it helped to revive religion in England," says Mr. Hore, "it did nothing to strengthen or reform the Church; that, contrariwise, it gave an enormous impetus to Dissent, virtually creating it in Wales, and developing it everywhere else, so that under its reign and through its influence more *congregations* seceded from the Church of England than *individuals* seceded to Rome under the Oxford movement" (ii. 244). It is a matter of fact repeatedly noticed, that nowhere does Dissent flourish and maintain its vigour more fully than where the parish churches are in the hands of Simeonite or other Puritan Trustees.

But after the passing away of the early Fathers of Evangelicalism what a falling off was there! When we come to their successors, Evangelicalism had become fashionable—it was not the religion of the Gentiles, but of the Genteels. And they became alarmed at the uprising of the Tractarians. These latter had the Prayer Book and its Rubrics to appeal to, and could refer back to the Caroline Divines as approved exponents of Church doctrine and practice. Their very position was menaced by the plain words and rubrical directions of the Book which they were pledged to use in their public ministrations, but which they had disregarded. Accordingly a number of Evangelical clergy united with Lord Robert Grosvenor (afterwards Lord Ebury) in 1854 to form a Prayer Book Revision Society, and some of their objects were: (*a*) The substitution of the word *minister* for *priest* whenever the officiating clergyman is intended; (*b*) The omission of the *Ornaments Rubric*; (*c*) The removal of certain phrases in the Communion Service that favoured

priestly confession and absolution; (*d*) The removal from the Baptismal service of such expressions as favoured the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration; (*e*) The alteration of the words in the Ordinal "Receive thou the Holy Ghost," etc., and the clause "Whose sins thou dost forgive," etc., and the corresponding Absolution in the Visitation of the Sick.

What these clergy did not see was, that by such demands they were admitting that the Tractarian party was honest in its observance of the ruling of the Prayer Book, and that they were not. Their action was self-condemnatory. They wanted to have the Church accommodated to their level. To continue to use a book that taught doctrines which they repudiated, deprived their position of all moral weight. Had they been honest men and possessed the discipline and sincerity of their Scottish co-religionists of the Disruption, they would have quitted the Church of England *en masse*, and started a sect of their own, as did Bishop Cummins with perfect honesty in the United States. They did not do so, and remain to the present day an alien element in the Church, but not, as I hope to show shortly, without their use.

Although there existed a sad degeneracy among the ranks of the so-called Evangelicals, trading on the fame of the leaders of the movement, Venn, Simeon, Milner, Scott, etc., employing their language, but devoid of their enthusiasm, there remained some admirable men. Of these, of supreme excellence, to carry on the best tradition, was Lord Ashley, afterward Earl of Shaftesbury; than whom none has obtained a higher name as a social reformer and redresser of the wrongs of the oppressed. Although an "Evangelical of the Evangelicals," and with his mind cramped by their prejudices and hedged about with their limitations, he constantly expressed his dissent from the ordinary Evangelicals of the day. "The Ritualists," he said, "have more zeal for Christ than the Evangelicals. There are noble exceptions, but, as a body, 'this people honour Me with their lips, but their heart is far from Me,'" and his complaint at the coldness, bitterness, insincerity, of the bulk of the Evangelicals was, as the writer of his *Life* assures us, "not a sentiment written down in the heat of the moment—it is repeated again and again in his Diaries." "Who," he once contemptuously added, in speaking of the men of his day who professed to be Low Churchmen, "is to lead a regiment like that? Even Falstaff could not march through Coventry with them."

That he was persistently hostile to the Catholic revival is true enough, but this was due to his ignorance of its principles. If his promotions to bishoprics and deaneries were of men of no mental calibre, no learning, and not of conspicuous piety, there was no help for it. He was compelled to present to Lord Palmerston for promotion such "men" as Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble and Bullcalf. He could find no others.

John Louis Mallet, son of Mallet du Pan, who married my great-aunt Lucy Baring, kept a diary which he wrote up to 1827, and which is still in manuscript. It affords us some interesting particulars relative to the Evangelicals of his day. He writes of the Baring family:

"As a part of the intellectual history of the age in which I have lived, I may perhaps without impropriety say something of the religious turn of the family.

"The person with whom it originated was Mrs. Wall (Harriet), eldest daughter of Sir Francis Baring, who married early in life a partner of the house, Mr. Wall, a shrewd, bustling, practical man of business. Mrs. Wall kept her father's house, and did the honours of it for some time in Devonshire Square, and afterwards in Berkeley Square, until his death. Sir Francis was a man of the world, and connected with parliamentary people, who lived in very high circles. Mrs. Wall was then a warm Whig in politics and a frequenter of the theatres, an enthusiastic admirer of Mrs. Siddons. Other views of life, however, grew upon her, previously to her father's and her husband's deaths, and she had the good sense, as she has since with her son, not to let the concerns of another life materially interfere with the habits and feelings of those to whom she was bound by domestic ties. After her husband's death she sold Aldbury, a beautiful place in Surrey, which he had left her, and took a house at Lymington, in Hampshire, within easy distance of her son's estate at Norman Court, and of her brother, Sir Thomas, at Stratton. She then set about converting to Calvinistic views such members of her family as were under the reach of her influence—Sir Thomas and Lady Baring, Mr. George Baring, and her two younger sisters, Mrs. Kemp and Mrs. Story, and through them leading their husbands, who in a fit of religious zeal abandoned their property and became Evangelical clergymen. But as it is in the nature of things that when we pursue an object with great eagerness and zeal, we should not rest satisfied with the attainment of it, so it is with religion as a

passion, as Mrs. Wall pursued it. Novelties of doctrine continued to have unabated attractions; and Mr. Evans, a clergyman of Lymington, a man of education and talent, having peculiar views, I believe, on the subject of baptism, which differed from those of the Established Church, they started a little sect of their own. Mr. Evans removed to London, where he built a chapel, with the assistance of Mrs. Wall, and a separatist congregation was formed, to which it then became Mrs. Wall's great object to bring proselytes. The headquarters were established at Stratton, a beautiful house replete with every convenience and luxury, and where vital Christianity could be combined with the refinements of creature comforts and attendance.

"Mr. Snow, a son of a banker of that name [Snow had been an actor under the name of Hargreave. He seceded from the Church in 1815 and returned to it in 1826—*John Bull*, July 23, 1826], and Mr. Bevan, both young men, were then the ministers of the adjoining parishes of Stratton and Micheldever, and Mr. Drummond of the Grange and his brother, neighbours of Sir Thomas, had fallen in with the new opinions. At Stratton, therefore, divers young proselytes congregated; other 'seekers after the Lord' were also occasionally found there. Stratton became a convocation to settle debatable points. Mrs. Wall was there in all her glory, for her natural capacity, dexterous intelligence, and cool temperament gave her a real superiority over the heated brains and crude notions of her disciples; among others she soon numbered her brother, George Baring, and her two brothers-in-law, Mr. Kemp and Mr. Story. Such of these as had livings gave them up. This was the case with George Baring, who held a living of his brother Alexander in Wiltshire. After a youth marked by every species of extravagance, and his making a rapid fortune in one of those golden prebends of the E. I. Co. at Canton which are reserved for sons of directors, he had late taken orders, and he now became a Dissenting Minister and built a chapel at Exeter, which his name and religious zeal and the novelty of his doctrine very soon filled. Mr. Kemp, who is Lord of the Manor of a great part of Brighton, built a chapel there, where he officiated as preacher. Mr. Snow opened a chapel at Cheltenham, but at the end of a couple of years, and after having got together large congregations and drawn many people away from their accustomed faith, by persuading them that this was the only road to salvation, Mr. Baring, Mr.

Kemp, and Mr. Snow threw up the concern, and resumed their blue coats, leaving their flocks to seek out new guides.

"Mr. Snow returned to the Church. Mrs. Mallet and I were at Stratton in October 1822, when he arrived there with his family to meet Mr. Simeon of Cambridge, a sort of Evangelical bishop, who came to meet the stray sheep on his return to the fold, and to christen two children, who had been born during the time of their father's apostasy. Mr. Evans remained a dissenter. Sir Thomas Baring himself adheres to the Church. George Baring ruined himself by speculations in grain, Mr. Kemp nearly so by building speculations at Brighton, and Mr. Story by losses at play; so it is difficult on the whole to conceive anything more discreditable than this religious sally.

"What Mrs. Wall's opinions have been since, I know not. I believe that she became a follower of Irving, but her address and position still secured her considerable influence in religious circles, whatever they were, and I heard now and then of her taking under her spiritual guidance some stray Duchess who had deserted the ranks of fashionable life to place herself under Mrs. Wall.

"In the course of September 1810 [error for 1809] I went by myself for a short time to Stratton, Sir Thomas Baring having asked me, as a sort of favour, to come and meet Lord and Lady Lansdowne, who were expected there for a few days. I had met Lord and Lady Lansdowne at the Romillys' and Marcets', and remember attending some lectures on the steam-engine given by Marcet at his own house to a select party of friends, at which Lord Lansdowne was severely burnt by the bursting of a boiler by means of which a beautiful steam-engine was worked. I forget most of the other people at Stratton on this occasion, but two of them I can very well remember—Jekyl, Master in Chancery at the time and a friend of Fox, whose *bon mots* and talent for anecdote amused the town for so many years; and a very different, though likewise a clever man, the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, Vicar of Harrow, who lately had taken a lead in the new Church party denominated Evangelical, and who was a great person in that line, and among other places at Stratton, where these opinions had already been taking deep root. Mr. Cunningham was a forward, self-sufficient, though a good-natured man, with unbounded confidence in himself, and that sort of manner which in one of a less sacred cloth might be termed *impudent*.

"At that time he came to Stratton whenever it suited him, with his wife, several children, three servants, and three horses, which were all quartered in the house, sometimes for two or three months together; and I remember some jokes among the young people on the subject of a lame mare which he left to graze at Stratton Park for many months after the family had left the place, and went by the name of Madam Cunningham. None but the men who keep the keys of Paradise take such liberties as these. Mr. Cunningham being one of those favoured beings, and having withal the advantage of a good person and address, had engaged the affections and married a Miss Williams, one of the daughters of a Mr. Williams of Moor Park, with whom he had a portion of £20,000—a very good beginning for a young divine; and when he lost his lady and was married again to a daughter of General Sir Harry Calvert, I understand that he might have thrown the handkerchief to almost any woman of rank and fortune in the Calvinistic circles of the Church. Such success implies great knowledge of the world, as well as those other qualities and acquirements, upon which it was apparently founded, and Mr. Cunningham is not deficient in these respects. He had been at school with Denman; but as Denman had turned out something of an ultra-Whig or a Democrat, no reminiscences of their early acquaintance had come across his mind, until Denman's appointment to the situation of Common Sergeant of the City of London, when he unexpectedly received a letter from his old schoolfellow, addressing him as 'Dear Denman,' with congratulations and a printed copy of his sermons.

"But to return to my Stratton visit. It so happened that Sir Francis Baring, with all his desire to do honour to Lord Lansdowne and to make his house agreeable to him, could not have committed a greater mistake than the having asked Mr. Cunningham to meet him, for Lord Lansdowne well remembered when he stood for Cambridge in 1806, as Lord Henry Petty, that he applied to Cunningham for his vote, and it was attempted on Cunningham's part to make it a matter of bargain and sale: Cunningham stipulating that if he voted for Lord Henry, Sir Francis Baring, whose connexion with the Lansdowne family and the Whigs he well knew, and who was a director of the E.I. Co., should get some appointment in India for a brother of his. These things are understood to the north of the Tweed, but they are not so common in the south, and the proposition was accordingly scouted. Mr. C. was perfectly aware of this little blot, and in-

stead of absenting himself for a few days on the plea of some spiritual call, he determined *de faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu*, and the first day he made up to Lady Lansdowne, talking to her across the table in a manner so unusual and familiar, that both Lord and Lady Lansdowne were very much annoyed and disgusted, and treated him with marked reserve. Mr. C. felt the rebuke, and looked perfectly miserable.

" The next day a party was formed to go to see Avington, one of the Duke of Buckingham's seats near Winchester. Most of the gentlemen went on horseback. I preferred a seat in one of the carriages, and Lord Lansdowne contrived to make the ride so unpleasant to Cunningham that he came to me at Avington, and requested, as a most particular favour, that I would allow him to take my place in the carriage. I am a very bad rider, and riding is not agreeable to me ; but he looked so piteous that I yielded to his wishes. I never saw a man more thoroughly humbled ; but Lord and Lady Lansdowne left Stratton next day, and both his spirits and his spiritual pride recovered their wonted elasticity."

The Rev. Mr. Cunningham was typical of a good many others of the same sort. Another notable instance was Toplady, the author of the beautiful hymn " Rock of ages, cleft for me," about the only thing he ever wrote that was not worthless. In his diary he records that his sermons gave great satisfaction to *himself*. " I preached for forty minutes with great ease to myself, and with great strength, readiness and distinctness. It was a blessed season to my own heart." But although he drew large congregations in the church of Broad Hembury, of which he was incumbent, he was not satisfied. He wrote : " I can truly say that my lot has never hitherto been cast among a people so generally ignorant of Divine things, and so totally dead to God. I know of but three persons in all this large and populous parish in whom I have solid reason to trust a work of saving grace is begun, and these are Mrs. Hutchins, James William Taylor, and Joan Venn." He craved for a more emotional and impressionable congregation, and on the plea that the humid air of Devonshire did not suit him,[1] deserted his flock in 1775, and went to London to the fogs, where he could find persons more congenial to his ministry than the poor,

[1] Hembury lies high, 486 ft. above the sea, sheltered on the north-east and west by encircling hills rising to 850-895 ft. The air is bracing, but not cold.

ignorant, simple souls of the Devonshire village. He did not, however, resign his two livings, but went on drawing the emoluments, and supplied his place with a succession of underpaid curates. In London he could find sheep to pasture with more wool on their backs. He was taken up by Lady Huntingdon, and could command her purse. Early in 1775 he hired the meeting-house of the French Calvinists in Orange Street, Leicester Square, for Sunday and Wednesday evenings, and began preaching there on April 11. For the three years he was in London till his death in 1778, he never once went near Broad Hembury or Sheldon, his two livings in Devonshire. It may well be asked how he justified to himself continuing to draw his stipend from both, with setting up a conventicle in London. The fact was that these men conceived they had a call to preach the Gospel to large, wealthy and fashionable congregations, and that *duty* must be disregarded in presence of such a call.

There was great liability to self-deception, when, as Hood says:

> Every farthing candle-ray
> Conceives itself a great gas-jet of light.

Tom Hood was denounced by Rae Wilson as godless, because he wrote humorous poems, absolutely innocent, not tainted with any grossness. Hood answered him in his inimitable *Ode to Rae Wilson*:

> I'm not a Saint
> Not one of those self-constituted saints,
> Quacks—not physicians—in the cure of souls,
> Censors who sniff out mortal taints,
> And call the devil over his own coals—
> These pseudo Privy Councillors of God,
> Who write down judgements with a pen hard-nibb'd,
> Ushers of Beelzebub's Black Rod;
> Commending sinners, not to ice thick-ribbed,
> But endless flames, to scorch them up like flax—
> Yet sure of Heav'n themselves, as if they'd cribb'd
> The impression of S. Peter's Keys in wax.
>
> With sweet kind natures, as in honey'd cells,
> Religion lives, and feels itself at home.
> But only on a formal visit dwells
> Where wasps instead of bees have formed the comb.
> Shun pride, O Rae!—whatever sort beside
> You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride!
> A pride there is of rank, a pride of birth,
> A pride of learning and a pride of purse;

A London pride—in short, there be on earth
A host of prides, some better and some worse,
But of all prides, since Lucifer's attaint,
The proudest swells a self-elected saint!

Charles Dickens came across this type of Evangelical, and sketched the male specimen in Mr. Chadband and the female in Mrs. Jellyby.

But apart from conscious or unconscious humbugs, there was much real piety in, and much good done by the Evangelicals. Where they failed, it was due to limitation, or to a false element in their teaching, which fostered self-righteousness.

Among some excellent types I can recall, was the Rev. H. A. Simcoe of Penheale, near Launceston. He was squire as well as parson, and lived in a beautiful old mansion with Elizabethan ceilings and panellings, that had come into the Simcoe family by purchase. He always wore Hessian boots with a tassel in front, and stood up over six feet, was of strong build and powerful muscles. Belonging to the Evangelical school, having been one of Charles Simeon's disciples, he spent his energies and his money on all the organizations called into being by his party. He went about wherever invited to preach in pulpits and harangue on platforms. At home he had made his picturesque old manor-house into a store of everything necessary to daily life. The lads and girls of the parish of Egloskerry were taught trades under his eye—tailoring, bootmaking, basket-weaving and the manufacture of a thousand other commodities likely to be wanted in a region where there are no shops. He established a printing press in the house, from which issued tracts and a periodical, *The Light of the West*, printed on poor paper, with on the cover a representation of the Eddystone lighthouse. We had piles of these in the house, but they were all burnt. I regret it now, as these papers would have contained many significant anecdotes of conversions, happy deaths, and special providences, that would prove instructive reading at the present day. "The manor-house of Penheale still stands," says a modern writer. "Its industrial accessories may have disappeared, but in all parts of the world may be found British settlers who, or whose parents, leaving England in the nineteenth century's most distressful years, owe much of their success in a new world to habits acquired and handiwork learned at Penheale—in its day the uniquely beneficent training school for emigrants." [1]

[1] Escott, *Society in the Country House* (1907), p. 263.

With all its faults, we owe an incalculable debt of gratitude to the Evangelical revival. It produced a marvellous change in English social life ; it made speech more decent, and banished profane oaths. It caused the Sunday to be observed as the Lord's Day, though on the false assumption that it was the Sabbath. Family prayers, and grace before and after meals, became general, and personal piety was quickened. The majority of the early Evangelical school were sincerely earnest, and lived holy and self-denying lives. Newman in his *Apologia* testifies to this.

It was their fiery zeal and absolute sincerity that made the early Evangelicals a dominant power in the English Church. "Regarded purely as a spiritual force, the Evangelicals were undoubtedly the strongest party in the Church during the first thirty years of the nineteenth century. So much was this the case that spiritual earnestness was in itself a presumption that a man was an Evangelical, and some were placed in that category simply because they were spiritually-minded, though in point of fact they were out of sympathy with many of the tenets of Evangelicalism."[1] And Mr. Lecky goes so far as to say that the "Evangelicals gradually changed the whole spirit of the English Church. They infused into it a new fire and passion of devotion, raised the standard of clerical duty, and completely altered the whole tone and tendency of the preaching of its ministers."[2] That there were windbags and hypocrites (not consciously so) among those who were Evangelical preachers is no condemnation of the movement. These were the camp-followers, not the leaders.

A friend sends me this : "In 1853, when Easter holidays came, I went to spend them with a certain Low-Church incumbent in one of the midland manufacturing towns. I found my sister staying there as well ; she was utterly miserable, and I speedily discovered the reason. The clergyman was a rank Calvinist, and his wife had been brought up as a Scottish Presbyterian. The house was regulated throughout on the severest Puritan system. If my sister or I were merry and laughed, then, in the evening, in the extemporary prayer put up before the servants and visitors, we were prayed for to be delivered from the ungodly spirit of levity. I had brought a Shakespeare with me. This was discovered, and I was required to keep it locked up in my

[1] Overton, *The English Church in the Nineteenth Century* (London, 1894), p. 911.
[2] *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, ii. chap. ix.

portmanteau, lest it should be seen by the domestics. I asked for a book to read, and was offered *The Dairyman's Daughter*, and Elliott on the Apocalypse ; which latter I thought sank to an abysmal depth of silliness such as I had before thought inconceivable. I have visited Crosse and Blackwell's factory when they were making pickles, and I found the whole atmosphere impregnated with vinegar and the smell of gherkins. It appeared to me that I was in a religious pickle manufactory, where the air was charged with sour fumes enough to set one's teeth on edge. When I left, and the cabman let me out of his conveyance at the station, 'Well,' said he, 'how did you get on there?' I shrugged my shoulders. 'Ah,' said he, 'just before you arrived I took away two young ladies who had been there on a visit, and they were like mad things, escaped from confinement. They romped in the cab—and smashed a pane of glass in the window.'"

A general conviction prevailed, and was not unfounded, that the sons of these ultra-Evangelicals when getting out into life went wholly to the bad, or else dashed across the frontiers into Rome. Girls often became tricky, sly and untrustworthy. I have myself known such cases.

Going out of curiosity to an Evangelical meeting, I heard a man discourse on a platform against the iniquities of the theatre. He told an effective story, how that a young man piously brought up at home under Gospel teaching, on being launched into London freedom, resolved on going to the theatre. As he was in the queue, he looked up and saw the direction "This way to the PIT." He recoiled—"the PIT!" He returned to his lodgings, a converted Christian.

There were two great centres of Evangelicalism near London, Islington and Clapham. I never came in contact with the Low Churchmen of the former place, but I had relatives at Clapham who belonged to the strictest form of Low-Churchism, wealthy people, who lived uncommonly well, kept a well-furnished table and an excellent cellar. I was a boy then, and was somewhat amused to see how every degree of indulgence was tolerated in meats and drinks, but music, literature, the theatre, and games, were tabooed. They had strawberries out of season, when they cost something like sixpence apiece, but we young folk were not suffered to play Puss in the Corner. From the library, Sir Walter Scott's novels were excluded, as also those of Jane Austen.

Sydney Smith wrote of the Clapham sect: "Danger to the

Church arises, not from the Catholics but from the Methodists, and from that patent Christianity which has been for some time manufacturing at Clapham to the prejudice of the old and admirable article prepared by the Church. I would counsel my Lords the Bishops to keep their eyes upon that holy village and its hallowed vicinity. They will find a zeal there for making converts far superior to anything which exists among the Catholics; a contempt for the great mass of English clergy much more rooted and profound, and a regular fund to purchase livings for these groaning and garrulous gentlemen, whom they denominate (by a standing sarcasm against the regular Church) Gospel preachers and vital clergymen."

The fund to which Sydney Smith alludes is the "Simeonite Trust" for livings, especially in watering-places and towns of social importance; these were bought so as to secure a succession of incumbents with Calvinistic views. The Trustees do not seem to have felt much interest in village cures. It was the fashionable, the noble and the wealthy they strove to catch in their net—not the little fish.

Thackeray had been brought up surrounded by a cordon of the straitest sect of Evangelicalism, and he revolted against it, for he speedily discerned its intellectual feebleness, its self-complacency, its incapacity for laying hold of the great problems of life and thought. And he has transferred to his pages portraits of the men and women he had known—the Dowager Lady Southdown, authoress of *The Washerwoman of Finchley Common*; Sophia Alethea Newcome, the Bishopess of Clapham, surrounded by a bevy of Evangelical toadies, men like the Revs. Bartholomew Irons, Silas Hornblower and Luke Waters.

I was walking one day with a friend in a small town in the West of England that was in the hands of the Simeonite Trustees. The vicar was extreme in his Calvinism, and had recently in a sermon declared that he knew of only three persons in the place who were saved, he himself of course being one. Now I have always held that the sin of idolatry does not involve only the worship of idols, but the setting up of new religions apart from the Church. As we walked down the High Street, I was struck with the number of dissenting meeting-houses of all descriptions. Turning to my companion, I said: "It appears to me that this town is wholly given over to idolatry." "Yes," he replied; and pointing to the parish church, said, "And there is the altar to the Unknown God."

It must be recognized that present-day Evangelicalism is not by any means so severe, sour and heretical, not to say antinomian, as some of it was fifty to seventy years ago. The vinegar is actually losing its acidity and is turning sweet. It is deserving of note that the modern Evangelical no longer preaches the Calvinistic doctrine of the ministers of forty or fifty years ago. No congregation would now endure the inhumanity of such teaching. Nor does he now hold fast, as did his predecessors, to Verbal Inspiration. The better type of Evangelical contents himself with striving to deepen personal religion, and for this he is well calculated. But the other wing of the party is more or less lost in Broad-Churchism.

Even among the Scottish Presbyterians the most repulsive tenets of Calvin are ignored. The basis of union of the Free Kirk and the United Presbyterian Establishment, and the fifth clause of the Scottish Church Act of 1905, remove from both established and non-established communities any obligation to hold to Calvinism in the old literal sense.

Mr. J. Ewing Ritchie says: "The Calvinism of the moderns is not the Calvinism of the Westminster Assembly, and yet every (Presbyterian) clergyman at his ordination declares that he sincerely owns and believes the whole doctrine contained in the Confession of Faith to be founded upon the Word of God; acknowledges it as the Confession of his Faith; and that he will firmly and constantly adhere to it; and that he disowns all doctrines, tenets and opinions whatsoever contrary to, and inconsistent with, the Confession."[1]

We are, it must never be forgotten, indebted to the Evangelical movement for some great benefits, that last and will last.

(1) *Sunday Schools.*—The Evangelicals deserve the credit of having founded these. There exist but scanty traces of them before 1781, when Mr. Raikes, a bookseller of Gloucester, and Mr. Stock, a clergyman, started the movement. They were looked on askance at first by Bishop Porteus of London, but later met with his full approval. Rowland Hill is thought to have been the first to inaugurate them in London, and he took occasion in a sermon to defend them against the objection raised by Horsley, Bishop of Rochester, who considered that they might be used for political purposes.

Hannah More and her sisters devoted themselves to the duty of illumining the ignorance in sacred things, and softening the

[1] Ritchie (J. E.), *The Religious Life of London* (1870), p. 144.

manners of the young, in the part of Somersetshire where they had settled, by opening Sunday Schools. The institution rapidly spread. The instruction was almost wholly in Bible reading, but where the clergy were orthodox, the Catechism was also taught. Beyond that there was no definite Church teaching. The children were, however, expected to learn by heart the collect for the day.

(2) *Hymns.*—A strong prejudice was felt by the orthodox against the use of any hymns in divine service except the few that had got annexed to Tate and Brady's Metrical Psalms. Indeed, Bishop Marsh of Peterborough in his charge of 1823 denounced them on the ground that it was a preferring of the words of man to those of God. But they were largely employed in Dissenting meeting-houses, and the Evangelical clergy introduced them into their churches. The Olney Hymns—a collection to which Newton contributed largely—became popular. But when Heber, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, had compiled a hymnbook for use in his church at Hodnet, he applied in vain in 1820 to Manners-Sutton, Archbishop of York, and to Howley, Bishop of London, to obtain authorization to use it.

Bishop Marsh, already alluded to, spent £4,000 in a lawsuit to stop the use of an unauthorized hymnbook in a church of the diocese of Peterborough.

(3) *Fervour in preaching.*—The old style of parson addressed the Intellect. He exhorted to a virtuous life; he showed that vice led to ruin even in this world; he produced arguments in favour of a revealed religion; he propounded reasons why we should believe in the existence of God.

Sydney Smith wrote: "The great object of modern sermons is to hazard nothing. Their characteristic is decent debility, which alike guards their authors from ludicrous errors and precludes them from striking beauties. Every man of sense in taking up an English sermon expects to find it a tedious essay, full of commonplace morality." [1]

The preaching of the Evangelicals was the reverse of this. They appealed directly to the hearts and souls of their hearers. Instead of the impersonality of the addresses of the clergy of the old school, they made religion a matter of individual application and feeling. Consequently they drew crowds to hear them.

At first the Low-Church party looked askance at the movement for establishing Colonial and Missionary bishoprics, since

[1] Sydney Smith's *Works*, i. 10.

they feared lest the authority of the Committees of the " Church Missionary " and the " Colonial and Continental " Societies over their men might be impaired. The missionary, they thought, would naturally look up to and respect the bishop on the spot, rather than the little knot of authorities at home, albeit these latter held the purse. They need not have feared it, as was seen in Ceylon, where the Church Missionary clergy were actively disloyal to their Bishop,[1] also in Syria towards Bishop Blyth; and in India, the clergy of the Church Missionary Society refused to recognize the same Bishop as had been appointed for the missions of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. They might have reckoned with confidence on the wilfulness of their employés. Moreover, these Low-Church Societies could dangle before their eyes hopes of preferment, such as the bishops set over them could not offer.

The Evangelicals uniting with the Dissenters raised strenuous opposition to the sending of a Bishop to Madagascar in 1874; finally the difficulty was overcome by having him consecrated in Scotland. For ten years this disgraceful opposition had been carried on successfully. The anger of the obstructionists was great when their efforts were defeated.

The party leaders soon saw what a mistake they had made, and they used their powerful influence to procure the appointment of men of their own views, men not infrequently without breeding and tact, very frequently their most obsequious servants, to the vacant sees. By so doing they accomplished two results: first of all they were able to stain with their own opinions the infant Churches in the colonies; and then secondly, when these nominees resigned their sees, as they almost invariably did, after a very few years' service, and returned home, they were, by virtue of their episcopal character, popped into positions of great influence and no little dignity. Hence the Church at home had a large infusion of low-toned Christianity poured into her by these " returned Empties."

A few years ago there were no less than thirty bishops who, like the hireling of the Gospel, had deserted their flocks, and were in England snuggling into the cosy corners provided for

[1] The clergy were summoned in 1865 by Bishop Claughton to meet him in synod. Those maintained by the C.M.S. did not feel themselves at liberty to obey the Bishop's summons without the consent of their " superiors " in Salisbury Square; and the permission, when asked, was refused. Under Bishop Claughton's successor the same contumacy was encouraged.

them by their Evangelical friends at home. No less than three of these were ex-bishops of Sierra Leone, and at one time three ex-bishops of Colombo.

The plea for resignation was health; but it was remarkable how their healths and appetites recovered in England, and they were able to take, and take with avidity, canonries, prebendal stalls, archdeaconries, along with plump livings, even bishoprics, in England.

As to those sees that have been under Evangelical formation and organization, they compare with such as have been founded and governed by men of Church principles as a rickety child does with one who is robust.

I remember many years ago I knew at Cambridge a man who was wheeled about in a bath-chair. Through want of lime in his blood all his bones had become as gelatine, and he was reduced to a feeble, helpless lump of humanity. A clever doctor said: "Why, it is lime you want. Lime you must have," and he dosed him with lime-water. Under this treatment the patient became strong, firm in bone; he grew from a doubled-up heap of flesh into an upright man. And the Colonial and Missionary Churches in the hands of the Evangelicals were like this unhappy wretch. What they needed was the lime-water of the Catholic Faith. When that is given them they recover, where it is still denied they retain their gelatinous structure and their incapacity.

The decline of Evangelicalism is due to several causes. One is that it never encouraged objective worship, and exaggerated a subjectivity of religion that needs to be supplemented with objectivity. Moreover, as already said, early Evangelicalism had no realization of the Church as an organized body, and that the body of Christ.

Then again, a doubt was entertained as to their sincerity. Mr. Ritchie says: "A fact becomes increasingly prominent; the readiness of the Evangelicals to swallow their words, to quietly accept whatever may be offered them by their opponents merely for the sake of position in society. Every now and then a crisis occurs in the history of the Church. If Baptismal Regeneration, for instance, be ruled to be permissible, they must leave; and then, when the time comes for them to arise and become martyrs, they quickly pocket their principles and remain. Of course they plead their greater opportunities of usefulness, as if religion were better served by dishonesty than by honesty—as if the cause of God were better advanced by falsehood than by

truth—as if position as regards society were of more importance than the man's consciousness of independence and honourable life. For the Ritualist or the Broad Churchman it is no difficult matter to remain in the Church in communion with the Evangelical; but they, in accordance with his theory, are teaching soul-destroying errors; yet he remains with them and is, according to his idea, a partaker in their sins."[1]

Dissenting ministers look on them as dishonest men. They know that these Evangelicals differ from them in no point of belief, or rather of disbelief; they know that they omit the use of what in the Prayer Book they dislike, or put upon it a non-natural gloss—and they ask why these men remain where they are, and find the reason in the clinging to their benefices for the sake of social position and income. No amount of fawning on the Dissenter, inviting him to put on a surplice and read the lessons in Church, or invading the meeting-house to occupy the pulpit; no slobbering over the dear Nonconformist brother at Grindelwald and Keswick conferences, and meetings of the Evangelical Alliance, can remove the impression.

The hunting after association with Dissenting ministers is due largely to a craving after popularity, and as it is the fashion of the day to be "liberal-minded," these men proclaim their readiness to dance as popular opinion pipes to them. They forget the words of Our Lord, "Woe unto you when men shall speak well of you, for so did their fathers to the false prophets." The Evangelical of the present day no more resembles the Evangelical of the class of Simeon, Toplady and Whitefield than does a Nonconformist of to-day resemble the sturdy Puritan of the Commonwealth. The fact from which he has not been able to escape, to which he cannot shut his eyes, is that the doctrine of Verbal Inspiration can no longer be held by him with sure hands as the unshaken basis on which his system can be upreared. Biblical criticism, though it has often gone very much too far, and is always on the change, has yet brought to light truths that cannot be blinked, and established facts that may not be overlooked. He fears to maintain the verbal exactitude of such incidents as Balaam's ass speaking with man's voice, as the sun and moon actually standing still in the battle of Bethhoron, of Jonah spending three days and nights in the belly of the whale; and he is hesitating and timorous as to the foundation of his religion. That on which his fathers planted their feet so securely

[1] Ritchie, *The Religious Life of London* (1870), p. 78.

has been knocked away from under him. He fought against the principle of Biblical criticism with the courage of despair, and now has succumbed. Criticism has by this time found the results of its work popularized and accepted in quarterlies, magazines, popular fiction, and daily papers. To a large and increasing extent he who began as an Evangelical finds himself on a sloping plank down which he slips and becomes a Broad Churchman. But there are others, and these the majority, in whom religious and Evangelical instinct is strong, and who, though hardly yet having found a footing, fall to exhortations to piety, to encouragement of devotion, and to living a holy life ; such are constrained to a wider tolerance, to take a broader outlook more consonant with natural science and textual criticism, but as yet they have not formulated a system. Some there be who cling tenaciously to the old doctrine of verbal inspiration—but these are to be found mostly lodging about in nooks and corners like hibernating snails.

Meanwhile the old Puritan hostility to the High-Church party is disappearing. Some of the venerable controversies are dead and becoming as obsolete as Guelph and Ghibelline ; and each party is beginning to realize that the other holds and lays stress on a truth, but not the whole truth. The Evangelical principle is individualism, the union of the soul with God, and a consciousness of that union—indeed, a conviction that it has taken place. The High Churchman insists on the corporate life of the Church, and insists on the Sacraments as the means of Grace. An infusion into his teaching of the Evangelical doctrine would rescue from the danger of formalism. The Evangelical, on the other hand, is even now coming to appreciate that which his predecessors did not—the value of the Church as a bond of union and a pillar of the Faith.

There is a curious passage in *The Banquet* of Plato, in which Aristophanes expounds his theory of Love. Man when created was hermaphrodite, containing in himself all the qualities and characteristics of the two sexes ; but Zeus " cut human beings in half, as people cut eggs before they salt them," and thus produced the two distinct sexes ; and there is an inclination and a gravitation of one to the other, because till united each is imperfect. At first, possibly, there is repulsion, because the thoughts, feelings and impulses of the one sex differ radically from those of the other. But eventually each discovers his own shortcomings, and then they are drawn together.

Now this seems to me to represent the two parties in the Church, the Evangelical and the Orthodox. Each without the other is incomplete. At first they kept very separate, and distrusted each other. But that condition has now passed, and they are disposed to coquet and flutter about each other like Papagino and Papagina in the *Zauberflöte*—seeking close and lasting union. "I cannot restrain the poetic enthusiasm which takes possession of my discourse," says Agathon in the same dialogue, "and which bids me declare that Love is the divinity who creates peace among men, and calm upon the sea, the windless silence of storms, repose and sleep in sadness. Love divests us of all alienation from each other, and fills our vacant hearts with overflowing sympathy; he gathers us together in such social meetings as we now delight in celebrating."

> Those opposed eyes,
> Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
> All of one nature, of one substance bred,
> Did lately meet in the intestine shock,
> . . .
> Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks
> March all one way, and be no more opposed.
> *I Henry IV*, Act I, sc. ii.

I quote the Index to a Book of Devotion by a Dissenter, Sir H. E. Lunn. The book is entitled *The Love of Jesus*, and was published in 1911.

Motives of Prayer. General Prayer. The Lord's Prayer.
Devotions for days of . . . retirement.
Method of Prayer for the Christian Year.
Readings for the Hours of the Passion.
Meditations on the Lord's Supper.
Hymns on the Lord's Supper.
Preparations for the Holy Communion.
Prayers before the Holy Communion.
Order of Administration of the Holy Communion.
Prayers after the Holy Communion.
Method of Bible reading.
Methods of Fasting.

The Preface is dated *Lent.* The *Order of Administration* is that of the Prayer Book, with the substitution of *minister* for *Priest* and with the omission of the rubrics for the manual acts at the Consecration.

If there be such a levelling up among those who are not Churchmen, what may we not expect among those who are?

CHAPTER V

THE CHURCH IN COUNTRY PLACES

TO understand the condition into which the English Church had fallen at the beginning of the nineteenth century it is well to have in one's hand certain statistics. I will take first of all those made by the Bishops, produced in the House of Lords in 1807. By the returns of that date the number of incumbents resident in the 11,164 parishes of England and Wales was only 4,412, or little more than one in every third parish. There were actually resident, including such as lived near but not in their parishes, not exceeding 5,000, that is to say about one to every two parishes.

Of the resident incumbents in 1810 there were about 1,500 whose incomes were under £150 per annum. In that year the number of livings under £150 a year were :

Not exceeding £10 a year . . .	12
From £10 to £20 inclusive . . .	72
From £20 to £30	191
From £30 to £40	353
From £40 to £50	433
From £50 to £60	407
From £60 to £70	376
From £70 to £80	319
From £80 to £90	309
From £90 to £100	315
From £100 to £110	283
From £110 to £120	307
From £120 to £130	246
From £130 to £140	205
From £140 to £150	170
TOTAL	3,998

Of these poorly endowed livings 2,500 of the whole were left to the pastoral care of Curates, who in many cases received no more than £40 per annum.

DR. SYNTAX PREACHING

FROM A DRAWING BY ROWLANDSON

In 1832 in England and Wales there were 4,361 livings under £150; there were 2,626 without parsonages, 2,183 with such as were unfit to serve as residences. In 1831, in the diocese of Exeter, as many as 280 incumbents were non-resident, mainly because they had in their parishes no houses in which they could reside.

In 1835, out of 7,167 parishes in England and Wales, where the living exceeded £150, there were 3,556 incumbents either actually or virtually resident, leaving 2,612 cases in which only curates did the duties. The whole number of non-resident incumbents of all classes, after deducting sinecures, was found to be 5,925. Of these, those clergy who were non-resident in one parish because pluralists, but did reside in another, were 1,797. Deducting these, and a few others for whom reasonable explanation was forthcoming, from the whole number there still remained 3,500 parishes which were either not served at all by a curate or were served by the curate of a neighbouring parish.

In 1836 the whole income of the Church, notwithstanding the spoliation to which she had been subjected, amounted to £3,490,497, but of this £435,046 was absorbed by the Bishops and other dignitaries; and it was very unequally distributed among the Bishops, for whereas the Archbishop of Canterbury put into his pocket annually £18,090, the Bishop of London £13,890, and of Durham £19,480; the Bishop of Oxford had but £1,600, of Rochester £1,400; and the see of Gloucester, not then united with Bristol, was worth only £700 a year.

In like manner the livings of the parochial clergy were of unequal value: whereas some small country benefices were worth £3,000, £4,000, or even £7,000 per annum, large parishes in London, Lancashire and Yorkshire, containing 20,000 or 30,000 inhabitants apiece, were not above £150.

In the diocese of Exeter, in 1839, the condition was this: Out of 628 parishes, 244 were without resident incumbents; of these, however, 162 had resident curates. Fifteen parishes were served by incumbents living two miles off, and 22 by curates of neighbouring parishes. There were at that date 10 parishes in which parsonage houses were in process of construction, but there were 12 uninhabited by incumbent or curate. As to non-residence, this must be taken into account—that there was one parish with only 15 people in it, another with 29, several under 80, and forty with not more than 100.

It will be seen from the above statistics that, although non-

residence and pluralism are most undesirable, it was not possible to avoid both, when livings were so poor that a rector or vicar could not live on his incumbency alone. A provision that sufficed for an unmarried priest was not sufficient for a parson with wife and family. Moreover, before the Reformation the incumbent very frequently lived in the manor-house, where he acted as domestic chaplain and tutor to the children. This condition of affairs ceased; and in many parishes there were no parsonage houses extant, and there was no money available wherewith to build one.[1]

The scandal of pluralism was not confined to England or to the Hanoverian period. Thomas Cantilupe, Bishop of Hereford, who died in 1282, was simultaneously precentor and Canon of York, Archdeacon of Stafford, Canon of Lichfield, Canon of London, Canon of Hereford, and held the livings of Doderholt, Hampton, Aston, Wintringham, Deighton, Rippel, Sunterfield, and apparently also that of Prestbury. Thomas à Becket was given S. Mary-le-Strand and Otford, with prebends in both S. Paul's and Lincoln, before he was even in deacon's orders.

In Germany pluralism was rampant,[2] in France before the Revolution it was common. But in England pluralism existed mainly because the livings were so poor; while in Italy, France and Germany it flourished because they and the bishoprics and abbacies were so rich.

In 1801, William Dickenson, member for Ilchester, brought in a bill before the House "to protect and relieve . . . spiritual persons from vexatious prosecutions by common informers, under statute of King Henry VIII, in consequence of their non-residence on their benefices or their taking of farms."

In the case of information lodged, the case proved and the

[1] What gave great occasion to pluralism was the Black Death in 1348 and again in 1361. It swept away nearly one-third of the inhabitants. Above 50,000 persons were said to have perished in London alone. The mortality among the clergy was great, and at its disappearance there were only enough left for one priest to minister in three, four and even more parishes.

[2] Popes even then were pluralists. Clement II retained the wealthy bishopric of Bamberg, and Leo IX that of Toul. Verily instead of the Papacy resting on Simon Peter, it reposed on Simon Magus. The popes provided for their "nephews" and other favourites in the most scandalous manner. I give one instance out of many: Gulielmus Brunelli being made Provost of Wells, aged twenty-three years, had an *indult* in 1289, not being ordained priest, to hold as well the Church of Westerham, also canonries and prebends of Lichfield, Salisbury, Llandaff, S. David's and S. Omer; later he resigned Westerham, so as to get another benefice and a prebendal stall at Exeter.

fine imposed, half went to the Crown and half to the common informer.

Now let us see what were the provisions of that Act which could be invoked and put in force against an incumbent, should he attempt to improve his income, by any captious and aggrieved parishioner who resented having his tithe exacted with strictness.

Under this statute no clergyman, beneficed or not beneficed, could rent a house, *except* in a city, market-town or borough, under the penalty of £10 per month; no vicar could lease a parsonage under a penalty amounting to ten times the value of the profits of such lease. No clergyman was permitted to hold a lease of land under any circumstances whatever, even though it had descended to him by inheritance, and although he himself did not occupy the land, under a penalty of ten times its annual value; no clergyman was suffered so much as to buy or sell a cow without becoming liable to forfeit triple its value.

Undoubtedly the Act became generally inoperative, but it hung like a threatening cloud over the heads of the clergy; it could at any time be enforced, and that it was enforced occasionally is seen from the preamble of William Dickenson's Bill. Incumbents who did reside were always at the mercy of litigious and dissatisfied parishioners.

At the same time that curates were starving on their £30 or £40 a year, the Bishops, Deans and Canons were gorged with wealth, and doing nothing for it. The *Black Book* (1820–23) gives a statement of the mode in which the revenues of the Church, amounting to £9,459,565, were distributed.

Class.	Average Income of each.	Total.
Episcopal Clergy:		
2 Archbishops	£26,465	£52,930
24 Bishops	10,174	£244,185
Dignitaries:		
28 Deans	1,580	44,250
61 Archdeacons	739	45,126
26 Chancellors	494	12,844
514 Prebendaries and Canons, 330 Precentors, Succentors, Vicars-General, Minor Canons, Priests-Vicars, etc.	338	111,650
Parochial Clergy:		
2,886 Aristocratic Pluralists, mostly non-resident, and holding several livings, in all 7,037 livings, averaging each £764	1,863	5,379,430
4,305 Incumbents, holding one living each, and about one-half resident on their benefices	764	3,289,020
Total		£9,459,565

The curates, licensed and unlicensed, whose average stipend of about £75 per annum, amounting together to £319,050, are included in the incomes of pluralists and other incumbents.

Archbishop Potter, a draper's son, noted for his haughtiness, died immensely rich with the spoils of the Church, and disinherited his eldest son for marrying against his wishes. However he obtained for him Church benefices to the value of £2,000 a year. He left the whole of his fortune, valued at £90,000, to his second son, who was a reprobate.

Bishop Sherlock died worth £150,000. Of him it was said or sung :

> As Sherlock at Temple was taking a boat,
> The Waterman asked him which way he would float ;
> "Which way ?" said the Doctor : "Why, fool, with the stream."
> To Paul's or to Lambeth was all one to him.

A son of Archbishop Moore died in 1865. He was Rector of Hunton, also of Eynesford, also of Latchinford, Canon of Canterbury, and Registrar of the Will Office in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. The gross total of his receipts from the Church was £753,647, and his annual income close on £12,000.

Majendie, of Huguenot ancestry, Bishop of Bangor, who died in 1830, held no fewer than eleven parochial preferments. Chandler, Bishop of Durham, Wills, Bishop of Winchester, and Gilbert, Archbishop of York, all died shamefully rich, some of them worth more than £100,000. In a series of letters published in the *Morning Chronicle* between November 6, 1813, and March 11, 1814, a Mr. Wright favoured the public with many curious disclosures which had come to his knowledge as secretary to three right reverend prelates—the Bishops of London, Norwich and Ely. In a letter of November 20, he says that he had selected from well-authenticated documents 10,801 benefices, on which were only 4,490 incumbents said to be resident, so that there were 6,311 confessedly non-resident incumbents, to supply whose places 1,523 resident curates were employed, which left 4,788 without resident curate or incumbent. In one diocese, he said, one-third of the parish churches had the services performed in them reduced from twice to once on the Sunday. A very general excuse made for non-residents was bad health. "Now, ill-health of the incumbent himself, or his wife or daughter, is a common pretext, when no other legal cause can be found of avoiding residence. Of *twenty-two*

licences granted in one diocese for this reason, *three* only of the persons are in a state of health to warrant it, and the benefices from which they absent themselves are very valuable. Some (of these incumbents) live in town during the winter; and although night air certainly cannot benefit a valetudinarian, they may be constantly seen at card-parties, routs, or the theatres; in summer enjoying the amusements of fashionable watering-places, whilst too often their curates, by the parsimonious stipends they afford them, are with a numerous family in a state of the greatest poverty." To this condition of affairs the Latitudinarian Bishops appointed by the Crown had brought the clergy. And it must be borne in mind that every bishop set to work not only to feather his own nest, but also those of his sons and sons-in-law, brothers, nephews and other relations. Bishop Pretyman, of Lincoln and afterwards of Winchester, who changed his name to Tomline on acceding to a large estate, did not leave his children destitute. G. T. Pretyman was made Chancellor and Canon of Lincoln, Prebendary of Winchester, Rector of Chalfont S. Giles, Rector of Wheathampstead, and Rector of Harpenden. Another son, Richard, was also made Canon of Lincoln, Rector of Middleton-Stoney, Rector of Walgrave, Rector of Wroughton, and Vicar of Hannington. A third son, John, was created Prebendary of Lincoln, Rector of Sherrington, and Rector of Winwick.

Sparke, Bishop of Ely, quite as scandalously provided for his sons, nephews and relatives. A list may be found in the *Black Book*. Archbishop Sutton provided seven of his family with sixteen rectories, vicarages, and dignities in cathedrals. Of his eleven daughters, several had the prudence to marry men in holy orders, and soon became amply endowed. Hugh Percy married one daughter, and in eight years was given as many different preferments, bringing in together about £10,000 per annum. He was afterwards advanced to be Bishop of Rochester, and was then translated to Carlisle. According to law he ought to have resigned all the preferments he held at the time of being promoted to a bishopric—four of which, by the way, had been given him in one year; but he contrived to retain the most valuable prebend of S. Paul's, worth £3,000 per annum, and also the Chancellorship of Sarum. Another daughter of the Archbishop married James Croft, Archdeacon of Canterbury, incumbent of Hythe, Rector of Cliffe and Rector of Saltwood —all preferments in the gift of the Archbishop. A sister

married Richard Lockwood, who was presented in one year by his brother-in-law with the three vicarages of Kessingland, Lowestoft and Potter-Heigham ; all these livings were valuable, and in the gift of the Bishop of Norwich, and were presented by his Grace when he held that see.

These are but a few samples of the nepotism that prevailed, and of the low tone of ecclesiastical consciences. What could be expected of the clergy under such a system ? No wonder that the Church sank in the esteem of the people and was regarded as the home of jobbery.

Another scandal was the sale of livings. There were in London agents who sold them by auction. An American Bishop, Dr. Hobart, during his sojourn in this country, felt shocked by reading the following details of the traffic in the *Morning Chronicle*, July 13, 1824: "The Church livings in Essex, sold on the 1st instant, by Mr. Robins, of Regent Street, were not absolute advowsons; but the next presentations contingent on the lives of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. P. L. Wellesley, aged thirty-six and twenty-five years respectively, were as under :

Place.	Description.	Estimated Annual Value.	Age of Incumbent.	Sold for
		£		£
Wanstead . .	Rectory	653	63	2,440
Woodford . .	,,	1,200	58	4,200
Gt. Paindon . .	,,	500	63	1,600
Fifield . . .	,,	525	59	1,520
Rochefort . .	,,	700	62	2,000
Filstead . .	Vicarage	400	50	900
Roydon . . .	,,	200	46	580

"The biddings appeared to be governed by the age and health of the incumbents, residence, situation, and other local circumstances."

I knew of the following case :

A certain living was advertised for sale. The incumbent, whom we will call Mr. Baker, owned the presentation. He put a price on the living which was so high that a would-be purchaser demurred. One day the latter received a telegram from Baker's lawyer urging him to come down at once. He did so, and was told that the Rector was very ill, and had been prayed for in church, and was not expected to live. The lawyer accompanied the would-be purchaser to the parsonage, where he was admitted, and entreated to make as little noise as possible

on ascending the stairs, and to stay but a short time in the room of the dying man. He and the lawyer ascended, and saw the old man in bed so prostrate as to be scarce able to speak. No demur ensued as to the price, and the contract of sale was rapidly drawn and signed, and a deposit paid. Then the purchaser went down and walked about the grounds and glebe. Two hours must elapse before the train would reconduct him to town. Presently Mrs. Baker emerged from the house into the garden and begged him to come in and have some dinner. This he declined, as, under the circumstances, he did not wish to give trouble in the house. "Not at all," answered Mrs. Baker: "Mr. Baker would be glad of your society." "Mr. Baker!" "I forgot to add," said the lady, "the crisis is happily past and Mr. Baker is risen, dressed and impatient for his dinner."

The dying rector and patron lived on for twenty years, and bought back the presentation and advowson for his son. I heard the story from the rural dean. I was told that the old rogue cleared £2,000 by the transaction.

The law of the land was plain enough, but it was evaded in the most barefaced manner. According to enactments of the law, if a patron were to present any person to a benefice for a corrupt consideration, by gift, promise, or reward, the presentation was rendered void, and for that turn lapsed to the Crown. If a person procured a presentation for money or profit and was presented, he was disabled from holding the living. But by ingenious methods, by the subtle craftiness of lawyers, means were devised for the circumvention of the law. But of what moral quality can a man have been who by such means gained a position in the sheepfold?

In 1818 a grant of a million was made by Government for the creation of additional churches; a further grant of half a million was made in 1824, but part of this went to Scotland. A grant of £10,000 a year was also made for eleven years to the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty, for the better endowment of poor livings; and that Bounty has not only been continuously engaged in raising the value of such livings, but it also has lent money to incumbents to enable them to provide parsonage houses for their cures. But the greatest boon of all to the Church was the Tithe Commutation Act of 1836. By this useful measure an end was put to the incessantly recurring disputes and heartburnings that arose out of the valuation of tithe, and the occasional attempt made to take it in kind. The

parson exacting his tithe pig was a subject of caricature and of satirical ballad.

In 1802, the patronage of about 2,500 churches belonged to the bishops and deans and chapters, and nearly 1,100 to the Crown. That of 2,000 pertained to lay corporations, including the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. The remaining number, rather over 6,500, were in the hands of county families and lay individuals.

Crown livings were disposed of as payment, or part payment, for political services rendered either by the presentee himself or by a relative. Bishops gave livings to relatives and to men who were of the same way of thinking in politics and church matters as themselves. Chapters passed on the presentation from one member to another that they might accommodate their families, and it was much the same with the lay corporations. The colleges appointed men who held a fellowship or tutorship, and the incumbent who lived in College rode out on the Saturday evening, perhaps even on the Sunday morning, and returned to his rooms in College after afternoon service. If the livings were good and at a distance they were taken by such fellows as desired to get married, and these were sufficiently advanced in years, and so accustomed to their University life as to be quite unable to understand and sympathize with their rustic congregations.

Family livings went to younger sons. If one would not suffice to keep a son in comfort, a second was obtained for him. It was not a matter of vocation, but of convenience. We can form an idea of what the clergy of this type were, from Jane Austen's novels. Her father and two of her brothers were clergymen. Setting aside Mr. Collins as somewhat of a caricature, and as not pertaining to the gentleman class, we have Mr. Elton in *Emma*, Edward Bertram and the gluttonous Dr. Grant in *Mansfield Park*, Henry Tilney in *Northanger Abbey*, and Edward Ferrar in *Sense and Sensibility*. These were all men of good family and culture, conscientious as far as their light went, who looked to their profession as a means of living comfortably, with very little to do ; men hardly qualified to be of any spiritual aid to their flocks, though they would be ready to assist them in their material needs.

"I cannot think," wrote Anthony Froude in 1849, "why as a body clergymen are so fatally uninteresting—they, who through all their waking hours ought to have for their one

thought the deepest and most absorbing interests of humanity. It is the curse of making it a profession—a road to get on upon, to succeed in life upon. The base stain is apparent in their very language, too sad an index of what they are. Their *duty*, what is it ? To patter through the two Sunday services. For a little money one will undertake the other's *duty* for him. And what do they all aim at ? Getting livings ! Not cures of souls, but *livings* ; something which will keep their wretched bodies living in the comforts they have found indispensable. What business have they, any one of them, with a thought of what becomes of their wretched selves at all ? To hear them preaching, to hear the words they use in these same duties of theirs, one would suppose they really believed that getting on, and growing rich, and getting comfortable were quite the last thing a Christian should propose for himself. Alas ! with the mass of them the pulpit keeps its old meaning, and is but a stage. Off the stage there is the old prate of the old-world stories, the patronage of this rich man and that, the vacant benefice or the cathedral stall."

This is hard, and unjust as well. If a man cannot live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God, it is also true that man cannot live by the Word alone, without bread to put into his mouth, and the law prohibited the pastor from engaging in unprofessional work, as S. Paul maintained himself by tent-making. Besides, surely *duty* may be joyously as well as conscientiously undertaken. The only part in the above stricture that is fair is that on unreality in the pulpit. According to Nelson's signal before Trafalgar, England expects every man to do his duty : did not officers and sailors fight zealously with all their hearts in that great battle, although it was merely duty so to do ? The well-to-do clerics did their duty, as they understood it. But to them duty had a very different meaning from what is understood by the clergy of the present day. With them duty comprised a couple of services on the Lord's Day, with services also at Christmas and Good Friday, baptizing the young, visiting the sick, as also giving marriage benedictions. They had no conception of anything further.

There was an old man, long ago dead, who had been in the service of our family through three generations. He told me that his grandfather, or great-grandfather (I cannot recall which) had been bedridden in the adjoining parish of Maristowe

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for twenty years. The vicar was the Rev. John Teasdale (1704–1755), who was a most indefatigable parish priest; and Mr. Teasdale was wont during those twenty years to visit the sick man daily. He never missed, weekday or Sunday alike, to read to him and pray with him. Of this Rev. John Teasdale an anecdote is told which, though not illustrating my point, I will relate. He held an estate on lives from the family of Harris of Hayne. A life dropped, and the Hon. John Harris, then of Hayne, sent and took Mr. Teasdale's carriage horses as a heriot—an act which, though legal, was considered unhandsome. On Mr. Harris sending to inquire the names of the horses, he replied that they were called " Honour " and " Conscience " when in his possession, but since they had passed into other hands, the present owner had better impose on them names of his own choice.

Take the witness of the Rev. J. M. Cunningham, Vicar of Harrow, an Evangelical of the Evangelicals, looking on such as did not belong to his own party with a censorious eye. In his book *The Velvet Cushion* he speaks of the systematic visiting of the people by the country clergy. The old Vicar is addressing his wife. " ' I am not sure,' said the Vicar, ' that it is not a presumptuous reliance on the goodness of God, and an abuse of the doctrine of Divine mercy, that has kept me at home to-day, when I should have gone to visit old Dame Wilkins directly.' Her bonnet was soon on, and they hobbled down the village almost as fast as if their house had been on fire. Mary Wilkins was a poor, good woman, to whom the Vicar's visit three times a week had become almost one of the necessities of life. It was now two hours beyond the time he usually came, and, had she been awake, she would really have been pained by the delay. But happily she had fallen into a profound sleep, and when he put his foot on the threshold, and in his old-fashioned way said ' Peace be with you,' she was just waking. This comforted the good man, and, as he well knew where all comfort comes from, he thanked God in his heart even for this."

Or take Winthrop Mackworth Praed's sketch of his Vicar, in *Everyday Characters*—mind you *everyday* characters. Praed was born in 1802. He belonged to the Young Liberal party, and sat in Parliament for Yarmouth in 1834; he died in 1839.

Some years ago, ere time and taste
  Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel waste,
  And roads as little known as scurvy;

The man who lost his way between
  St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket
Was always shown across the green,
  And guided to the Parson's wicket.
. . . .
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
  Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
  And welcome for himself, and dinner.
. . . .
He was a shrewd and sound Divine,
  Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
  He 'stablished truth, or startled error,
The Baptist found him far too deep;
  The Deist sighed with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep
  And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.
. . . .
His sermons never said or showed
  That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
  From Jerome, or from Athanasius.
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
  The hand and head that penned and planned them,
For all who understood admired,
  And some who did not understand them.
. . . .
And he was kind, and loved to sit
  In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit
  And share the widow's homelier pottage.
At his approach complaint grew mild,
  And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
  The welcome which they could not mutter.
. . . .
Where is the old man laid? Look down
  And construe on the slate before you:
Hic jacet Gulielmus Brown,
  Vir nulla non donandus lauru.

Although the majority of livings were poor, there was a certain number that were "fat," and these became the perquisite of men of good family and of political influence. Dr. Valpy was headmaster of Reading School, and Rector of Stradishall in Suffolk, for twenty years. The rich living of Stanhope had been held in succession by three prelates, when its rector, Dr. Phillpotts, was made Bishop of Exeter in 1830. There was a bit of an outcry at this, and he resigned Stanhope and took in its stead

a canonry in Durham.[1] "Bishop Courtenay held the living of S. George's, Hanover Square, with a population of 430,396; Bishop Pelham a living in Sussex, and Bishop Bethell a living in Yorkshire, each with the see of Exeter."[2]

These incumbencies were, of course, served by curates.

In 1762 William, Viscount Courtenay, ran away with Frances, daughter of a taverner named Clack at Wallingford, and married her in Edinburgh. The publican said to him, "My lord, you have married my daughter. Now you must do something for my son." "What can I do? I have nothing I can give him but some livings. He must go into the Church." Accordingly the cub was sent to Oxford, where he managed to pass; he was subsequently ordained and given three livings—Powderham, Moretonhampstead, and Woolborough, that includes the town of Newton Abbot. He chose to live at the Rectory in the park at Powderham, but his behaviour made him so insufferable, that he was required to quit it, and then he went to live at Moretonhampstead.

Too many scandalous jobs were effected, but the majority of presentations were honestly made. A country squire liked to have near him as closest neighbour a gentleman, and one who would not cause scandal in the parish.

Where pluralists were in possession, there the curate had the care of souls. Sydney Smith described him as he saw him. "A curate—there is something which excites compassion in the very name of a curate! A learned man in a hovel, with sermons and saucepans, lexicons and bacon, Hebrew books and ragged children; good and patient, a comforter, and a preacher, the first and purest pauper in the hamlet."

Here is Washington Irving's account of a country church and a vicar of the parish in a plump living:

"The congregation was composed of the neighbouring people of rank, who sat in pews sumptuously lined and cushioned, furnished with richly gilded prayer books, and decorated with their arms upon the pew doors; of the villagers and peasantry, who filled the back seats, and a small gallery beside the organ;

[1] But the see of Exeter was badly endowed. Bishop Voysey (1519–1551), of twenty-five manors and fourteen mansions, was despoiled of all save eight. Burnet says of him that he received a pension for life, but "all the rest he basely resigned, taking care of himself and ruining his successors."

[2] Overton: *The English Church in the Nineteenth Century* (1894), p. 7.

and of the poor of the parish, who were ranged on benches in the aisles.

"The service was performed by a snuffling, well-fed vicar, who had a snug dwelling near the church. He was a privileged guest at all the tables of the neighbourhood, and had been the keenest fox-hunter in the county; until age and good living had disabled him from doing anything more than ride to see the hounds throw off, and make one at the hunt dinner.

"Under the ministry of such a pastor, I found it impossible to get into the train of thought suitable to the time and place." [1]

The parson was doubtless a rector and not a vicar. An American would not know the distinction.

The clergy of the Hanoverian and Early Victorian period were divided into distinct classes—the well-born, well-bred and well-beneficed, and the poor curates who lived on the crumbs that fell from the tables of the well-to-do men of the same cloth. Some of them were scholarly, some no doubt boors, each well-content by marrying a farmer's or a yeoman's daughter, to receive with her a dower that would enable him to keep a cow, a pig, and cocks and hens.

The poverty of the livings was due to several causes. All the great tithes of the vicarages had gone to abbeys, many of them out of England; and at the Reformation these were appropriated by the Crown or given to favourites; and the small tithes which had served to maintain a chaplain without incumbrances were quite insufficient to support a resident vicar with wife and family. Moreover, in the reigns of Henry VIII, of Edward VI, and of Elizabeth, the livings were plundered in the most shameless fashion.

But there were other ways in which they were reduced in value. To what extent I cannot say, but to some extent, simony was practised, and an incumbent paid his patron for presentation by alienating to him a portion of the glebe. Thus, in the parish of Coryton adjoining mine, there was a good farm that belonged to the Church, also ninety acres of "sanctuary land." Both the farm and the major portion of the sanctuary land were made over to the patron, probably by the Rev. John Rice, who was appointed in 1778 and died in 1799, for in the register his successor entered after his name:

> This was a grateful Priest, whose wealth, tho' small,
> He to his Patron gave who gave him all.

[1] *The Sketch-book* (1821), i. 176.

Moreover, rectors and vicars for a lump sum of money would make over glebe farms on lives, upon a nominal rent. In another neighbouring parish, the incoming rector found that this had been done in a wholesale manner, greatly impoverishing the living. A few years ago, only just before such an act became illegal, a neighbouring rector who was leaving for another living transferred to the lives of his children three of the best farms on the glebe.

Most of the bishoprics had been sorely robbed in the reigns of Edward VI and Elizabeth, so that some bishops were compelled to be pluralists, as the revenues of their sees would not support them. Some of the worst offenders were the Marian bishops, who on the accession of Elizabeth set to work to make fortunes for themselves by alienating estates of the Church. They conveyed manors to women, children, relatives, by lease, or sold them. Fuller says, "Many bishoprics of the realm had they so impoverished by these means, that some of the new bishops had scarce a corner of a house to lie in, and divers not so much ground as to graze a goose or a sheep, so that some were compelled to tether their horses in their orchard." The Elizabethan bishops were every bit as bad. Cox of Ely scandalously robbed his see. Barlow, Bishop of S. David's, ripped the lead-work off the palaces of S. David's and Llawhaden. He was transferred to Bath and Wells, where was the noble Lady Chapel, said to be the finest Perpendicular building in the West of England. Barlow sold it, lead-roof, stones and all. Bishop Aylmer of London cut down the elms at Fulham to the extent of £6,000, an enormous sum in those days. I give particulars of the proceedings of Edmund Scamler, made Bishop of Peterborough in 1560. He for ever alienated from his see the hundred of Nessaburgh, the Manors of Thirlby and Southorpe, without receiving any recompense, but so as to prepare a way for his translation to a better bishopric—viz. Norwich.

Other properties belonging to the see that he sold were as below. The proceeds went into his own pocket.

	£	s.	d.
Parcel of Borough Berrie Manor sold to Walter Pye for .	467	9	6
Parcel of Thwaites Manor sold to Robert Henson for .	82	0	0
Parcel of Borough Berrie Manor sold to John Bellamy for	389	19	10
The Episcopal Palace at Peterborough sold to James Russell	3,122	0	0
Three tenements in Peterborough Court, London, sold to Wm. Stamford and R. Brown for	459	10	0
Parcel of Berrie Manor sold to Thomas Baynard for .	146	6	0

	£	s.	d.
Four tenements in Peterborough Court sold to Edw. Woodford	255	0	0
A messuage in Fleet Street sold to Joseph Coxwell for	71	5	0
Gunthorpe and Thwaites Manors sold to George Smith for	613	3	5
Witherington Manor sold to Sir W. Roberts for	1,077	10	6
Feefarm of Thirlby Manor sold to Henry Price for	1,113	10	0
Eye Manor sold to John Bellamy for	968	1	8
The Bell, Center Lane, London, sold to Tho. Masson for	780	10	0
Manor of Borough Berrie sold to Walker S. John, John Thurlow, Thos. Matthews for	2,982	13	9

Total sale of lands, £12,729 13*s.* 11½*d.*

But to return to the Hanoverian period of the History of the Church.

A recently published volume of eighteenth-century letters exhibits Georgian religious apathy at what must surely have been its lowest point. "Can it be expected," writes a country rector to his brother in 1780, "that a proper regard to Religion will be kept up by the appearance of it one single hour in the week, which is the case of half the country parishes in the Kingdom? The Proprietor sells the Living, which consists entirely of Glebe; the Purchaser considers how to make the best use of his money, reduces the Duty to one, and that in the afternoon, hires a Curate who resides in the nearest Market Town, who, being barely paid for Sunday duty, thinks himself under no obligation to do more, and arrives dirty and fatigued at a ruined Edifice. Disfigured by torn and draggled surplice, he mounts the desk and labours to edify souls by reading the statute service, rendered less intelligible by tropes and figures with which he tries to embellish it in his sermon, all his Arguments being unsupported by the inestimable influence of Example."

The parish of Lydford, the largest in England, comprising 50,751 acres—mostly indeed Dartmoor, but yet with Prince Town in it numbering a considerable population, and Lydford itself, distant from Prince Town nearly fifteen miles by road, was held for a great many years by the Rev. Dr. Fletcher. This Fletcher was also Rector of Southhill in Cornwall, one of the richest livings in the county, worth some £594 per annum—twenty-five miles from Lydford, he held with this the church and rectory situated three miles from the town of Callington, also in the parish. For many years I knew the successive curates of Lydford, but never heard of Dr. Fletcher visiting the place to take duty in it. The chancel roof was in holes,

and on one Christmas Day the holy table was spread with a covering of snow.

In my own parish, the Rector, the Rev. Mr. Elford, was non-resident. He lived nine miles off, at Tavistock. When the Bishop demurred to this, " How can I live," said he, " in a place where there is no barber to trim my wig ? " And this was accepted as sufficient excuse.

From 1795 to 1811 Elford held as well the curacy of Coryton under the Rev. R. V. Willesford, who was a pluralist Rector. This man was also Vicar of Brentor, Vicar of Awlescombe, near Honiton, curate of Tavistock, and headmaster of the Tavistock Grammar School from 1795 to 1821.

In this parish of Lew Trenchard, Elford had a curate, appointed in 1820, the Rev. Caddy Thomas, who, I believe, ended his days in the Virgin Islands. He lived in the Rectory, and had a pupil with whom he was often at variance, breaking out into fierce quarrels. The gardener-groom and his wife, named Adams, occupied a portion of the house, and she cooked and served and was housemaid as well. One day Adams heard screams of rage and blows in the library, and rushed in to find that Caddy Thomas had knocked the pupil down, and whether to drive information into his head I cannot say, but he had him on the ground and was pounding his head with the handle of a clasp knife. Adams wrenched the curate away and locked him into the study; then he carried the pupil upstairs, washed the blood from his head, locked him into the bedroom, and hastened to the stable, where he saddled two nags. Then he brought forth the pupil, mounted him on one, himself on the other, rode away with him, and deposited him with his relatives.

The Rector of East Mersea in Essex was non-resident. He visited the parish once only in the year, to collect his tithes. But he had a curate who took the duty there and also in two other churches with non-resident incumbents, on the mainland. Mersea is an island connected with the mainland by a causeway that is covered by the sea only at very high tides. Immediately after morning service at East Mersea, the curate had a horse brought to the churchyard gate, where he mounted and galloped as hard as he could spur to the nearest church on the mainland, took there a second morning prayer, dined with a farmer, and then rode off to the third church for afternoon service. " He was a right parson of the good sort," said the aged clerk to me; " he did leave us so gloriously alone."

Hannah More gives an account of the usual state of things in regard to non-residence at the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. "The vicarage of Cheddar is in the gift of the Dean of Wells. The value nearly fifty pounds per annum. The incumbent is a Mr. R., who has something to do, but I cannot find out what, in the University of Oxford, where he resides. The curate lives at Wells, twelve miles distant. They have only service once a week, and there is scarcely an instance of a poor person being visited or prayed with. The living of Axbridge—annual value about fifty pounds. The incumbent about sixty years of age. Mr. G. is intoxicated about six times a week, and very frequently is prevented from preaching by two black eyes, honestly earned by fighting. We have in this neighbourhood thirteen adjoining parishes without so much as even a resident curate. No clergyman has resided in this parish for forty years. One rode over three miles from Wells to preach once on a Sunday, but no weekly duty was done or sick persons visited, and children were often buried without any funeral service. Eight people in the morning and twenty in the afternoon was a good congregation."

Dean Hole in his *Memoirs* tells us that the Vicar of Strood was a pluralist and lived far away on his other benefice. Once only did he take it into his head to visit Strood, but as he entered the place was so disgusted with the smell from a basket of stale shrimps offered for sale, that he turned his horse's head and went back to his sweeter cure. "Our curate," he writes, "who lived five miles away, rode over for one dreary service on the Sunday, dined, and we saw him no more during the week."

But even in some places where the clergy did reside, there was disgraceful neglect. At Stamford, where are five churches, William Wilberforce, when visiting it in 1798, records: "This seems a sad, careless place. I talked to several common people. At church miserable work. Remnant of Sunday-school, only eight children. I have seldom seen a more apparently irreligious place. A shopkeeper said none of the clergy were active, or went among the poor."

A notable change, however, took place in the Church. The French Revolution, the Reform Bill, had shown the Church that, as Lord Grey had warned her, "she must set her house in order." Miss Mitford, in *Belford Regis* (1835), wrote: "Of late years there has been a prodigious change in the body clerical. The activity of the dissenters, the spread of education, and the immense

increase of population, to say nothing of that word of power, Reform, have combined to produce a stirring spirit of emulation amongst the younger clergy which has quite changed the aspect of the profession. Heretofore the Church militant was the quietest and easiest of all vocations ; and the most slender and ladylike young gentleman, the ' Mamma's Darling' of a great family, whose lungs were too tender for the bar, and whose frame was too delicate for the army, might be sent with perfect comfort to the snug curacy of a neighbouring parish, to read Horace, cultivate auriculas, christen, marry, and bury, about twice a quarter, and do duty every Sunday. Now times are altered : prayers must be read and sermons preached twice a day at least, not forgetting lectures in Lent, and homilies at tide times ; workhouses are to be visited, boys and girls taught in the morning and grown-up bumpkins in the evening ; children are to be catechised ; masters and mistresses looked after ; hymn-books distributed ; Bibles given away, tract societies fostered amongst the zealous, and psalmody cultivated amongst the musical. In short, a curate nowadays, even a country curate, much more if his parish lie in a great town, has need of the lungs of a barrister in good practice, and the strength of an officer of dragoons."

Confirmation had been sadly neglected, or not properly prepared for. I heard of an old parson who, when a period of preparation for this rite approached, got some tracts about it, gave them to the candidates, with " There, read that and you will understand more about it than I do."

The brother of the late Sir Morell Mackenzie was on one occasion talking about the preparation for Confirmation he had from his vicar. A day or two before the Confirmation Mr. Mackenzie went to see the incumbent of the parish with a view to being confirmed. After some desultory chat the vicar said, " What sort of crop of apples have you had this year ? " " Oh," was the reply, " we had a very good crop, very good indeed." " Ah," said the Vicar, " that is capital. Our crop was small, and the apples not at all good." Then he added, " By the way, you know your catechism, I suppose ? " " Oh, yes," was the reply, " I knew it by heart, long ago." " Well, the Confirmation is next Wednesday. Be there in good time." That was all the preparation the would-be Confirmee had from his vicar !

Here is an extract from Mr. Paul Treby's MS. Diary, now in the possession of Mrs. Clark of Efford Manor, near Plymouth.

CONFIRMATION IN THE FORTIES

The incident took place during the march of his militia to Winchester.

"*July* 1811, *Farnham.*—The wine here is excellent. 'Good wine needs no bush,' so pull down your sign, Mr. Landlord. There was a Confirmation and a Visitation in the town. Many drunken Parsons, and a few drunken officers."

In Devon and Cornwall, comprising the diocese of Exeter, confirmations were held only in the principal towns, and then only when something like a thousand candidates could be secured at a time from the surrounding parishes. In the *Life of Bishop Wilberforce* an anecdote is given of an innkeeper who sought to obtain compensation from the Bishop, because the candidates for Confirmation no longer attended a ball in the evening given in honour of the occasion, as he had been wont to provide one during the time of Bishop Wilberforce's predecessor. And it is said that the wife of a bishop in the West was accustomed regularly to give a dance upon the day of Confirmation in the cathedral city, at the palace, saying that it was a pity so many young people should be brought together without affording them the opportunity of enjoying themselves.

It is stated of Bishop North that he once examined (or pretended to examine) his candidates for Holy Orders in the cricket field, while watching the progress of the match.

An old incumbent in the North, who has now passed away, the Rev. John Sharp of Horbury, whose curate I was, used to tell the story of his ordination. "Well, Mr. Sharp," said the Archbishop in his only interview with the candidate, "so you are going to be curate to your father, Mr. Sharp of Wakefield. Make my compliments to him when you go home. My secretary has your testimonials; he will give you full instructions. Be sure to be at the Minster in good time. Good morning."

Bishop Pelham (1807–27) examined a candidate for Holy Orders by sending a message to him by his butler to write an essay on some given subject, and then post it to him. On the other hand, Bishop Marsh of Peterborough (1819–39), in his determination to stamp Calvinism out of the diocese, proposed eighty-seven questions to candidates for Ordination and licences. He drew down upon himself thereby a bitter attack in the *Edinburgh Review*.

I will now give a few instances—to be supplemented later when I come to speak of Progress—of the infrequency of Celebrations of Holy Communion: The vicarage of Sheepstor had not always

a resident incumbent. A Mr. Smith was Vicar of Bickleigh as well, and divine service was performed at the former place once only in three weeks. In the Book of Parish Accounts we find in 1809 the sum of £1 13*s.* 5*d.* for eight bottles of wine. In 1812, for four bottles for the Sacrament and five for the minister, £2. After this entry there is no specification for wine, but for Mr. Smith's account. In 1824 it amounted to £3 15*s.* 6*d.* The Holy Communion was celebrated four times in the year, then it declined to three times, and finally, in 1835 and after, to once only. In a charge delivered by Dr. Horsley, Bishop of Rochester, in 1800, he urged : " Four celebrations in the year are the very fewest that ought to be allowed in the very smallest parishes. It were to be wished that it were in all more frequent." At Launceston, a considerable market town, the Holy Communion was celebrated only monthly. It may not be uninteresting to give a couple of sketches of old-fashioned parsons belonging to an extinct type whom I have known.

There was one in the West, a white-haired man, singularly like John Bright, for whom he was often mistaken, a widower, who wore stays, and thought himself a lady-killer. Wherever there were young and pretty girls he would drive over and present himself as a suitor, always to meet with a rebuff. Indeed, he was commonly called the Oft-rejected. Usually on every Monday morning he might be seen at the nearest station, leaving by the first train for town, or to visit some congenial friends, heavy port-drinkers, narrators of good, but not always particularly choice stories, and card-players. He would return to his parish on the Saturday afternoon. He could not be persuaded to have a celebration of the Holy Communion on Christmas Day, but he did not miss having one on his own birthday. His sole idea of a reredos above the altar was a huge representation of his family arms—not that his family had other than a fictitious antiquity, and never had been of any importance.

Another parson whom I knew very well, as he was a near neighbour of mine, was in Yorkshire. He was old when I made his acquaintance, a bachelor in a very large house in a park, that had been a family mansion which had been made over to the Church as a rectory when the original owners moved away. We will call him Underwood. He had been tutor to a former Viscount D——. He was attended by two worthy servant-maids, who sometimes walked over to my church.

" My Rebecca and Betsy were with you last Sunday," said the

old gentleman to me one day. "Ah, they're good girls and varra fond o' Sacraments and all that sort of thing." I may mention that he talked broad Yorkshire, although a ripe scholar, and had Horace at his fingers' ends, and would quote to his bucolic parishioners, regardless of the fact that they could not understand him.

One day when I called I was informed that he had a touch of the gout and was confined to his bedroom. As I ascended the staircase I encountered two women, one with a baby, descending. "I've been having a baptism and a churching," said he, when I entered and saw him reclining in an embroidered dressing-gown in his easy chair with his leg up. "I daresay you saw the parties leaving."

Usually baptisms were performed in the houses of the parents. If the happy father was a labourer he would invite the farmer for whom he worked to come, bring a bottle of gin and sit over the fire with the parson, so soon as the ceremony was over. At a farmhouse, the table was laid with spirits, tumblers, pipes, and a pack of cards, and so soon as the child was baptized the farmer with two friends and the rector sat down and made a night of it.

On such occasions his housekeeper was wont to leave the study window unhasped, so that Mr. Underwood might let himself in by throwing up the sash and climbing over the sill. Below the window was a violet bed, that had suffered through being trampled on upon such occasions, and with the parson one night having slept in it, unable to get the sash up, or throw his leg over the sill.

One Good Friday the rector was in bed at eleven when his wooden-legged clerk came stumping into the room, out of breath, to say that his Lordship had walked over to service. "Run round," said Mr. Underwood, "scrape together a few farmers. I shall be dressed in a jiffy."

Viscountess D—— once invited him to stay for a few days at the Park. "I'll bring some of my Jargonelle pears," said he. A few minutes later he returned to the parlour with a little handbasket, in which all that was visible was pears. "You'll require some luggage, I suppose?" said her Ladyship. "Nay, my Leddy, I've all I want here." "But, surely, that will hardly suffice for the inside of a week?" He considered for a moment and then said, "I'll just go and get some more Jargonelles."

On another occasion he was invited to spend a few days at

B—— Hall. After a couple of days he made his farewell and disappeared. Three days later, the lady of the house, hearing somewhat uproarious merriment in the kitchen, descended, and found Mr. Underwood there. After having been the guest in the parlour, he had been invited to the servants' hall by the butler. He was a kindly and hospitable old man, and was much liked by his parishioners. When I knew him he had become somewhat slatternly, and his housekeeper had difficulty in keeping him approximately tidy. She complained to me, that if she insisted on his having a clean neckcloth he threw a lot of Latin at her—and that frightened her, as she could not understand it, and thought they were bad words.

The one-legged clerk died whilst I was in the neighbourhood, and the duties of clerk and sexton combined were carried on by his widow. At the approach of Easter it occurred to the woman or to the rector that some decoration would be appropriate, and she consulted him as to the nature of the floral adornment. "Well, now," said he, "as you've lost your husband, it would be suitable to wreathe his crutch in ivy and set it up at the East end o' one side o' the Communion." "And what on the other side?" inquired the sextoness. He mused and presently said, "Ye might cut out o' stiff white paper the jaws o' Death, wi' mighty white fangs, and stitch together laurel leaves for the gums. It strikes me it would be a neat, poetical and varra appropriate symbol for Easter, and for the loss of Joe (the deceased sexton)." I went over shortly after to take an occasional service for Mr. Underwood, and this amazing decoration figured at the East end of the chancel.

I called during Lent one year to propose that he should preach for me one week-day. I thought perhaps it might do him some good to see how church matters were elsewhere. "Look here," said he, "I'll put a bottle o' good port on the table—and you overhaul my sermons in the lower drawer yonder, and choose which you will have. I must go out for half an hour. John Dale asked me to look at a cow he's bought."

I did read or rather skim through some of his discourses: there was hardly any Christianity in them, and I could select none—there is no choice in rotten apples. When he returned, I told him that I must leave the selection to himself. Happily, when the day came, a note reached me to say he had an attack of the gout and prayed to be excused.

The condition of most of the churches in country places

was deplorable: the walls stained and the altarcloth mildewed and moth-eaten, no hassocks on which to kneel, the Prayer Book and Bible of the minister tumbling out of their bindings through damp. Such as had attention paid to them were done up to look neat and comfortable, without taste or reverence. I remember going to see a church near Cambridge, and remarked to the sexton that the parson had no kneeling-stool. "Don't want one," said he; "he allus balances hisself between his chest and the end of his backbone, when he's prayin'."

Very often the font was made a receptacle for dusters, which however never seemed to have been used. Cobwebs hung from the ceilings, bats occupied the church roof and left stains on the floor and seats, mice had bored their way in, in futile expectation of finding there something to eat. A writer in the *Christian Remembrancer* in 1841 compares the churches, for the neglect into which they had fallen, to the abandoned temples of an effete paganism. "If dirt and damp, if crumbling rafters and tottering walls, if systematic neglect and wanton mutilation were to be found in the one case, most assuredly they are in the other; the owls and the bats have been permitted to dwell in both; and at the porch the long rank grass has testified that the paths of entrance are no longer thronged by daily worshippers."

Lew Trenchard church had a magnificent carved screen, and was seated throughout with richly carved oak benches. Condy, the artist, had made a water-colour drawing of the interior when in this condition.

In 1833 my grandfather presented to the living his youngest son, Charles, then in deacon's orders only. And, so as to make the church look trim for the incumbency of his son, he swept away screen and benches and reseated the entire church with deal pews, painted drab, and all with doors. The linings of the family and the parsonage pews, the altar-cloth, the pulpit hangings were of blue fringed with yellow—the family colours, and even the carved bosses of the wagon roof were painted blue and yellow. There being no vestry, the surplice was hung over the altar rails, and my uncle robed there. No cassock was worn, only a very full surplice with high collar upstanding and reaching above the ears. On "Sacrament Sunday," since 1834 monthly, a black bottle with chalice and paten stood in the midst on the Lord's Table, covered by a piece of white linen. There was a gallery at the west end, with a barrel-organ in it, that played

a limited number of tunes. The clerk would give out a psalm, and then successively two lines of the psalm, which thereupon the people sang. As there were few in the congregation who could read, this was necessary.

A certain number of the clergy were more like petty squires than priests. Thackeray's portrait of the Rev. Bute Crawley is not in the least overdrawn. I have known several of this breed. One was master of the Harriers, dressed like a jockey, wore a check belcher, was credited with a rough tongue—but I myself never heard him send forth a volley of oaths. I have seen him capering like a frog at a county ball, and getting unduly exhilarated with champagne at the supper. Sydney Smith thus summed up the first charge of Blomfield, Bishop of Chester, in 1825.

> Hunt not, fish not, shoot not,
> Dance not, fiddle not, flute not.
> But before all things it is my particular desire,
> That once at least in every week you take
> Your dinner with the Squire.

There was one advantage in the parsons' hunting and dining out, and that was that they did exercise some sort of check on foul and blasphemous language. But as to their having any spiritual influence in their parishes—there was none of that. As a rule they were good men, lived moral lives, drank somewhat heavily, fulfilled their duties in church as they understood them, and in visiting the sick—and that was all.

I will quote here a South Devon song—only three stanzas from it—to show that a kindly feeling existed towards the hunting parson among his parishioners ; and for the sake of the general reader I will somewhat modify the dialect.

> Passon Endacott, down to Thorn,
> Gudliest chap as iver was born :
> Preaches Zundays, an' rides the rest,
> Does his ridin' by far the best !
> Passon Endacott, down to Thorn,
> Rides straight, lives straight, fresh as the corn,
> Gudly chap as you iver did see
> Fourteen stun', and he's six foot three.
>
> He follows the hounds, he does, he does,
> Over the hedges and through the fuzz ;
> He hates but two things, only two—
> Barb'd wire fence, and a zarman new.

Passon Endacott preaches short,
Ten-minute zarman's just his zort,
He jig-jogs round the covert like,
And longs to hear the old clock strike ;
But, bless you, we don't mind at all,
Us reads the 'scriptions on the wall ;
There bain't no soul as do not pray
For Passon Endacott down Thorn way.
He follows the hounds, he does, he does,
Over the hedges and through the fuzz ;
There's two things welcome down to Thorn—
A chap in need, an' a huntin' horn.

Passon Endacott's good to know,
Red-brick face and a head of snow ;
'Elps us all with zum good advice,
Tho' they say that he bain't too wise.
But us do know him well, surely,
The biggest heart beneath the sky ;
An' when Death calls, an' we'm to pay,
Best to have gone old Passon's way.
He follows the hounds, he does, he does,
Over the hedges and through the fuzz ;
He missed but one thing all his life—
'Adn't the sense for to get a wife.

As to the ordinary country parson, his sermons were sadly uninteresting, and in no way appealed to the feelings or the imagination of his hearers. I shall have more to say about them in another chapter. Here I will only quote some lines on a Lincolnshire parish priest, written about 1850 :

Unhappy pastor of the fens,
Who Lincolnshire's dull peasants pens,
Worse than Bœotian is thy fate,
A soul-and-body-damping state.
Damp is the meadow's wide expanse,
Damp is the garden, damp the manse,
Damp are the church, the walls, the books,
And damp the congregation's looks ;
Damp too the surplice, sooth to say,
On solemn Confirmation day.
Yet sometimes thou the horrid thrall may'st fly :
Thy sermons, friend, they only will be dry.

The bishops, especially such as had been nominated by Lords Shaftesbury and Palmerston, had very little, if they had any, sense of humour.

I remember the case of the consecration of a church in the North, where a procession was formed of the choir and clergy

in surplices, closing with the bishop, all but the last singing the *Urbs Beata*. Rain began to fall, whereupon Dr. Proudie spread his gingham umbrella, beckoned to his wife to hook on to his arm, and the two trotted behind the chanting choir—and to the old Gregorian melody too !—into church, Darby and Joan, under the wide-spreading parapluie. Mrs. Proudie had that day put on for the first time a shot silk gown—*that* at all costs must not be wetted.

A somewhat similar case came under my notice at Lindhurst in Sussex, where the Bishop of Chichester was to hold a confirmation. A procession was formed. First went the banner, followed by the choir, then the catechumens, next surpliced curates, after them the incumbent, and finally the Bishop and Mrs. Gilbert in a cab slowly proceeding as the procession wound its way singing a psalm. The cabby let down the steps between the verses, and the Bishop gracefully handed out his wife at the *Gloria*. The curious thing in this case was that the Bishop was a man of great personal dignity, but—they had no notion how to do things in those days. They know better now.

At Hurstpierpoint, till the present stately chapel was built, service was performed in the undercroft of the hall ; and for a chancel a small brick apse had been thrown out to contain the altar and form the sanctuary. On a certain occasion three bishops were at Hurst, and were accommodated in the sacrarium. By an unfortunate oversight no kneeling desks had been provided for them ; accordingly at the prayers they revolved on their heels, went down on their knees and plunged their faces in the cushions of their chairs, thereby presenting to the school and congregation a sight of three white and black globular masses, one rising above the other. No heads and upper portions of the body were visible, only these rotundities in white lawn and black satin.

If Bishop Bickersteth of Exeter had possessed the smallest grain of humour, it would have saved him from giving the archdeaconry of Totnes to the late Vicar of S. Andrews', Plymouth, as a wedding present, when the aged gentleman married a second wife. Nor can Bishop Baring have had a spark of it in him, or he would not have attempted to introduce Mrs. Baring into the throne, to sit beside him. Only the remonstrance of the Dean made him abandon the introduction.

The clergy were in many cases quite as ignorant of " how to do things " as were the bishops, and processions were a comical

sight in those days. Some wore short surplices and a great deal of stalking leg showing below. But it was especially in the headgear that they varied most. Certain old fellows wore "chimneypot" hats, some college "mortarboards," some clerical "wideawakes," and a few birettas; some were in white socks and shoes, others in boots with elastic sides. Moreover, in processions it was quite impossible to make the old-fashioned parsons refrain from talking to one another. Whilst the choir was thundering forth "O how amiable are thy dwellings, Thou Lord of hosts; my soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord"—one heard behind one in low tones: "How is Mrs. Good?" "Middling, thanks. You know she's had an attack of shingles." "Very unpleasant. I had them once—but they are not dangerous." "Not so long as they do not meet round the body"—and then the choir: "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house; they will be always praising Thee."

Bishops and clergy alike persisted in going up to the north end of the Holy Table, like Chevy Slyme in Martin Chuzzlewit, "always round the corner, sir!" It was quite usual to see two dignitaries, or a rector and curate, hobnobbing to each other from opposite sides of the altar. But the most ludicrous effect was produced when these two were bishops. I saw the late Bishop of S. Albans (Claughton) and his suffragan of Colchester at a visitation. Each was at an end, and each had been provided with high stool or hassock, so they both projected forward leaning their elbows on the *mensa*, and as their arms were encased in balloon sleeves, the effect was most grotesque, as though four gigantic puffballs had been placed on the altar. Bishops nowadays have somewhat reduced the exuberance of their sleeves, but I doubt if they have a full idea of the comical appearance they present viewed from behind, in "magpie."

CHAPTER VI

THE CHURCH IN TOWNS

HITHERTO I have spoken of villages and country parishes. Something must now be said about the Church in towns. The squalor that prevailed in village churches did not exist in such as were in towns, for there the pews were appropriated and let, and it was to the interest of the parson to see that the sacred building was kept clean and well warmed ; and that pulpit and reading-desk, if not the altar, should be of handsome material and be well cushioned. The pews were often let by auction. The congregation was one of listeners, not of worshippers. Occasionally a lady knelt. The men sat cross-legged. On entering the pew, a gentleman would cover his face by peering into his hat, he standing. "Mother," said I when a child, "why does my dad smell his hat when he comes into church ?" "Hush, my dear! he is addressing his Maker." "But, mamma, it is the maker of the hat whose name is in the crown."

In the year 1824 a million was granted by Parliament for the building of churches ; and churches were erected at a wasteful expenditure. They were invariably hideous erections: All Souls', Langham Place, by Nash ; S. Pancras, with its caryatides, copied from the Erechtheum at Athens. Some were in pseudo-Gothic style—gaunt halls, lighted by meagre imitation Perpendicular windows, without internal arcades. Mr. F. E. Paget in one of his novels struck a blow at these churches designed by Mr. Compo that entirely discredited them. They were without chancels, but furnished with an alcove in which stood a table draped in crimson velvet, with a chair and a kneeling-stool at each end.

The pews were all appropriated, except a few bare benches at the end for the poor. A stranger entering a church looked about till he caught the eye of the pew-opener, who found for

him a seat in one of the deal boxes, and received a sixpence or shilling as a gratuity for so doing. A condition of the hand in which the fingers were permanently flexed, though not quite closed, was known as "pew-opener's rheumatism."

There were in London, in addition to the parish churches, numerous licensed proprietary chapels, unconsecrated for the most part, started for popular preachers, and run as money speculations—such as that of Charles Honeyman, described by Thackeray, concerning which more presently.

There was occasionally a tumbler of water placed on the pulpit ledge, to enable the orator to refresh himself when getting hoarse. Deaf persons were provided with tubes connected with a voice-receiver beside the pulpit cushion, so as to enable them to hear distinctly. I remember a case in which an old lady who was hard of hearing held the end of this apparatus to her ear. The preacher accidentally upset the tumbler with all its contents into the receiver, with the result that a *jet d'eau* played into the ear and over the face of the lady.

McNeile was credited with having a contrivance in his pulpit at S. Paul's, Liverpool, for sitting upon or against, so adjusted with springs and cranks as to enable him when preaching to fling himself forward and from side to side without effort. But I never saw that.

One of the most startling results of the importance attached to the sermon in the minds of Church-people was the arrangement in a Northern church of a movable platform within the pulpit, which could be regulated to accommodate the proportions of any preacher by means of a mechanical contrivance worked by the clerk at the foot of the stairs. This functionary, after he had raised the preacher to what he decreed was the proper height, was wont to walk into the body of the church and take an observation as to how high or how low the preacher stood as regarded the cushion, and he could always rectify any fault in his previous judgment by turning a handle at the base of the pulpit, so as to raise or depress the platform on which stood the minister in black. The late Archbishop Longley was wont to say that his gravity was never so nearly upset in church as when, on one of these occasions, the clerk looked up and said, "I think you'll do now, sir." Nor must the Commandments be forgotten, inscribed above the Lord's Table. As to the windows, cut in half by the galleries, they sometimes contained coloured glass in the traceries, of the most glaring

and offensive crudeness ; and below, to prevent the congregation from looking out at what was passing in the street, or catching a glimpse of blue sky and flying, fleecy clouds, the white glass was ground.

The pews were so ranged as to command the pulpit ; where, as was sometimes the case, the pulpit and reading-desk were half-way down the church, all occupants of the pews to the East sat with their backs to the altar.

A very good idea of what the arrangements were in London churches in the Early Victorian period may be gained by looking at Hogarth's pictures of the Industrious Apprentice at Church, and of Religious Fanaticism. There was nothing altered.

I remember when a small boy in London going on Sundays to—I think it was S. Mary-le-Strand. There were ranges of galleries there one above another, divided off as boxes in a theatre. During the sermon I was wont to look up at these, and imagine them to be cages in a menagerie, and while away the tedious hour by fancying them occupied by tigers, apes, and laughing hyenas. Usually in front of the west gallery, that contained the organ and the singers, was a board on which were inscribed the names of the churchwardens when the interiors of these churches were renovated.

David Copperfield's experiences in church were much the same as mine : " Here is our pew in the church. What a high-backed pew ! With a window near it, out of which our house can be seen, and is seen many times during the morning's service, by Peggotty, who likes to make herself as sure as she can that it's not being robbed, or is not in flames. But though Peggotty's eye wanders, she is much offended if mine does, and frowns to me, as I stand upon the seat, that I am to look at the clergyman. But I can't always look at him—I know him without that white thing on, and I am afraid of his wondering why I stare so, and perhaps stopping the service to inquire—and what am I to do ? It's a dreadful thing to gape, but I must do something. I look at a boy in the aisle, and he makes faces at me. . . . I look up at the monumental tablets on the wall, and try to think of Mr. Bodgers, late of this parish, and what the feelings of Mrs. Bodgers must have been, when affliction sore, long time Mr. Bodgers bore, and physicians were in vain. I wonder whether they called in Mr. Chillip, and he was in vain ; and if so, how he likes to be reminded of it once a week. I look from Mr. Chillip, in his

Sunday neckcloth, to the pulpit; and think what a good place it would be to play in, and what a castle it would make, with another boy coming up the stairs to attack it, and having the velvet cushion with the tassels thrown down on his head. In time my eyes gradually shut up; and from seeming to hear the clergyman singing a drowsy song in the heat, I hear nothing, until I fall off the seat with a crash, and am taken out, more dead than alive, by Peggotty."

Dr. Stoughton has given a graphic account of the proprietary chapels built in London during the latter half of the eighteenth century. "Their architectural appearance did not invite strangers to enter, and the interior, if not a hindrance, certainly was no help to devotion. Built with plain brick walls, shapeless windows, ugly roofs and tasteless entrances, they presented inside deep galleries, tall pews, and a wide aisle in the middle, blocked up by rows of uncomfortable benches for the poor. There stood a pulpit with a huge sounding-board, just in front of the Communion-table, hiding the Lord's Prayer, the Belief and the Ten Commandments. It rose pagoda-like in distinct stories—three desks, one for the clerk, one for the reader, and one for the preacher. Immense brass chandeliers studded with candles hung down from the ceiling, and the upholstery of the place was most abundant. The preacher leaned over a superb cushion, under which were violet hangings, fringed with gold and the letters I.H.S. The hearers sat in green-lined boxes, on well-stuffed seats, with a vast apparatus of hassocks. Select corners were separated from other parts by heavy curtains, where the privileged could worship unobserved. These chapels in fashionable quarters were frequented by the rich and the respectable. Carriages, with stylishly-dressed ladies and gentlemen, attended by servants in livery, swept up proudly to the door; and people attracted by a popular preacher, but not entitled to sittings in the edifice, had to fee a beadle or a female pew-opener."[1]

The following curious account of London churches occurs in a book published in Leipzig in 1834, entitled *Bilder aus London*, giving pictures of London life at that time, by Otto von Rosenberg, illustrated by his own pencil. I extract the chapter on Religion along with his notes:

"The rage, now prevalent in England, to attend church as often as possible during the day, in order to obtain the appear-

[1] Stoughton (J.), *Religion in England under Queen Anne and the Georges*, ii. 103. London, 1878.

ance and the reputation of a God-fearing man, has now reached its highest point.[1]

"Formerly it was considered sufficient to attend divine service on Sunday morning and afternoon, but now as well there are prayer-meetings almost daily during the week, that last from three to four hours. These ecclesiastical assemblies serve rather the purpose of inaugurating intrigues, of showing off new dresses; and I may remark in parenthesis, that the vanity of English gentlemen far surpasses that of the French. If one enters a gentleman's dressing-room when he is preparing to go to church, one sees pomatum, oils, scents, curling-papers, whisker-brushes —in a word, everything that can make a man effeminate. How little such a *petit-maître* get-up suits an Englishman, whose characteristics gleam out through his borrowed French get-up, is indescribable.

"In England every one preaches. The shoemaker casts aside his last, stands like John the Baptist in the open under a tree and preaches; his apprentice serves as his precentor. Hundreds of folk assemble to hear this marvel, and hundreds take a delight in this nonsense. Quite considerable sums are collected, as free-will offerings, so as to build him a chapel. The honourable cobbler is now installed as preacher, and prays as long and as loud as he chooses.

"When business fails, a fellow becomes a sectarian, and drives a roaring business, for it is easy enough to find an audience of pious or stupid persons. In Lostwithiel in Cornwall recently a dyer named Pleymer was brought up before the court. He had received a call, he protested, to labour for the salvation of men's souls and to preach of heavenly joys on earth, and for this he abandoned his shop, his wife and children. He spoke most unctuously in his meetings, as also before the jury; and his words were listened to with admiration by his adherents, but by unprejudiced persons were considered to be partly stupid stuff and partly impudence. As, however, witnesses established that he had seduced eight girls and married women, and by all sorts of roguery had extorted money from them, he was pronounced 'Guilty' and was sentenced to seek the salvation of his soul and community of joys in a convict settlement.

"Half an hour before the beginning of divine service, the

[1] "I have known many highly educated families that regard it as a sin to speak on a Sunday on anything but religious matters. And on this day the Bible was never out of their hands."

poor children are assembled, who are brought up in an establishment for the purpose in every parish, where they are also clothed. In these are often as many as forty or fifty girls and as many boys; and these strut from the schoolhouse two and two, with the beadle at their head, and attended by their teachers, male and female. In the church they are separated to join the choirs and sing the psalms during the service and after the sermon. The noblest lady could not be neater nor more cleanly dressed than are these girls. They wear a simple white cap, some tied with blue, others with red ribbons; the cap covers only a portion of their hair cut short across the brow. The frock is coloured according to the portion of the town to which they pertain—a brown, blue, green material, short in the sleeve, with white cuffs a hand's-breadth turned back. The throat is enclosed within a snow-white kerchief, as clean as are the white aprons. Every child has on the arm a number which is engraved on an oval tin scutcheon of the size of a dollar. The girl who has distinguished herself by her good conduct and intelligence acts as a sort of monitress over a certain number of her companions, and has, hung about her throat, a silver medal. The boys carry their numbers, after the fashion of lower Prussian officials, on their chests. The dress of these boys is ridiculous in the extreme. A cap of coarse wool, with a badge of orange, the tails of which flutter in the wind, hardly covers the top of the head. A linen string to which clerical bands are attached is fastened round the throat. The coat, which is coloured according to the district, has the shape of a short great-coat, from which a piece in the form of a skittle has been cut away below. Yellow leather, tight-fitting, short knee-breeches with buckles, do not help to make these youths more presentable. In order to complete their old-fashioned costumes, they wear blue or black woollen stockings and buckled shoes.

"On the way to church each boy is required to have his hands turned behind his back and to carry his psalm-book under his arm, and march in profound gravity. The girls carry their hands folded below the breast, also with the prayer-book under their arms. In summer, when it does not rain, or when the sun is over-hot, they carry their round straw hats hung over the arm. In rainy weather they have grey cloaks provided with hoods, that reach below the knee.

"The church officials wear a very remarkable costume. The three-cornered hat is decorated with a broad gold edging.

The cloak, which hangs like a sack over their shoulders, has a collar richly adorned, as also the sleeves, with gold lace. In their hands they carry a long round rod, with the tower of the church to which they pertain surmounting it in silver. Every church has two such functionaries, who stand at the entrance, who conduct the preacher from the sacristy to the pulpit and back again, and open the pews to the privileged persons of the parish.

" The interior of an English church is very simple and pleasing. In some the pulpit stands in the middle and has connected with it two subsidiary structures, of which one is much lower than the other. The loftiest of all is reserved for the preacher; the second, which is from two to three feet lower, for the clergyman who reads the proper lessons from the Old and New Testament, appointed for the Sunday. The third is for the clerk, who has to pronounce the *Amen* that concludes every prayer and to give out the psalms that have been selected by the clergyman to be sung.

" Most pulpits are of massive mahogany. One great misfortune about this arrangement is that, when erected in the middle of God's House, it shuts off the great majority of the congregation either wholly or partially from the altar; and in large churches they cannot hear, for the great pulpit standing before the altar throws back the sound, when the officiant is there, before it can reach the congregation.

" The famous Scotchman Irving came, like so many others, to London, to make money, and arrived without shoes or stockings. By giving lessons he succeeded in a short time in earning enough to hire a roomy building, which he called the Scottish Meeting-house, and there he began to give his religious meditations. Presently he obtained so great a renown as a famous preacher, that people stood by hundreds before the door, if only to see him. Then, under the plea of serving for a charity, he charged a shilling for admission,[1] nevertheless his meeting-house was packed from top to bottom. Then the Scottish community contributed huge sums to erect a Scottish church in the Gothic style, and this was completed some four or five years ago. Here Irving carried on night and day, and thundered his prophecies, of which only one has clung to my memory:

[1] " In the Foundling Hospital every one who attends service, where the singing is good, and which, oddly enough, is led by actors and actresses —pays a shilling entrance-fee."

IRVING PREACHING

'The world will not perish by fire, but by water. In this general flood England alone, God-fearing enlightened land that it is, will remain intact, and will see the revival of the days of Eden.'

"As to Irving's personal appearance, he is well formed, very tall and strong, carries thick black hair that hangs down to his shoulders, and he squints badly with his left eye. In bad or cold weather he wears a long black mantle, dresses in black knee-breeches and silk stockings of the same colour. I never saw an ecclesiastic who looked more like a bandit. As the expression of the above-mentioned left eye is positively diabolical, all the pews on the right side of the preacher are paid for at a higher rate than on the left.

"Whilst the introductory prayer is being put up, and which at times lasts longer than an hour, the doorkeepers are forbidden to admit the late comers, who are often to be reckoned by hundreds, and have to wait in the vestibule. Only when the *Amen* has been uttered are the doors opened, and the tramp of the incoming crowd is like the roar of Niagara.

"Several times he has rebuked late arrivals with vehemence, exclaiming, 'Why do you come so late?' Whereupon one replied, 'What is that to you, Sir?' Moreover he gesticulates, in my opinion, too greatly, and his hands, often stretched to heaven above his head, touch the sounding-board; and his gigantic size has in it something strange and terrifying."

Irving was the inventor of the sect that absurdly arrogated to itself the title of the Catholic-Apostolic Church. It possesses about eighty conventicles in England, and originated in the unintelligible jabberings of some hysterical women, that were supposed to have the gift of tongues. There was about this period a general craving after prophetic utterances or after interpretations of the Apocalypse. One who ministered to this craving and made money out of it was Dr. Cumming. On one occasion he announced the immediate approach of the great tribulation of the Last Day. It came out that he had not failed at the same time to order in a supply of coals sufficient for six months. Alfred Ainger wrote of him:

> Dr. Cumming, the eminent low-church divine,
> Who is putting us up to a proximate sign,
> Now tells us, without any ha'ing and hum'ing,
> What a final and grievous affliction is *coming*.

There were at the time a certain number of clerical adventurers of the type of Charles Honeyman, who performed in proprietary

chapels; men ready to have florid services and gush in the pulpit, either high—as high was considered in their days, or else low, just as paid best. They wore—it was the correct thing—lavender kid gloves in the pulpit. One of them was Higgins, who changed his name to Montague Bellew; he read the Commandments so effectively as to bring tears into the eyes.

Thackeray's account of Charles Honeyman applied to this set. "Charles Honeyman's chapel was above Sherrick's wine vaults, and Sherrick ran the chapel as he ran certain theatres; and Honeyman did his best for his employer by recommending his wines."

Here is the Rev. Charles in his chapel: "An odour of millefleurs rustled by them as Charles Honeyman, accompanied by his ecclesiastical valet, passed the pew from the vestry, and took his place at the desk. Formerly he used to wear a flaunting scarf over his surplice, which was very wide and full; and Clive remembered how his uncle used to puff out the scarf and the sleeves of his vestment, arrange the natty curl on his forehead, and take his place, a fine example of florid church decoration. Now the scarf was trimmed down to be as narrow as your neckcloth, and hung loose and straight. The ephod was cut straight and as close and short as might be—I believe there was a little trimming of lace to the narrow sleeves, and a slight arabesque of tape round the edge of the surplice. As for the curl on the forehead, it was no more visible than the Maypole in the Strand. Honeyman's hair was parted down the middle, short in front, and curling delicately round his ears and the back of his head. He read the service in a swift manner, and with a gentle twang. In the sermon, Charles dropped the twang with the surplice, and the priest gave way to the preacher."

The portrait is not overdrawn. There were these clerical cockscombs in the first half of the Victorian period—Thackeray struck them a stunning blow in his description of Charles Honeyman. But these men did not belong to the sincere Church party, or to that of the earnest Evangelicals. They were mountebanks posturing as ministers of the Gospel, and the proprietary chapels were their booths and stages. Now this type of man has disappeared. There may still be, and there are, clerical fops, and eloquent preachers of vapid sentiment, but they know that men and women with common sense despise them. If a man is an ass, he disguises his ears, and pretends to abhor thistles.

The dress of the clergy in the eighteenth century had become gradually more and more secular ; at last it consisted in black pantaloons and frock-coat, a white tie and collars standing up on each side of the chin—blinkers they were termed. But Newman wore a long-tailed evening dress coat, and this generally became the badge of the High-Church clergy. I saw Keble thus accoutred a few years before his death, and it must be admitted that the clergy looked very much like waiters. The white neck-cloth is still clung to assiduously by schoolmasters and Broad Churchmen.

Although fine feathers do not make fine birds, the plumage differentiates the kinds. Moreover, most birds have their winter as well as their summer dress. On the Continent the rustic can always be distinguished from the townsman by his costume. In Germany the *Bauer* has abandoned knee-breeches and worsted stockings, but remains recognizable by his silver buttons and the peculiar cut of his garments. The French *paysan* entertains no thought of abandoning his serviceable blouse. Indeed, the labour members of the National Assembly are proud to appear in that distinguishing garment. Servant-maids with us still wear black with white aprons and caps, and in this simple livery are far more attractive than in their Sunday war-paint, when they try to look like ladies and fail in the attempt. Our officers at one time habitually wore uniform, now they entertain no greater desire than to appear in mufti. It is hard to expect Tommy Atkins to salute his superior officer habited in cricketing flannels as gravely and respectfully as when he blazes in full regimentals. In France and Germany officers as well as privates only get out of their uniform to get into bed.

It is remarkable that among the clergy there should have been such a fluctuation in clerical dress. Before the decline already mentioned, every priest wore a short cassock. Now this is confined to the bishops. With the rise of Tractarianism came in long Noah's Ark coats and the black—vulgarly called " M.B." (mark of the Beast)—waistcoat, the discarding of ties and the wearing of a stiff, circular, so-called " Jam-pot " clerical collar. In the matter of cassocks the High-Church clergy copied those worn in France, buttoned down in front, whereas the Evangelicals adhered to what was flippantly termed " Nursing cassocks," with one button at the shoulder. But the clergy who belonged to neither party wore none at all, and as the surplices were short, there was a great display of leg below. The type of

cassock affected by the Low-Church clergy is, oddly enough, that of the Jesuits. Of recent years the clergy, like peafowl, have been shedding their tails. They are to be seen in very short coats exposing the seats of their trousers. But this is largely due to the use of the bicycle. On the other hand Dissenting ministers have adopted the discarded clerical coats of the Puseyite parson. Among them is to be seen stricter clerical costume than among the clergy. They have learned that dress goes a long way towards inspiring respect. A countryman will doff his cap to a curate clerically attired who will pass a crop-tailed rector with a lateral jerk of the chin.

Bishop Ellicott once had up an incumbent in his diocese to rebuke him for wearing a short surplice. "Well, my Lord," he replied, "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long—and I may say the same with regard to my surplice."

Our modern clergy may make the same excuse as was made for the short surplice when they wear their coats cut short at the termination of the spine.

David's servants were thought to be very scandalously treated when Hanun cut their garments to the shortness now adopted by our clergy (2 Sam. x. 4). They resemble the three blind mice of the round.

It may be absurd in me, but I respect an Anglican bishop in knee-breeches and apron more than I do one from America in baggy trousers. A beautiful young huntress was the admiration of the field in her bottle-green tailor-made habit and velvet cap. Her horse took a hedge of thorns and fell on the farther side. The gentlemen were dismounted and on the spot at once, but could see nothing of the lady. The only objects visible were a skirt fluttering in the hedge, and a jackanapes of a boy in green jacket and corduroys, to whom they administered a kick, and an injunction as a "confounded little nipper" to get out of the way while they explored the ditch for the missing beauty. A lovely girl in habit is one thing—without her skirt she is naught.

A book has on its cover a title suitable to its contents. Why should a treatise on Pastoral Theology be labelled *Roderick Random*, or one upon "The Whole Duty of Man" have on the back *Sports and Pastimes of the English*?

There are conditions of life, says Dickens in *Oliver Twist*, that acquire a peculiar value and dignity from the coats and waistcoats connected with them. "A Field-Marshal has his uniform;

a Bishop his silk apron ; a councillor his silk gown ; a beadle his hat and lace. What are they ? Men—mere men. Dignity, and even holiness too, sometimes are more questions of coat and waistcoat than some people imagine." A difficulty is felt in dealing with the insane to prevent them from tearing off their clothes, and although it would be going too far to consider it madness in the clergy when they divest themselves of their uniform, it is indicative of indiscretion. A priest should bear the cognizance of a priest, never knowing when he may be needed. Sterne in *Tristram Shandy* declares that the outer and the inner man are so much of a piece, that if you ruffle the one you rumple up the other. So much of a piece are they that we cannot but suspect that the secularizing of the exterior of a priest indicates a corresponding secularization within.

It was presumably due to the mediocrities who entered Orders, at one time that the Church was supplied with feeblings as candidates for Orders. Formerly it was supposed that there had been a Pope Joan. At the period referred to, an idea must have got abroad that a number of Betsy Janes had surreptitiously entered the ministry; for to insist on their masculine character the feeblest curates took to growing moustaches, then peculiar to the military. The he-goats complained to Jupiter that the Nannies had been accorded beards. " Suffer them," replied the god, " to enjoy their empty honours, so long as yours is the virility." This certainly applied at one time, not so much now: poor effeminate, languid creatures, without force, without intellects could only show the public that they were not females in cassocks by a scrubby growth on the upper lip.

The sermons of the period were for the most part deplorably uninteresting. There was no manner of doctrinal teaching, no building up in the Faith, except among the High-Church clergy. The vast bulk of those who occupied the pulpits were mildly orthodox, but they taught nothing ; they contented themselves with moral exhortations, and pressed on their hearers lessons these latter were perfectly able to draw for themselves, and truths they had never doubted. They greatly affected taking as their text a passage from the first lesson for the Sunday, and we had to endure every year the same platitudes on " Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel ? " or " Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments," etc. ? ; or Jehoiakim cutting the roll with his penknife and throwing it into the fire ; or Samuel's lecture

to Saul, "To obey is better than sacrifice"; or a laboured apology for that infamous act of treachery by Jael the wife of Heber; or from the New Testament, Felix trembling.

It so fell out that I had heard a sermon on Felix trembling at Brighton; next Sunday I had Felix trembling again in London. For the following Sunday I was staying with my maternal uncle, then curate in North Devon, and I said to him, "For pity's sake do not let us have Felix trembling on Sunday morning." I had forgotten all about this, when a few years later I was in Exeter and went to S. David's Church. To my surprise I saw coming up the nave, to be escorted to the pulpit, my uncle in cassock and gown. As he passed my pew he caught my eye and gave a little start. He afforded us a very good sermon on Blind Bartimæus. After the service I went to him in the vestry, whereupon he caught me by the arm and said: "You rascal, you might have seriously confused me. I was going to preach on Felix, whom I had trembling in my pocket, but on seeing you I recalled what you said three years ago. Happily I had Blind Bartimæus in the other pocket, and Felix must remain till a more convenient season."

Whoever now looks into and thinks of using the sermons printed during the period from 1800 to 1870?

When a widow leaves a parsonage she often gives the tub containing the old written sermons of her husband to his successor; faithful, loyal soul, thinking that his old parishioners would relish the same that they had heard before so often. I do not suppose that they would have recognized any of them, because none would contain anything calculated to lodge in their minds.

When I was in Essex, I purposely read on Sunday morning a sermon by one who became a bishop; it was from one of a series of his discourses supposed to be very plain and very profitable. On a certain Sunday by mistake I preached the same sermon I had employed the Sunday before, and did not recognize it till I came to the end, and found my pencil note signifying the date on which it had been preached. I was distressed and spoke about it to several of my congregation. *Not one had noticed the fact.* My reason for using this collection was that I deemed it advisable that the congregation should have the thoughts of some other preacher than myself. I used those sermons—I think they were in three series—for three years, and then threw them into the fire. I can remember the subject of one only of them—and that was a prose version and moralizing of some poem;

for it was the only one of those 150 sermons that contained an idea—and that was borrowed.

A certain old-fashioned parson had just about fifty-two sermons written and kept in a drawer, one for each Sunday in the year, and during an incumbency of over twenty years annually preached the same sermons. In one of them was an allusion to a fox, and the fox was ever expected to put in its appearance on its proper Sunday. But on a particular occasion the parson thought to disguise the identity of his sermon with that of previous years by employing the term "a crafty quadruped" in place of the name of the beast. As he and the congregation were leaving the church, the old warden came up to him and said, "Eh, but Mr. William, where be the fox hiding to now?"

At Pau in the Pyrenees, at the English chapel, the chaplain always gave the identical sequence of discourses. In one occurred something about a white bird. We had been at Pau for the winter of 1847 and returned to England in the spring of 1848. In the autumn of 1849 we went to Pau again. I betted with my brother that we should have the "white bird" again, and the bet was for five francs. Sure enough, on the special Sunday the "white bird" again fluttered. "Stump up," said I, nudging my brother: "I have won the bet."

Then there ensued a change in the character of the discourses. Some preachers sought to engage the attention of the audience by introduction of anecdotes. Now I have heard some of these anecdotal preachers, and they have so stuffed their sermons with stories that one has come away forgetting what they were intended to emphasize. One anecdote is quite enough.

Sermons are nowadays not quite so colourless as of old. Still, more teaching is needed, and less of commonplace moralizing. They are too long in the morning. When Mr. Weller objected to his son's love-letter to Mary as "rayther short," "Not a bit of it," answered Sam. "She'll wish there was more, and that's the great art o' letter-writing." It is equally so of preaching. Does it ever occur to English clergy that one main reason why so few men attend church at eleven o'clock on Sunday is that they do not wish to hear a sermon? They have not been educated, like the Roman Catholics, to attend an early Eucharist, and then to have the rest of the day for motoring along the roads or sculling on the river; and accordingly they "cut" church altogether. The Evensong is at a time when they are dressing for

dinner, and therefore they cannot go to that. During the week they have had exhausting mental work, and their strained nerves need relaxation. The entire morning is broken into by a lengthy service, compounded of Matins, Litany, Ante-Communion and a sermon. Moreover in winter the days are short and the best part of the day is the morning. The Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath ; and that applies to the Christian Lord's Day as well as to the Jewish day of rest. If those who would go motoring on the Sunday would but remember that Worship of God is a Christian duty they are bound to discharge, and go, not necessarily to communicate, to the early celebration of the Eucharist—then they are free.

But to return to the sermon. We live in an age of condensation. Sixty years ago, when our insides needed rectifying, senna-tea was administered in cupfuls, black draughts in a tumbler, castor-oil was shot down our throats from a table-spoon. Now we swallow pillules coated with gold leaf or collodion. Sixty years ago letters occupied four sides of a sheet and were crossed and recrossed ; now half a dozen lines on a postcard suffice. Consider the verbosity of old novels. *Sir Charles Grandison* and *Clarissa Harlowe*, each in seven volumes, and each volume containing on an average 370 pages. What verbal padding is in Scott's novels! Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* is told in 520,000 words. Plays, once protracted through five acts, are now brought to three. A whole ox is reduced to a small pot of Bovril. A preacher should bear this in mind ; if he has anything worth saying, he can say it in ten minutes. In one of our cathedrals—it may have been customary in others and be so still in the same—the doors were locked during the sermon. Only by giving tokens of pressing necessity would the verger allow egress. Could a finer instance be given of the incapacity of the Canons to maintain the interest of a congregation ? Yet they did that, and were not ashamed. I was thus locked in one Sunday. Next day I saw a man in a farm-yard working a chaff-cutter. " Do the cattle like this dry stuff ? " I inquired. " Whether they like it or no, they have got to eat it. We have nothing else to give them."

A parson who had painfully prepared a sermon divided into several heads, one day in the pulpit forgot the order of his parts or missed a page or two. On returning to the vestry he said apologetically to the clerk : " I am afraid I lost some of my heads." " Sir, if you had only one you would not have lost that."

I have listened to preachers in the London suburbs, able preachers too, and listened eagerly, hoping to obtain some ideas to use myself; but in the first place the discourses were too long, and in the second there were too many themes—they jostled and ran down each other, like the ships of the Armada in Calais Harbour; and I came away without recollecting any. If there were ideas in the sermon they were too many—some good, some indifferent. Sometimes there are really none. On a *carte* in a French hotel was written in English: "The wines at this establishment are of such a quality as to leave Mr. Traveller absolutely nothing further to hope for," and of how many hundreds of sermons is not this the epitaph! The preacher should never forget the maxim, *Ne quid nimis*. A little boy taken to a Natural History Museum was shown a gigantic hippopotamus. The urchin managed to get his head inside the gaping jaws, and on withdrawing it exclaimed, "Lor, mother, there's nothing in it!" And the same may be said of the majority of the sermons we hear. I have listened to discourses very eloquent, with plenty of florid decoration, but containing no idea. Preachers should be careful not to be like the kettles hung on the oaks of Dodona, that clashed in the wind, and were listened to as delivering oracles, but emitted nothing save sound.

The late Mr. Knight Watson, who worshipped at S. Andrew's, Wells Street, and was a liberal contributor to the expenses of the church, was solicited one day by the churchwardens for a donation towards the re-flooring of the pews, as the joists were affected by dry-rot. "I know nothing about the floor," he said, "but I know there is plenty of dry-rot in the pulpit."[1]

If a preacher has something to say, he can surely say it in a quarter of an hour. What he has to say is all the better for condensation. Attention cannot be maintained for longer, unless the preacher has exceptional powers, and then all but the main theme is made up of oratorical froth.

A sermon must have a kernel, a single kernel, and the elocutional verbiage that is projected around serves only to obscure it. Many parochial clergy are obliged to preach twice a Sunday, and they do their very best, and their best is often poor stuff. In fact, a demand is made on them that is beyond their capacity. There be fifty-two Sundays in the year. Two sermons on the Lord's Day, others on Christmas Day, Ascension, and week-days in Lent and Good Friday make up about 115

[1] This found its way into *Punch*.

sermons in the year. More is exacted than the most able man could accomplish satisfactorily. They are driven to take a text, chew it, and administer it thus to their audience, as nurses feed babies.

Before the Christian era, Horace gave this lesson :

> Quicquid præcipis, esto brevis ; ut cito dicta
> Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.

CHAPTER VII

THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT

I DEAL very briefly with the first stage of the Church Revival, partly because, as stated in my Preface, this stage has been fully described by many writers, and treated of in several biographies ; also because I was a late arrival. The Tractarian movement began in 1833, I was not born till the ensuing year, and I did not go up to Cambridge till 1852, as pupil to the Rev. Harvey Goodwin, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, and did not become a member of the University till 1853 ; and the great débâcle was in 1845. Consequently I was not brought in contact with any of the Oxford leaders, and when I was at Cambridge there were none of the party in residence. The first, the Oxford chapter, had closed. There ensued a lull before the second came into notice. There are plants, such as the *Noli-me-tangere*, that, when their seed is matured, at a touch, perhaps only when swept by a burning sunbeam, explode, and the grains are scattered far and wide. It had been so at Oxford. The doctrines of the Church had ripened in Oriel. Now the productive process was at an end there, and the dispersion, the diffusion of the seeds over England, ensued. They took some time to germinate. " There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour ; " and then the deadly warfare must begin again between the woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars—and the red dragon : the Church and the World, the Church with Michael and his angels on her side, the world backed up by all the powers of evil, of Erastianism and Unbelief.

From what has been already said it will have been seen that every element of a Church Revival existed in the Anglican communion, but had not been called into activity and manifestation.

There were many thoughtful men who saw that there must come a change in the Church of England if she were not to be

torn down and laid in the dust. Whately even sketched forth his conception of a Church in 1826 as an organized community, founded by Christ Himself, and endowed by Him with spiritual powers, and whether in connection with the State or not, having its own moral standard, spirit and character. On the other hand, Dr. Arnold divided the world into Christians and non-Christians. A belief in Christ sufficed to admit a man, whether baptized or not, into the brotherhood—the Church. Each man might believe as much or as little as he pleased. As to the organization of the Church, that was in no case of Divine institution, and for the most part it had a mischievous tendency. To minister the Word was of Divine appointment, nothing else. Sacraments were signs of Divine love, but of no special importance, and any Christian might use them or not at his pleasure.

Such a Church would be tolerant of every sort of misbelief, but not of definite faith. In fact Arnold might be spoken of in this respect as was Vertumno by Bishop Ken :

> He t'all Religions opens the wide gate,
> Damns none but those who enter by the strait.

Dr. Arnold's view of the Church, though it might be that of the man of the world and the Statesman, who did not look deep into such matters, was not one to commend itself to earnest minds. It was the reduction of a highly articulated organization into something of a consistency much like sterilized frog-spawn ; which would inspire disgust, but not love. In Oxford and throughout the country in quiet parsonages men were to be found with very different conceptions of what the Church was. They held the view of Dr. Whately, but they wanted it to become not a view only, but a recognised fact to be acted upon. They could not look into their Prayer Books without seeing that the Church claimed to be something very different from what it was represented by Dr. Arnold, and was supposed to be by the men of pleasure and the ignorant. They could not fail to discern that the Church was not a mere State establishment ; but that it claimed an origin not short of the Apostles of Christ, that it claimed as well to speak with their authority, and that it was an organized society founded by Christ Himself.

And this feeling, widely spread, sought a voice through which to speak and proclaim what it believed. It could not speak through Convocation—that was muzzled. This was found in Newman, Keble and the other Tract writers. Like a fresh

breeze, the proclamation of these verities dissipated the vapours that had clouded so many brains; and men—lay and clerical alike—exclaimed: "This is what we have always believed, this is what we were taught in childhood; but it was never put so plainly before us that we could distinguish every outline."

The first to articulate with distinctness, in the nineteenth century, the claims of the English Church, was Dr. Charles Lloyd, who had been tutor to Sir Robert Peel, and was appointed Divinity Professor at Oxford. He selected as the subject of a course of Divinity Lectures the History and Structure of the Anglican Prayer Book, a subject which led him and his pupils after him to the examination of the missal and the breviary, and to the exhibition of the Book of Common Prayer as, in fact, a translation and adaptation of these sources.

To his lectures resorted John Henry Newman, Edward Pusey, and among the younger men R. Hurrell Froude, Robert and Isaac Wilberforce, and Edward Denison. Unquestionably it was the seed then sown that germinated later. Sir W. Palmer did but follow out the line indicated by Dr. Lloyd when he published his *Origines Liturgicæ*.[1] The fact of the origin of our Liturgy had been well known to the Caroline divines, and had been noted by Sparrow in his *Rationale*, but it had dropped into oblivion. Men's minds had been too much engrossed with the controversy against Deism to think of the structure and antecedents of the Liturgy. Dr. Lloyd was created Bishop of Oxford in 1827, but as he died in 1829 did not live to see the rooting and germination of his teaching.

"On 14th July, 1833," Cardinal Newman tells us in his *Apologia*, "Mr. Keble preached the assize sermon in the University pulpit. It was published under the title of *National Apostasy*. I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833." This notable sermon was the expression of alarm felt by a large body of Churchmen amid the triumphs of the Reform Bill, that the new Ministry was preparing to invade the rights and alter the Constitution of the Church, and interfere with the Prayer Book. It had suppressed ten Irish bishoprics, in defiance of Church opinion, and there was no calculating how far-going and how drastic would be the treatment of the Church in England. A meeting was held at the

[1] Palmer had actually begun the book before Dr. Lloyd opened his lectures. He laid it aside, but resumed the work after the death of Dr. Lloyd.

close of July in the parsonage of Mr. Hugh James Rose, consisting of four friends, and it was decided to produce a series of Tracts suitable for the times.

That little party assembled in Hadleigh Rectory comprised the host, Mr. Hugh James Rose, Mr. William Palmer, Mr. A. Percival, and Mr. R. Hurrell Froude.

The state of mind in which these friends met has been described by one of them, Mr. Palmer, in his *Narrative of Events*, published in 1843 and republished in 1883. "We felt ourselves assailed by enemies from without and foes within. Our prelates insulted and threatened by Ministers of State. In Ireland ten bishoprics suppressed. We were advised to feel thankful that a far more sweeping measure had not been adopted. What was to come next? Was the same principle of concession to popular clamour to be exemplified in the dismemberment of the English Church? We were overwhelmed with pamphlets on Church Reform. . . . Dr. Arnold of Rugby ventured to propose that all sects should be united by Act of Parliament with the Church of England. Reports, apparently well founded, were prevalent that some of the Prelates were favourable to alterations in the Liturgy. Pamphlets were in wide circulation recommending the abolition of the Creeds (at least in public worship), especially urging the expulsion of the Athanasian Creed; the removal of all mention of the Blessed Trinity; of the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration; of the practice of Absolution. We knew not to what quarter to look for support. A Prelacy threatened and apparently intimidated; a Government making its power subservient to agitators, who avowedly sought the destruction of the Church. . . . And, worst of all, no principle in the public mind to which we could appeal, an utter ignorance of all rational grounds of attachment to the Church; an oblivion of its spiritual character, as an institution, not of man but of God; the grossest Erastianism most widely prevalent, especially amongst all classes of politicians. There was in all this enough to appal the stoutest heart; and those who can recall the feeling of those days will at once remember the deep depression into which the Church had fallen, and the gloomy forebodings universally prevalent."

After the miserable struggles between Esau and Jacob in the womb of the Mother Church in the reign of Elizabeth, there had risen to the front a strong Church party, and the revival had been anti-Calvinistic. After the Rebellion, when Puritanism had enslaved the land, there was again a revival, that was anti-

Presbyterian. And now, after the long tyranny of Latitudinarianism and Erastianism, there must be an upheaval, and a revival of the spiritual claims of the Church. It was the special work of the Oxford Tractarians to bring into prominence and to justify the principle of the Church as the Kingdom of Christ upon Earth, and the Sacraments as the appointed channels of His Grace.

Something had to be done, and done at once. That was felt. The eyes of the clerical sleepers must be opened. The ignorance of the laity must be dispelled. The tide, if possible, must be turned. An opportunity—a golden opportunity—had offered, never likely again to recur, for the Bishops to obtain for the Church that freedom of speech and power of adjusting herself to changed conditions of life which she absolutely needed. The Reform Bill had totally altered the relations between the Church and the State. No guarantee whatever existed against the Ministry being deadly foes of the Church, Rationalists, Socinians, Roman Catholics, Jews, Dissenters; and in their hands would be the appointment to the highest offices in the Church, and the power to legislate for the Church. What the Bishops should have done was to demand, as the price of their votes for the Bill, that the Church should have accorded to her the same liberty that was enjoyed by the Dissenting communities. At the time the Government would willingly have granted so reasonable a demand. But instead of doing so, the Bishops took the very opposite course to that which they ought to have adopted. "Combien d'hommes de qui la médiocrité a été le véritable crime!" In the First Reform Bill of 1831, twenty-one Bishops voted against it; and when the Bill was carried in 1832, it was only by nine votes in the House of Lords, so that the prelates might have made what terms they liked. Instead of that, the course they took exasperated the Government, and roused the hostility of the people; worst of all, it induced the impression to become prevalent that the Dissenters were the friends of the liberties of the people, whereas the Church was opposed to them. In the exasperation of the populace, the Bishop's palace at Bristol was attacked by the mob and burnt down.

Nothing was to be hoped for from the prelates.[1] If the Church

[1] Ubi homo timidus erit in rebus dubiis, nauci non erit.

. . : . .

Quibus res timida aut turbida est,
Præsunt turbare usque, ut ne quid possit conquiescere.
PLAUT., *Mostell*, v. 1.

was to be saved it must be by the clergy, and the clergy were roused to the task by a little band of men at Oxford. No help whatever was to be expected from the Evangelicals. In all that concerned the Church as a body they were afflicted with ophthalmia. They fumbled with individual souls, to force their shibboleths upon them. That was all. If anything was to be done, it must be by men who stood above the *parterre*, men who could look back as well as look ahead. Such men were now to come to the front.

The first of the *Tracts for the Times* appeared on September 9, 1833, and was from the pen of John Henry Newman. He tells us himself on what principle he started: "I had a supreme confidence in our cause; we were upholding that primitive Christianity which was delivered for all time by the early teachers of the Church, and which was registered and attested in the Anglican formularies and by the Anglican divines. That ancient religion had well-nigh faded away out of the land, through the political changes of the last 150 years, and it must be restored. It would be in fact a second Reformation—a better Reformation—for it would be a return, not to the sixteenth century, but to the seventeenth. No time was to be lost, for the Whigs had come to do their worst and the rescue might come too late. Bishoprics were already in course of suppression; Church property was in course of confiscation; Sees would soon be receiving unsuitable occupants."[1]

The Oxford movement seemed about to carry all before it. Its success was phenomenal, but a check ensued due to want of discretion on the part of one of the writers. Isaac Williams, a man of saintly life and simple character, wrote the tract on "Reserve." Every sensible man sees that it is unwise to turn a bull's-eye light upon eyes that have been accustomed to twilight, to stuff with strong meats a convalescent who has hitherto subsisted on gruel. And Isaac Williams advocated reserve in the communication of Catholic doctrine. But he was misunderstood. It was supposed that these writers had a pack of Popish doctrines up their sleeves, to be leisurely produced as folk were prepared to receive them. Alarm and suspicion were generated.

Then appeared the famous Tract Ninety, from the pen of Newman, in the spring of 1841. Its purport was to show that the Thirty-nine Articles did not condemn authorised Roman doctrine, for they appeared before Roman doctrine had been finally pro-

[1] *Apologia pro Vita sua* (1876), p. 43.

mulgated by the Council of Trent. What they did condemn were popular exaggerations. Newman showed that the Articles were capable of a Catholic interpretation, and that they were inclusive rather than exclusive, worded with purposeful vagueness in order to comprehend those—and they were the majority of the nation—who clung to old usages and beliefs, as well as such as had been infected abroad with the new foreign beliefs. As I have said in a former chapter, the object of the compilers was to comprehend as many as possible within the National Church, to make it like the tree of Nebuchadnezzar's vision, extending her boughs throughout the land, sheltering in them the birds of the air and beneath them the beasts of the field.

Roman theologians had addressed themselves to the same task—Cassander, Francis à Santa Clara, and Dupin.[1]

The Articles were dated 1563, and the Papal Confirmation of the Tridentine Canons did not take place till January 26, 1564.

What is now known to every student of the Reformation in England was not known, or known but by a very few, then. The Articles were drawn up as a compromise between men who were quite willing to break with the Pope and get rid of gross and flagrant abuses, but were not willing to abandon the old theology, and on the other side, men imbued with Protestant prejudices, but yet not unlearned in the teaching of the Fathers. The Catholics were content to have the abuses denounced, so that the Catholic faith should remain intact; and the Protestants insisted on the introduction of articles capable of a Lutheran or a Calvinistic interpretation; and these Articles must be read and subscribed to nowadays in the light of a compromise of the sixteenth century that no longer affects our present tenets.

But the publication of Tract Ninety was, to say the least, injudicious, and Newman was not justified in issuing it till it had been approved by the other writers. As it was, only Keble and Williams saw it in proof.[2]

Newman next deliberately fomented the exasperation felt consequent on the appearance of the Tract, by publishing the *Remains of R. Hurrell Froude*, who in his letters had expressed admiration for the Roman Church, its ceremonies and its beliefs.

[1] Dupin wrote his *Commonitorium*, which was forwarded to Archbishop Wake in August 1718. It is an ingenious attempt to interpret the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England in a sense not repugnant to the doctrines and standards of the Church of Rome.

[2] Isaac Williams tried hard to dissuade Newman from publishing. *Autobiography*, ed. Sir G. Prevost (1893), p. 108.

Newman was a self-willed man, and he felt a malicious pleasure in shocking Protestant feeling. Two years previously he had written what he afterwards declared was intended to be his "last word as an Anglican to an Anglican"—why then did he go back on what he had purposed? With the smallest grain of common sense Newman must have foreseen the consequences, the conflagration that such a Tract was bound to produce. And then, why did he aggravate it by throwing on another faggot?

It is quite true that many of the propositions laid down by Newman are now accepted as well founded, owing to our further knowledge of the conditions of religious feeling in the days of Elizabeth; but it was a fatal, an unpardonable error of judgment to produce his thesis at a time when ignorance was so rife and prejudice so keen.

Hitherto hardly any one in authority had spoken against the movement. It had, to some extent, become popular—in Oxford eminently so among the ablest and the holiest of her sons. But now, with the publication of this Tract, all was changed. Four tutors, of whom H. B. Wilson of S. John's, A. C. Tait of Balliol, who was to become Archbishop of Canterbury, were the most conspicuous, at once denounced it, and the Board of the Heads of Houses issued a condemnation. After that ensued a tempest of suspicion and hostility, and loud outcries against the writers of the Tracts as men disloyal and conspiring to Romanize the Church of England—dishonest in interpretation of her Articles, by taking them in a non-natural sense. For over forty years the party was thus branded. Its principles were savagely attacked alike by Latitudinarians, who themselves used largely a non-natural interpretation, by Evangelicals, who were notoriously guilty of depraving the teaching of the Church, and by frightened Churchmen. "Slowly and painfully, amid opposition, discouragement and desertion, it had to work its way to public recognition, as one of many possible theories of the English Church, which at least seemed to have the power of making men earnest and active. Further than that it can hardly be said that organized public opinion has as yet gone."[1]

Every movement produces a host of free-lances and skirmishers who go far ahead of the main army. It was so notably among the Tractarians. A fissure soon appeared between the sober and sound men, who had been brought up from childhood in

[1] Wakeman, *History of the Church of England* (1904), p. 474.

Church principles, and who loved the Church as their spiritual mother, and a party of hot-headed enthusiasts such as Ward and Oakeley, who scoffed at the Anglican Communion, exaggerated all its weaknesses, and belauded everything that was Roman, whilst shutting their eyes to the blemishes of the Papal Church. This disloyal spirit found utterance in Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church* (1844). But it had been preceded by articles in the *British Critic*, so hostile to the claims of the English Communion that it lost its subscribers, and perished ignominiously in the autumn of 1843. Ward's book was condemned by the University of Oxford and himself degraded from his University degrees. Ward had claimed a right to hold the entire circle of Roman doctrine whilst remaining a member of the English Church—a monstrous claim; and the condemnation of his book was amply justified.

These men elbowed out, or tried to elbow out, the cooler fathers of the Oxford movement. The relation was much like —as has been remarked—that of the Jacobins to the Girondists, men self-willed, impatient of control, restless, dissatisfied, and despising those who clung to the old way.

In 1850, Dr. Hook wrote of this class: "I now find them calumniators of the Church of England, and vindicators of the Church of Rome; palliating the vices of the Romish system, and magnifying the deficiencies of the Church of England; sneering at everything Anglican, and admiring everything Romish; students of the breviary and missal, disciples of the schoolmen, converts to mediævalism, insinuating Romish practices in their private, and infusing a Romish tone into their public devotions; introducing the Romish confessional, enjoining Romish penance; adopting Romish prostrations, recommending Romish litanies; muttering Romish shibboleths, and rejoicing in the cant of Romish fanaticism; assuming sometimes the garb of the Romish priesthood, and venerating without imitating their celibacy; defending Romish miracles, and receiving as true the lying legends of Rome; almost adoring Romish saints, and complaining that we have had no saints in England since we purified our Church."

This is to a limited extent true; every stream as it rushes over impediments throws up a froth, and these men were the froth that lodged elsewhere than in the current that flowed on steadily, divinely guided, in the Anglican Communion. It was such as these who produced suspicion, and did much to hamper

the progress of the movement. They went—after having done incalculable mischief to the cause.

What neither the Heads of the Houses at Oxford nor the Bishops on their bench saw was that there could not have been so widespread and enthusiastic a movement for reform unless there had been a real cause for it. The sole wise policy, whensoever and wheresoever there is impatience for a reformation, is to see where is the focus of the agitation, and what is its *raison d'être*. If the Bishops in England at the outbreak of Tractarianism had possessed any wisdom they would have recognized that it was a force, a living force, and had they attempted to direct it, they might have done with it what they would. When a whale tore a hole in the vessel that contained Baron Munchausen, he stopped the leak by sitting on the orifice. They adopted the Munchausen method. How could these Bishops suppose that their puny efforts would staunch the gap and drive back the waves?

In 1841, Sumner of Chester, Boustead of Lichfield, Maltby of Durham, and in 1842 Copleston of Llandaff, Pepys of Worcester, Musgrave of Hereford, Thirlwall of S. David's, Blomfield of London, even Denison of Salisbury and Bagot of Oxford, with varying degrees of decision, charged against the movement. *E pur si muove.* Dr. Pusey wrote: "I remember Newman saying, 'Oh, Pusey! we have leant on the Bishops, and they have broken down under us!' . . . I thought to myself, 'At least I never leant on the Bishops. I leant on the Church of England.'"[1]

Dr. (afterwards Sir Edward) Barry, an Irish physician, who came to London, and is mentioned by Boswell, maintained that death was due to active pulsation, and that to be healthy every possible means must be employed to reduce the pulse to its slowest beat short of stopping altogether. In their dealings with the Church the Bishops were of Barry's opinion.

For many generations no writers had written with such force and good faith to rally Churchmen to the side of the Bishops, none had pointed out so clearly their Apostolic authority, and had so impressed on all Churchmen the duty of allegiance to it, as did the early Tract writers. And now the Bishops turned against them. The Tractarians had sought, like Aaron and Hur, to stay up the arms of the episcopate, whilst the war raged between the Church and the World, and now—it was as though

[1] *Life*, ii. 236.

Moses smote them in the face with clenched fists, and refused their advocacy. It is hardly to be wondered at, that so many hearts failed, that to many confidence in the Church of England broke down, when Heads of Houses, Bishops, Ministers, Judges, Journalists combined to denounce the movement, and say "We have no part with you." Discouragement, despair, took hold of their spirits, and they turned their backs on a Church which, as they supposed, disowned them as her children.

The stream of secessions to Rome began with Mr. Sibthorp,[1] who had been a distinguished Evangelical preacher; he joined the Church of Rome in 1841. They became very numerous; parish priests, college fellows, noblemen and ladies of rank, even schoolboys, went to Rome, despairing of the English Church, which they considered could not escape wreckage, and that there was no hope of obtaining recognition and respect for Church principles either from the State or from the public.

The Evangelicals and Broad Churchmen exulted. These men, said they, have thrown off the mask at last, and revealed themselves as Papists at heart whilst they were in the Established Church. They have been traitors all along, and such as remain are cowards eating the bread of the Protestant Church whilst sapping the foundations.

The extraordinary fact is that not only did these Evangelicals persuade themselves that this was the case, but this also was the popular opinion throughout the land, proclaimed by the press, from the pulpit, and on the platform. Let us see whether any justification whatever existed for this view of the Tractarians.

Now the Evangelicals notoriously disregarded the commands of the Church, and as notoriously and avowedly disbelieved in certain doctrines she enunciated in her formularies.

Indeed, they entered into a league to obtain the revision of the Book of Common Prayer, the elimination of all those rubrics they did not observe, and the excision of all those doctrines in which they did not believe. Who then were the traitors? Certainly not the Tractarians, who strove to bring practice up to the requirements of the rubrics, and teaching to be in accordance with the Book of Common Prayer. For this they were denounced. Let me take one illustration:

[1] Sibthorp returned to the English Church in 1843, "verted" again in 1865. He died in 1879, and was buried by his own desire with the burial service of the English Church in the Lincoln cemetery.

A physician gives a recipe for influenza:

Potass. Bromid.	120 gr.
Quinæ Sulphatis	12 gr.
Acid Nitr. dil.	12 minims
Syr. Aurantii	6 drachms
Aquæ quantum suff.	

Now let us suppose that the patient fills his bottle with a mixture of castor oil, senna and Epsom salts in place of what is ordered. A practitioner, finding him in a debilitated condition, inquires what medicine he has been taking. The sick man produces the mixture and the prescription. "Good Heavens!" exclaims the medical man, "this is not what has been ordered you. Chuck this mess away and go back to the original prescription. As far as I can see and smell, there is nothing in your bottle that was required except *Aquæ quantum suff.*"

This is precisely the position assumed by the men of the Oxford movement. They said: "Go back to the principles and practice enjoined in the Prayer Book, and throw away all the nauseous stuff you have imported from Geneva and Scotland, from France and from Holland.

How completely the public generally misconceived the situation may be seen from a cartoon that appeared in the *Hornet*, in which the Bishop of London (Tait) is represented as arresting a Puseyite burglar attempting to force an entry into a Protestant church. Whereas, as a matter of fact, it was the Tractarian party that maintained the House and guarded its treasures against those who would throw them out of the window, strip it of its valuables, and leave it empty, swept and desolate.

In the Ely fens, the soil, spent, moss- and weed-grown, has to be regenerated by digging up the subsoil, and that rich subsoil is spread over the surface and proves a mighty fertilizer. That fat subsoil has ever been *in situ*, but has lain unobserved because overlaid. The High-Church party was digging into the rich Catholic subsoil, bringing it to day, and spreading it over the face of the Church in faith, looking for a harvest.

At Oxford the Church Revival was doctrinal; it took another form in the sister University.

The Cambridge Camden Society started a magazine called the *Ecclesiologist*, advocating correct principles of Church building and furnishing. In 1841 it had a rare chance of carrying these principles into action. The Norman round church of S. Sepulchre, Cambridge, partly fell down, and the Cambridge Camden

FALSE KEYS

Society undertook the restoration. The work was then excellently done, its only weak point being the stained glass, the true principles of coloration and manufacture being at that time not understood.

In 1848 the Society adopted a seal designed by Pugin. In the midst were figures of the Virgin and Child, between S. George, S. Etheldreda, S. John and S. Mark. The Rev. F. Close of Cheltenham published a sermon against the Society full of quotations from their organ, the *Ecclesiologist*, and showed himself especially indignant about the seal. Mr. Close's sermon was entitled "The Restoration of Churches is the Restoration of Popery." Mr. Close—afterwards made a dean, on the principle then acted on, all but invariably, of putting a man into a place for which he was entirely unsuited—Mr. Close was a much-admired Evangelical preacher, with a choir of rapturous females circling round his car, like Guido's picture of Apollo and the Hours; only for the fair *Horæ* we must substitute ancient spinsters.

The movement in Cambridge for a return to Gothic architecture was but a part of the general revolt against the cult of the Ugly that had prevailed in the eighteenth century.

Pierre de Coulevin says:

"Beauty! Cromwell, the Reformation, the Puritans had expelled it, as they had Colour and Grace. Under their action, the garments became gloomy, the lines rigid, the physiognomies hard and muddy, the movements of the body automatic. They had created that special type of Hideousness which for a long time was the amusement of the rest of Europe. It was a reaction against the softness, the sensuousness, the Catholicism, above all a reaction of the Masculine against the feminine, introduced by the Stuarts, and which menaced the genius of the race.

"In the midst of last Century, the Unknown Isle had an altogether glacial appearance. One might have supposed that it belonged to a different planet, a planet at a remote distance from the sun. The houses were grey, the roofs flat, the interiors cold and bare, life of oppressive uniformity."[1]

But nowhere had Ugliness so enthroned herself as in the House of God; and when a wave of revolt against its domination rolled over the land, then inevitably its waters entered the Churches to regenerate them.[2]

[1] *L'Ile Inconnue*, p. 373.

[2] In *Humphry Clinker*, Smollett writes: "The external appearance of an

It is not a matter of surprise if many of those who had been reared in the cult of the Ugly should resent the change, and cling to the old deformities. The natives of East Africa draw down the upper lip to their chins, and their ear-lobes to their shoulders, and ring the cartilages of their noses. These disfigurements they esteem beauties, and fail to appreciate beauty as God created it.

The movement was assisted by ridicule being turned upon the worshippers of Ugliness.

Welby Pugin, in his *Contrasts*, held up to public scorn the taste of his day. He showed, among other things, what S. Saviour's, Southwark, had been and what it had become, when the nave was pulled down and replaced by a miserable white-brick erection. Little did he dream then that the beautiful church would be restored to the condition in which it had been before its partial destruction. Paget also, in *S. Antholin's*, described with great humour Mr. Compo and a church of his erection; and Paley in *The Church Restorers* gibbeted Mr. Carter. This frightened architects, lest they should be put in the same category as Mr. Compo or Mr. Carter.

In the face of so much ignorance, prejudice and barbarism, it might well have seemed hopeless to effect a revolution in ecclesiastical art, ritual or dogma. But, as Calonne said to Marie Antoinette: "Si la chose est possible, elle est faite; si elle est impossible, elle se fera."

old cathedral cannot but be displeasing to the eye of every man who has any idea of propriety and proportion, even though he may be ignorant of architecture as a science; and the long slender spire puts one in mind of a criminal impaled, with a sharp stake rising up through his shoulders. There is nothing of this Arabic architecture in the Assembly rooms (at York), which seem to me to have been built upon a design of Palladio, and might be converted into an elegant place of worship."

CHAPTER VIII

THE VICTORIAN BISHOPS

THE Church in the Victorian age, like *Alonzo* in *The Tempest*, might ask :

> Give us kind keepers, Heavens ! What are these ?

and alas, the answer must have been that of Sebastian :

> A living drollery,

or rather " a tragedy " for the Church—only in themselves " a drollery." I am sorry to have to write of the bishops of the period, as I must. They helped to make Church history, and they must be judged by what they were and what they did.

In the early days of the nineteenth century the bishopries were bestowed on men of political influence—if not so themselves, yet belonging to families with such ; or were connected with noble families. Lord Auckland, who had been chaplain to King William IV, was given the bishopric of Bath and Wells, and he was succeeded by Lord Arthur Charles Hervey. The Hon. John Thomas Pelham, son of the Earl of Chichester, was made Bishop of Norwich ; to the Hon. Richard Bagot, son of Baron Bagot, was accorded the bishopric of Oxford, and later that of Bath and Wells. He had married a daughter of the Earl of Jersey. The Hon. George Pelham, son of the first Earl of Chichester, was made Bishop of Bristol, then transferred to Exeter, and thence to Lincoln. Horatio Powys, given the bishopric of Sodor and Man, was son of the second Baron Lilford. Pepys of Worcester belonged to the family of Earl Cottenham. Lord George Murray was made Bishop of S. David's, and he was the son of the Duke of Athol, and his son George was given the bishopric of Rochester. Edward Grey, Bishop of Hereford, was the brother of Earl Grey. And so on ; as the *Times* said : " Their names are not only written in the Book of Life, but also in the Peerage." Or else they were heads of colleges, masters of great public schools, or

were noted for their Greek and Latin scholarship. Most exceptionally were they men who had done parochial work.

One instance may be given to show the methods by means of which mitres were supposed to be acquired. The Rev. Charles Sumner was travelling tutor to the son of the Marquess of Conyngham. When they were in Switzerland, the youth fell in love with the daughter of a Genevan pastor, Mlle. Mounoir, and the tutor saved his pupil from a social calamity by himself marrying the young lady.[1] In reward for this service, so it was said at the time, he was given one preferment after another, then the bishopric of Llandaff, and in 1827 that of Winchester, which he held for forty-two years. He was a man of stately appearance and courtly manners, but a narrow-minded Evangelical. He refused to license John Mason Neale to the curacy of Guildford, because he belonged to the Cambridge Camden Society, that concerned itself with the revival of Gothic architecture; and for years he kept John Keble's curate, the Rev. Peter Young, in deacon's orders.

A clergyman who had seceded to Rome wished to return to the Anglican Communion. He opened communications with Bishop Sumner, and lived in retirement for three years, with the avowed purpose of resuming work in the English Church. The probationary term having expired, the Bishop heard—apparently from a Roman Catholic priest who wished to hinder his return—that the penitent clergyman had been seen in a Roman Catholic chapel; whereupon the Bishop wrote to him in a strain which effectually destroyed all wish to become again a member of the Anglican Communion.

Mr. F. Arnold in a book quoted below says of him: "Dr. Sumner, if he had not been Bishop of Winchester, would have held a very modest and unpretending position of his own—in plain words he was a man of limited intelligence, strong prejudices,

[1] Mr. Arnold, in *Our Bishops and Deans* (London, 1875), throws doubts on the accuracy of the story. But the Conyngham influence was unquestionably exerted strongly to get him advanced. Even when a curate, King George IV was induced to nominate him to a canonry at Windsor, and this was only not effected through the remonstrance of Lord Liverpool. It is significant that in the *Life of Bishop Sumner* by his son the Marchioness of Conyngham is not once mentioned, yet it was due to her that royal patronage literally showered benefits upon him. Between April 1821 and November 1827 he was made Historiographer, Chaplain to the King, and Librarian in Ordinary; Vicar of S. Helen's, Abingdon; Canon of Worcester; Canon of Canterbury; Dean of S. Paul's, Bishop of Llandaff, Bishop of Winchester. Mr. G. Sumner draws a discreet veil over the Marchioness and what she did for her protégé.

and of commonplace abilities. While Presbyterians were thankful for the sympathy which they have received from him, and he was willing to act in conjunction with Dissenters and others on the widest possible platform, the great Church movement in this country received from him only a very languid measure of support." This is an understatement: he opposed the Church movement in every way he was able. He hardly ever spoke in the House of Lords, and wrote nothing worth reading.

Some of the Evangelical prelates learned to be broad in sympathy with those with whom they were brought in contact in their dioceses, and who belonged to the High-Church school. Sumner learnt nothing:

> Homine imperito nunquam quidquam injustius,
> Qui, nisi quod ipse fecit, nihil rectum putat.
> TERENT., *Adelphi*, i. 2.

On his appointment to Llandaff he spoke out loudly in disapprobation of translations, and within a twelvemonth was himself translated to Winchester. "This will please the Marchioness of Conyngham," said the King. He was wont to attend annually the May meetings at Exeter Hall. He was a great grower of orchids, and had magnificent conservatories at Farnham Castle. He succeeded in bringing his brother John Bird into notice with George IV, and this latter was given the bishopric of Chester in 1838 by Peel; and in 1848 the archbishopric of Canterbury, which he obsessed till 1862. When Bishop of Chester, immediately on his consecration, John Bird Sumner denounced the Tractarians and their work as the "undermining of the foundations of the Protestant Church by men who dwell within the walls;" and the bad faith of those "who sat in the Reformers' seat, and traduced the Reformation." In a later charge he described the movement as the work of Satan.

George Davys was made Dean of Chester and Bishop of Peterborough because he had been tutor to Princess (afterwards Queen) Victoria from 1827 to 1837, so that he began to instruct her when she was eight years old. He was made Bishop in 1839. He was an Evangelical; he did what he could to enlighten ignorant country folk in Church truths. He wrote *Village Conversations on the Liturgy of the Church of England* in 1820. *Village Conversations on the Offices of the Church* in 1825, and *A Village Conversation on the Catechism* in 1836. A simple, amiable and pious man, who would have done well in a country

cure, but was wholly out of place as a bishop, as might be a corporal suddenly elevated to be a general of a division.

Lord Beaconsfield in *Tancred* describes the bishops appointed by Sir Robert Peel:

"The Arch-Mediocrity who then governed the country was impressed with the necessity of reconstructing the Episcopal bench on principles of personal distinction and ability. But his notion of clerical capacity did not soar higher than a private tutor who had suckled a young nobleman into University honours; and his test of priestly celebrity was the decent editorship of a Greek play. He sought for the stewards of the mysteries of Sinai and of Calvary among third-rate hunters after syllables. These men, notwithstanding their elevation, with one exception subsided into their natural insignificance; and during our agitated age, when the principles of all institutions, sacred and secular, have been called in question; when alike in the senate and the market-place, both the doctrine and the discipline of the Church had been impugned, its power assailed, its authority denied—not a voice was raised by these mitred nullities, either to warn or to vindicate; not a phrase escaped their lips or their pens that ever influenced public opinion, touched the heart of the nation, or guided the conscience of a perplexed people."

But there was one notable exception to the quality of the Peelite Bishops, and that was Samuel Wilberforce, who was appointed to the bishopric of Oxford in 1846. To some extent he owed his elevation to the respect with which his father had been regarded, a man of the early Evangelical school; but chiefly to his abilities as a public speaker. I met him two or three times; his presence was commanding, and he had a fine, sonorous organ. He was very ready to catch a point and turn it to advantage. I remember a visit he made to Hurstpierpoint College. At that time the chapel was the undercroft of the hall. Access to it was obtained from the cloisters through a very dark, unlighted antechapel, if such can be called what was little other than a cellar. The Bishop was to preach in the evening, and the procession formed in the cloister. The season was All Saints' Eve. The Bishop grasped the situation, and preached on the Continuity of the Church in Paradise with that on Earth. As the procession went singing through the cloisters so moved on the living Church; then came the descent into the dark crypt of Death, but beyond that could be seen the illumination of the throne of God, to which we were all moving, and

from which the light streamed in our faces as we made the dark descent.

He was the first of the Bishops of the Victorian age to show what the duties of a bishop were. He hastened about his diocese, visiting the clergy, confirming, encouraging, comforting. Realising how miserably inefficient the preparation was for Holy Orders, he instituted the Cuddesdon Training College, for young men after leaving the University.

He may truly be said to have recast the whole idea of the Episcopate, and to have successfully raised the tone of clerical life.

Cuddesdon Training College was violently assailed by Mr. Golightly, who sent his accusations against it in a pamphlet to all the bishops. Some of them became nervous, and Bishop Wilberforce invited them to his palace at Cuddesdon to investigate the teaching and practices there for themselves. They came. In the College chapel, on the east wall right and left of the altar, one of the students had painted figures of saints in sepia. Bishop Wilberforce covered them all over with a panelling of oak. When he visited the chapel with his timorous flock of bishops he, with his own hands, removed the altar-cross and set it on the credence table.

He had inherited from his Evangelical father an intense horror of Rome, and this was deepened by the secession of his brother Robert Isaac in 1854, as well as his other two brothers, his brothers-in-law with one exception, and his only daughter with her husband.

At one time he was high in favour at Court, and intimate with Prince Albert. But when he protested against the appointment of Hampden to the bishopric of Hereford, and later when he endeavoured to obtain some justice to be done to the Catholic party, the Prince and the Queen, who were both bitterly prejudiced against it, showed him marked coldness. It was not till 1869 that he was transferred to Winchester, on the nomination of Mr. Gladstone.

Bishop Wilberforce was commonly called "Soapy Sam" [1]—

[1] On the occasion of a Cuddesdon festival, the luncheon tent was decorated with evergreens, and behind the episcopal chair was inscribed in large letters S.O. and close by A.P., the initials of Alfred Potts, the first principal. "Soap!" exclaimed the Bishop. "That is too personal: take those letters away."

The vice-principal was Liddon. The Bishop said—"Now I have here a pott with the lid-on."

as he used to say, because he came out of every transaction with clean hands, not because he was supposed to be fulsomely gracious to every one with whom he was brought in contact, without real sincerity at the back. But this was an unjust charge against him. At a time when prelates were so puffed up with their own consequence that they showed what they were by chill of manner towards their subordinates, and treated their clergy *de haut en bas* with no graciousness and no sympathy, Wilberforce studied to be gentle and courteous to all, to the humblest curate, and the gruffest churchwarden. It was because this was so unusual that people could hardly believe it was prompted by a truly gentlemanly feeling. The text given him by Dr. Littledale, with a change of sex ran: "He brought forth butter in a lordly dish."[1] It was generally thought that the ambition of his life was to become Archbishop of York, he being of a Yorkshire family and understanding the Yorkshire character intimately. That he would have been enthusiastically welcomed there and would have advanced the cause of the Church there enormously cannot be questioned. For that reason possibly he was not given the chance. Of the immense debt of gratitude the Church owes and will ever owe to Bishop Wilberforce we are hardly yet in a position to realize. He was the balance wheel which kept all from over-precipitation and a run to ruin.

Ashurst T. Gilbert was one of the Peel Bishops. He had been Principal of Brasenose College in 1822, and was raised to be Bishop of Chichester in 1842. I shall have to speak later of his harsh treatment of John Mason Neale. I often saw him when I was at Hurstpierpoint, and he struck me as hard and unsympathetic.

Lord John Russell was Prime Minister from July 6, 1846, to February 27, 1852. Lord John Russell's convictions in matters religious were of the vaguest, though at one time he attended

[1] I have given in this chapter the texts Dr. Littledale considered applicable to the bishops of his time. The younger clergy to-day know nothing of this remarkable man. He was of encyclopædic knowledge and astounding memory, and was one to whom it was possible to refer on every question connected with Ecclesiastical history with certainty of enlightenment. He was an invalid, and obliged to lie for some hours daily on his back; but he rarely, if ever, missed celebrating early and daily at a sisterhood hard by Red Lion Square, where he occupied a flat. He wrote many of his ablest articles in the *Church Times*, and was noted for his caustic wit. If he hit hard, it was at abuses. Actually he was the most tender-hearted of men. Being an Irishman, he was intensely anti-Roman, but he was a strong Anglo-Catholic. He died in 1890 (January 11).

S. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He and his party regarded the Church with some contempt, and would have been not unwilling to see her shipwrecked. They did their best to bring about this when they nominated to be captains and officers of the vessel men who knew nothing of, and cared less for, marinership.

Lord John's appointments were mostly bad. That of Hampden to Hereford (1847) was done to outrage the feelings of the Church party at Oxford. For Hampden lay under censure of heresy by his University. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Howley) and the Bishop of Ripon (Longley) wrote in conjunction a strong letter to the Premier ; and a " Remonstrance " was signed by thirteen bishops. All was in vain—Hampden was appointed. It was high time for Churchmen to ask: Is the Church, because established, to be overridden by the State in a manner that no sect would tolerate ?

Sumner was made Archbishop of Canterbury. He was a mere nose of wax, to be moulded to turn up or turn down, to be snub or bottle-shaped as the Prime Minister fingered him. He supported Mr. Gorham against the Bishop of Exeter, and instituted him into his living in defiance of his own bishop. Sumner was vehemently denunciatory of the Oxford movement. Hinds, on the recommendation of Archbishop Whately, whose secretary he had been, in 1849 was given the bishopric of Norwich, which he resigned in 1857 after marrying his cook.

Disraeli took off Blomfield, Bishop of London, in *Tancred*. " He combined a great talent for action with very limited powers of thought. Bustling, energetic, versatile, gifted with indomitable perseverance, and stimulated by an ambition that knew no repose, with a capacity for mastering details, and an inordinate passion for affairs, he could permit nothing to be done without his interference, and consequently was perpetually involved in transactions which were either failures or blunders. He was one of those leaders who are not guides. Having little real knowledge, and not endowed with those high qualities of intellect which permit their possessor to generalize the details afforded by study and experience, and so deduce rules of conduct, his Lordship, when he received those frequent appeals which were the necessary consequence of his official life, became obscure, confused, contradictory, inconsistent and illogical. The oracle was always dark. Placed in a high post in an age of political analysis, the hustling intermeddler was unable to supply society with a single solution. Enunciating second-hand, with char-

acteristic precipitation, some big principle in vogue, as if he were a discoverer, he invariably shrank from its subsequent application the moment that he found it might be unpopular and inconvenient. All his quandaries terminated in the same catastrophe—a compromise. Abstract principle with him ever ended in concrete expediency. The primordial tenet, which had been advocated with uncompromising arrogance, gently subsided into some second-rate measure recommended with all the artifice of an impenetrable ambiguity. The Bishop, always ready, had in the course of his episcopal career placed himself at the head of every movement in the Church which others had originated, and had as regularly withdrawn at the right moment, when the heat was over, or had become, on the contrary, excessive. Furiously evangelical, soberly high and dry, and fervently Puseyite, each phase of his faith concludes with what the Spaniards term a transaction."

> Utcumque in alto ventus est, Epidice, exin velum vortitur.
> PLAUT., *Epidic.* i. 1.

Disraeli's portrait is unfair. Blomfield was indeed "infirm of purpose," but he did really good work. In 1836 he issued an appeal for funds to build fifty new churches in London, which met with remarkable success. "But it was reserved to him to eclipse all his services to the Church, and to surpass even his scheme for providing the population of London with adequate church accommodation, by calling attention to the fact that in our rapidly extending Colonies we were either spreading an unavowed but most real Presbyterianism, or giving over these rising countries to actual infidelity. When he made his appeal, the foreign dominions of the British Empire had only nine Bishops of the Anglican succession, of whom seven were wholly or mainly dependent on grants by the State. Although Bishop Blomfield had to combat in the mass many and numerous objections, he was permitted to see the practical accomplishment of his scheme; it was on Whitsun Tuesday, 1841, that the Archbishops and Bishops sent forth the declaration which launched the Colonial Bishoprics Fund, and before the year ended Bishop Selwyn was on his way to New Zealand, and in one day five Bishops for Colonial sees were consecrated in Westminster Abbey." But he had his faults. No party in the Church could trust him. Trusting to him was like Israel relying on Egypt, "on which, if a man lean, it will go into his hand and pierce

it." But with all his weaknesses Blomfield did a great work and was an active prelate.[1]

At S. Barnabas, Pimlico, Blomfield forbade the Invocation before the sermon. "If you don't say a collect, and don't say it west, I will withdraw your licence," he said to the curate in charge. Referring to a metal cross on the retable, he said: "If it cost me my see, I will have that cross removed." Again, in 1852, he forbade the placing of flowers on any occasion upon the Altar. Blomfield seems to have treated the Church according to the order of the boatswain in the *Tempest*: "Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses."

To return to the prelates nominated by Lord John Russell. Tancred had cried out, "I want to see an angel at Manchester" —and Lee was appointed. Musgrave was made Archbishop of York in 1847, translated thither from Hereford; he was a strong Evangelical and opposed the restoration of Convocation. He was the son of a Cambridge tailor, a man of very limited intelligence. He advanced his brother Charles to be Archdeacon of Craven. His motto was *Quieta non movere*, and he opposed the revival of any sort of deliberative action among the clergy of the Archdiocese. Like Strepsiades in *The Clouds* he might have said: "Well, as it is the fashion, let us snore cosily wrapped up."

Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister on February 10, 1855, and remained in power till February 25, 1858; but he was again Prime Minister June 18, 1859, and remained so till November 6, 1865, when Lord John—created Earl Russell, was again in power till July 6, 1866. On December 28, 1852, Lord Aberdeen became Prime Minister, till February 10, 1855. He nominated Lord Auckland to the see of Bath and Wells in 1854, John Jackson to Lincoln in 1855, Hamilton to Salisbury in 1854—an admirable appointment.

"Conscious as I am," said Bishop Hamilton in a charge to his clergy, "of many grave faults of character, I am not conscious of being a coward in the avowal of my principles. I have never concealed from anyone that I am what is called a High Church-

[1] Sydney Smith's opinion of him was not so different: "The Bishop of London is passionately fond of labour, has certainly no aversion to power, is of a quick temper, great ability, thoroughly versed in ecclesiastical law, and always in London. When the Church of England is mentioned it will only mean *Charles James* of London, who will enjoy greater power than has ever been possessed by any Churchman since the days of Laud, and will become the *Church of England here upon earth.*"—First Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.

man. I was not so when I was ordained, but I became so many years before I was Canon of Salisbury; and when I declare that I number this change among the many mercies which I have received from my God, I can truly say that these my adoptive principles have ever made me the more anxious never to bear false witness against others, and that instead of drying up, they have cherished in my heart a spirit of charity towards those who, whether in our Church or beyond its limits, are in some matters not one with me,"

Powys was sent to Sodor and Man in 1854. The late Dr. Littledale gave this text for Powys: "*Man* being in honour hath no understanding," which was appropriate enough.

John Jackson was a shy man, with a somewhat awkward manner; when at Stoke Newington he did a good work, before he went to S. James's, Piccadilly. He was a staunch friend of The Universities' Mission in Central Africa, and he ordained Edward Steere, afterwards Bishop of Zanzibar, although he had been rejected by Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter, as not being a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge. He was, as Bishop, especially when moved in 1869 to London, too much under the influence of Archbishop Tait. He was, however, a tolerant man, and maintained throughout an affectionate intercourse with Robert Brett of Stoke Newington, whose worth he could well appreciate, though in Church matters not seeing eye to eye. He had a story—whether of his own wife or not, I cannot say. The lady, a bishop's wife, complained of the psalm: "Old men and maidens, young men and children, praise the name of the Lord," that there was no invitation to old ladies to join in the chorus. "My dear," said the Bishop, "you forget: there is a call to 'Ye dragons and all deeps.'" His text was appropriate: "Giving no offence to any man, that the ministry be not blamed."

Lord Palmerston was a very Gallio in religious matters, and he allowed his kinsman, Lord Shaftesbury, to recommend nullities for the vacant mitres. The Hon. Charles Baring, brother of Lord Northbrook, a prejudiced Evangelical, Chaplain-in-ordinary to Queen Victoria, was appointed to the see of Gloucester and Bristol in 1856, and advanced to Durham in 1861. "Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee, thou art translated." In the diocese he was by the clergy variously called *Overbearing* and *Past-bearing*. In 1867 he deprived the Hon. F. R. Grey, Rector of Morpeth, of the office of Rural Dean for the offence of wearing a black stole with three gold crosses embroidered on it, and for

using the Invocation before the sermon. How he dealt with Dr. Dykes shall be told elsewhere, and here again the grievance was a stole—but this time coloured. For some such reason he turned the Rev. C. J. Naters out of Trimdon, where he was *locum tenens*. His angry warfare against stoles caused Dr. Littledale to give as his text: "A prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needlework on both sides, meet for the necks." Some verses relative to Bishop Baring passed from hand to hand in the diocese:

"Since Shaftesbury Durham's latest Bishop chose,
Leading the Dean and Chapter by the nose,
Each high-bred horse attached to Charles's Wain
Has plunged impatient of the bearing-rein.

Great Bear inquires if such high-mettled steeds
Are just the cattle suited to his needs:
And vows no stall shall feed high-stepping nag,
To kick o'er traces and upset the drag.

Henceforth *regnante Carolo*, each cleric
O'er Cuthbert's lands, from Darlington to Berwick,
Shall dare no pace, but crawl and creep and shuffle,
Nor neigh, but sniff with Puritanic snuffle."

Hitherto from the time of the reconstitution of the chapter in the time of Charles II it had been the custom for the Canons to bow to the Altar on entering and on leaving their stalls; but those Canons nominated by Baring refused compliance with the traditional usage. So opposed was he to all signs of corporate life in the Church that he declined to attend the first Pan-Anglican Congress in 1867.

The Rev. F. Arnold, in his book on *Our Bishops and Deans*, employs the whitewash brush copiously, but he is constrained to say of Bishop Baring: "One of the grave defects of our present laws is that the Bishop possesses a tyrannical power over the curates of his diocese, whom he can dismiss and inhibit without any cause shown, by a wave of the hand and stroke of the pen. This power is generally allowed to lie dormant, but it is at any time liable to be exercised in a vindictive and indiscreet way. Unsatisfied by the immense power he possesses, the Bishop has aimed at its expansion by demanding written pledges both from incumbent and curate, which they are unable to give. The Bishop then lays the parish under an interdict, refusing the aid it urgently requires, and coolly remarking 'that it is almost

invariably the result of any transgression of the law that the innocent are involved in the consequences, and often suffer more severely than the offender.' " I shall give an instance of his dealing in this way in another chapter.

Bishop Harold Browne was at one time incumbent of S. Sidwell's, Exeter. He was appointed to Ely in 1864, and translated to Winchester in 1873. His appointment to Ely was by Lord Palmerston, who felt that the partisan nominees of Lord Shaftesbury were too numerous, and the quality too poor ; and that he must placate moderate men by the appointment of one who was a scholar and not in any way extreme.

Harold Browne's great work was that on the Thirty-nine Articles, and it was characterized by judgment and fairness. The Bishop sympathised warmly with the Old Catholics, and attended the Bonn Conference. He wrote to the Bishop of Melbourne : " I call myself an old-fashioned English Churchman, and I find more to repel me in any one of the extreme schools in England than I do in anything I have seen or heard of the Old Catholics. Now I do not wish to expel from my own communion any of the adherents of the three schools within it. The Church ought to hold them all, or it will become a sect."

Thomson was given Gloucester and Bristol when that see was vacated by Baring, but he was advanced to the archbishopric of York in 1862, after he had been Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol for ten months only. He was a very able man, one of the few shrewd men of the party, and there can be little doubt that his rapid promotion was mainly due to the desire of Lord Shaftesbury to have a strong man in the North to tread out the sparks of Catholic teaching and worship that had already been kindled there. A characteristic entry in the Diary of Bishop Wilberforce, May 27, 1873, is to this effect : " Dinner at Archbishop of York's. A good many Bishops, both of England and Ireland, and not one word said which implied we were apostles. *Eheu, eheu,* very low."[1]

In May 1868 appeared the second Report of the Ritual Commission, relative to the use of lighted candles on the altar at

[1] A story was told of him, that when walking one day with the Bishop of Oxford, he remarked on the coincidence in his family affairs with his advancements. How his marriage coincided with the year of his ordination, and each baby as it arrived marked as well a step higher in the Church. " It is devoutly to be hoped, Archbishop, that Mrs. Thomson will stop having more." " Why so ? " inquired the Archbishop, flushing angrily. " Because there are only two steps more that you could mount—Canterbury or Heaven. And you are not fit for either."

ARCHBISHOP THOMSON

the Holy Communion. There were two lawyers who contended that they were lawful, two that they were not. The Archbishop of York gave the casting vote against them.

When Thomson was Bishop of Gloucester he opposed in Convocation the purpose of Bishop Gray to consecrate a bishop for the Orange Free State. The Bishop of Oxford thereupon administered a well-deserved dressing, observing that "when they were taking into consideration so important a matter, to treat it with contumely, or to try to induce others to do so, was not the conduct which a brother who had joined in prayer to God for guidance to them in their deliberations should pursue," and Bishop Thomson's resolutions and amendments were negatived without discussion, one after another, and the diocese of Bloemfontein was founded.

Thomson was succeeded in Gloucester and Bristol by Ellicott, who was at first hostile to the Church revival. He was a good Greek scholar, and wrote Commentaries on the Pauline Epistles, and acted on that ill-fated Revision of the Bible. He was a small man with a long nose. The High-Church programme he did not understand, nor that it was historically connected with the past—and the best past—of the Church of England.[1]

To Carlisle Villiers was appointed—an Evangelical, and one who opposed Convocation, and voted for the Divorce Bill. He was translated to Durham in 1860. He was not there very long; long enough, however, to appoint his son-in-law, named Cheese, to one of the best livings in his gift: Houghton-le-Skerne, worth £1,300 per annum. This provoked a cartoon in *Punch*. A poor needy parson is by a table, whereon stands a Stilton cheese, and the Bishop is decanting over it a bottle of port, labelled £1,300, and saying: "I am exceedingly sorry, dear brother in the Church, but you see I have not a drop for you, I have poured it all into my *Cheese*." It is said that this cartoon so wounded Bishop Villiers that it led to his death.

After the appearance of this picture, the bishops became more cautious in their nepotism. They took care to shuffle their cards. They did not give their "fat" livings to their own relations, but to the sons and sons-in-law of other bishops,

[1] Bishop Wilberforce notes of him when on the Ritual Commission: "Bishop of Gloucester, as always, now hot and intemperate in trying to force on condemnation of vestments. I said the Church of England was the church of liberty. The Bishop of Gloucester: 'Let them go to Rome; why not? A very good communion—next best to ours.'" *Life*, iii. 216.

who acknowledged the favour by accommodating those of the obliging archbishop or bishop in their more distant dioceses.

Villiers was succeeded in Carlisle in 1860 by Samuel Waldegrave, another strong Evangelical, who opposed surpliced choirs and harvest thanksgivings. In 1868 he refused to be at a stone-laying because there was to be a harvest thanksgiving associated with it, and not only did so himself, but wrote round to some of the clergy in the neighbourhood to dissuade them from attending.

"To introduce choral services, and as it would seem surpliced processions into our mountain valleys, is, to say the least, an innovation. To do so in direct contravention of the well-known opinions and wishes of the Bishop, to whom you have sworn obedience, is something more. If that choral service is accompanied by any peculiar ceremonies, even in a modified degree, of harvest celebrations such as have recently occupied so much public attention, the matter is still worse." Thus wrote the Bishop to the Rev. E. Shuttlebotham of Woodland. The Rector replied that what he had sworn was to yield *canonical* obedience, not to obey every private fancy of the Bishop.

"It appears that a copy of your Lordship's letter to me was sent to Mr. Robinson [1] with a request that he would make the contents of it known, and prevent all whom he could influence from attending the service to be held at Woodland to-day. Mr. R., on opening the letter and finding it addressed to myself, thinking it an original one, at once sent it on to me by his servant. It seems, then, your Lordship, not content with administering a severe rebuke, without waiting to give me an opportunity of saying a word in my own defence, without even making against me any specific charge, had determined that my castigation should be made public, and that, if possible, a prejudice should be raised against me in this neighbourhood. I must respectfully but firmly protest against such treatment."

John Thomas Pelham—"the Butler," as he was nicknamed in his diocese—was given the bishopric of Norwich in 1857, after the scandal of Samuel Hinds; he was an old-fashioned Evangelical. In 1872 he had the frankness to admit that, after so many years under his pastoral charge, in every particular denoting practical work and spiritual zeal, his diocese had not merely stood still, but had actually gone back, save that there were not *quite* so many churches where was only one service on

[1] The Bishop wrote to other clergy in the same way that he did to Mr. Robinson.

Sundays as there had been a decade ago. And it may be asserted with confidence that whenever in one of these dioceses there was any progress at all, it was in no way due to the Bishop, and that where it manifested itself it was hampered by him. Dr. Littledale's text for Pelham was: "I am a fool for Christ's sake." There is this to be said for Bishop Pelham, that he advocated an increase of the Episcopate, having found his diocese unwieldy. He was prepared to sacrifice a good slice of the receipts for the proposed see if he could obtain a division of that of Norwich. He advocated the creation of eight new sees, and the reduction of the incomes of the then existing bishops, so that each of the prelates of these new sees might have £3,000 a year apiece.

Mr. Swinburne in his delightful book, *Memories of a School Inspector*,[1] has a story of a certain bishop whose name he does not give, nor where was his see. When this prelate was very old, and the diocese was getting thoroughly tired of him and wishing for a successor, he visited for the first time a well-known country rector, who by his zeal and benevolence had won the hearts of his parishioners. He had likewise spent very lavishly of his private means on church and schools. The living was good and in the gift of the bishop, and his lordship had either a relation or a toady to whom he desired to present it.

Almost his first remark to the rector as he drove up was—"Don't you think it high time that another should enjoy this living? Wouldn't it be better for the people?" Be it noted that this parson was *twenty* years younger than the bishop.

On reaching the church his lordship began to pray extempore, intimating to Almighty God that the time had come for the "Spirit of the Lord to permit his brother to entertain the idea of making way for a successor." The rector listened in dismay. Then the prayer went on: "And that not my brother only, but I, too, should do my duty." Now, thought the rector, he is coming to the point—he is referring to his own retirement. Not a bit of it. The bishop proceeded: "Put it into my heart, O Lord, to find him a good successor."

After that, it need hardly be said, the rector did not see his way to resignation.

It was Bishop Pelham who is reported to have once told his congregation that "England was an island entirely surrounded by water."

[1] P. 33. Published by McDougall, 1911. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

Selwyn was Bishop of Lichfield from 1867 to 1878, after having done noble work as Bishop in New Zealand.

He saw clearly that the Colonial Churches must be independent, an idea abhorrent to the Erastian party in England; and he had the boldness to ignore the hesitations and timidity of the English Bishops, and the difficulties raised by the lawyers, and *motu proprio* to get suffragan bishops ordained for the dioceses he constituted in New Zealand, without troubling to refer home for legal permission.

At the Wolverhampton Church Congress, when expatiating on the independence claimed by the Colonial Churches, Lord Harrowby interrupted him by saying, "You have cut the painter." At once Bishop Selwyn retorted: "No! we have not cut the painter; it has parted of itself, and we are now forging a more enduring cable, like the invisible and immaterial bonds that anchor the planets to the sun."

His best powers had been exhausted in the Colony, and he was out of touch with, and did not understand the problems that demanded solution in the Mother Church at home. Consequently, knowing what his abilities were, and how skilfully he had organized the Church in New Zealand, his tenure of the see of Lichfield was somewhat of a disappointment.

Francis Jeune was given the bishopric of Peterborough in 1864. He had been made Dean of Lincoln by Palmerston, but vacated the deanery for the palace of Peterborough the same year. He was a determined opponent at Oxford of Dr. Pusey and the writers of the *Tracts for the Times*. At Oxford, Liddell, Dean of Christchurch, Thomson, afterwards Archbishop of York, and Jeune, Master of Pembroke, were fast friends, and were often seen walking together. They went by the nicknames of the World, the Flesh and the Devil. One day Miss Jeune was in High Street with a friend, when they saw the three strutting along the pavement together. "Oh!" said Miss Jeune, "here come the World and the Flesh." "And the other carries his designation in his face," added the friend. Jeune was a remarkably ugly man. Jeune was high in favour with the Prince Consort. His text was: "I will run after this man (the Prince) and take something of him." Jeune belonged to a Huguenot family settled in Jersey.[1] His eldest son, Chancellor of eight dioceses, Judge in Probate and Divorce, and then Judge Advocate General, was created Baron St. Helier. The Bishop refused to attend the Pan-Anglican Conference of 1867.

[1] See what has been said, p. 146.

Worcester was accorded to Philpot, Master of S. Catherine's College, Cambridge, a nest of Low Churchmen. He sent the case of the Rev. R. W. Enraght, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Bordesley, to be tried by Lord Penzance on the usual charges. Special stress was laid upon the use of wafer bread, and a sacrilegious and ignorant man was bribed by the Birmingham Protestants to go up to Communion and secrete the Blessed Sacrament. It was taken into Lord Penzance's Court as an " exhibit " to be used in evidence at Mr. Enraght's trial. Strong and indignant feeling at this outrage was wide extended, and Bishop Philpot was appealed to, as Mr. Enraght's diocesan, to put a stop to the scandal, but he did nothing. He hardly ever attended the House of Lords, never the Upper House of Convocation, and refused to permit diocesan conferences. After floating as King Log in his see from 1861 to 1890, he resigned.

J. S. Perowne, of Huguenot extraction, of a family settled at Norwich on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and inheriting Huguenot misbeliefs, was made Dean of Peterborough. At a Church Conference, and again in a pamphlet, he disputed the divine and apostolic origin of Episcopacy, and advocated the recognition of the orders in various Protestant sects. For this he was patted on the back by Drs. Parker and Clifford, and belauded by the whole Liberationist press.

In reward for his liberality of opinion he was given the bishopric of Worcester in 1890. At his consecration he was asked: " Are you ready, with all faithful diligence, to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine contrary to God's Word ? " And he made answer: " I am ready, the Lord being my helper." Whereupon he was consecrated. He had in his diocese the Rev. C. E. Beeby, Vicar of Yardley Wood, near Birmingham, who published in *Creed and Life* (1898), and afterwards in *Doctrine and Principles* (1900), his denial of the verities of the Christian Creed, the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, the Virginal Birth, the Divinity of Christ, the Atonement, and the facts of the Resurrection and the Ascension. Of the first of these books, the Bishop said that it was " an honest attempt to deal with great spiritual problems," but added that he disapproved of parts. He took no steps against Mr. Beeby. Again in 1903 did Mr. Beeby write against the Virginal Birth, in the *Hibbert Journal*. The Bishop allowed him to go on in his parish teaching the coarsest heresy. Did he ever read, in Ezekiel, the sentence of God—" I will even deal with thee, as

thou hast done, which hast despised the oath, in breaking the covenant ? "

Rochester was given to an Evangelical—Wigram, 1860–1867. He visited portions of the diocese that had never seen a bishop previously. He was a good man, but left no mark in the see ; he was known for little else than as the author of a *Practical Elementary Arithmetic*, 1832. Of most of these Shaftesbury-Palmerston bishops in their sees, one might say with Puck : " What hempen homespuns have we swaggering here ? "

Thorold was created Bishop of Rochester in 1877, the appointment being made by Lord Beaconsfield. Later, in 1890, he was accorded the bishopric of Winchester by the Marquess of Salisbury. He was an Evangelical of little mental capacity, but of intense earnestness, that showed when he spoke. He started on his episcopal career with the determination to ostracize all Catholics, but he soon found out his mistake, for they were the best, hardest, and most successful workers in his diocese, whereas the most prominent of the Evangelical clergy did practically no parish work. And, as Thorold had a high opinion of work, he changed his policy. His son went over to Rome, and became a monk. Strange to say, this made the father better disposed towards High Churchmen than before. He was an earnest little man, very much alive to his own importance, and willing latterly to recognize merit wherever he saw it.

After holding himself aloof from churches that were in the hands of advanced Churchmen, he was at last hesitatingly induced to hold Confirmations at S. Stephen's, Lewisham, and S. John's, Kennington ; and afterwards said that he had never witnessed such reverent order and such devotion, and that he found he had made a great mistake in his previous judgment.

Thorold had been reared in the straitest school of Evangelicalism by an adoring widowed mother and two elder sisters of somewhat morbid piety. To save him from contamination from the " world," he was not sent to a public school ; and at Oxford he obtained no higher distinction than an honorary fourth in mathematics. As incumbent of S. Giles-in-the-Fields he did well. From S. Giles he moved to S. Pancras in 1869, and was given a canonry at York by Archbishop Thomson. His own private means were ample, and his duties at S. Pancras well paid. He was nominated by Lord Beaconsfield to the see of Rochester in 1877, which he accepted without the faintest

whisper of *Nolo episcopari*, for from childhood he had entertained the highest opinion of his own abilities to discharge any duty and fill any post offered him. A reviewer of his *Life* by C. H. Simkinson wrote: "There is something which jars on our sense of congruity in the late occupant of a diocese whose necessities were so overwhelming as those of South London, spending large sums upon decoration and furniture of the castle (Farnham) in which the successors of William of Wykeham were housed. The symmetry of a life of high and noble effort is marred by the undue appreciation in which the Bishop evidently held 'the pomp of circumstance,' and its dignity is lowered as we read of lavish outlay upon flower-beds and hanging gardens, upon Japanese wall-papers and costly tapestries. . . . In an age wherein extravagance and luxury trench so forcibly on wealth that should be devoted to higher uses, simplicity of living and disregard of outward show are imperative in those who bear rule in the Church."

Only less luxurious was Bishop Thorold's setting at Selsdon Park when Bishop of Rochester, where his "splendid hospitality inevitably suggested at times a painful contrast with the position of the poorer clergy struggling in the thickest of the fight." He was notably successful as a beggar for diocesan needs.

And yet of Thorold this may be said. It was he who appealed to the Universities to establish Missions in the south of London; and the Cambridge and Oxford Houses in those parts have had noble results. Many a young man has been brought thereby face to face with the miseries and the godlessness of those benighted regions, and has learned what it is to labour for souls.

Archibald Campbell Tait, born in Edinburgh of Scottish Presbyterian parents, was given the bishopric of London in 1856. When at Balliol he had been leader of the attack on Tract Ninety; he had been made Dean of Carlisle in 1849, but neither understood nor sympathized with Cathedral worship and order. When in 1856 he lost five little daughters through an outbreak of scarlet fever, Queen Victoria, to solace his paternal feelings, got Lord Palmerston to nominate him to the see of London. From first to last he was greatly influenced by his early Presbyterianism. He was not a Calvinist, he was on the contrary a Latitudinarian; and he was mentally and spiritually incapable of understanding and appreciating the Anglican position, as distinct from that of any Established form of Protestantism in

Germany or Switzerland. His sympathies throughout his career were with Presbyterianism. Definitions of the verities of the Faith he disliked; and he had vague ideas as to what the Sacraments were. From first to last he supposed that it was his mission to oppose the Catholic revival. He persecuted Mr. Liddell of S. Paul's, Knightsbridge, for having a stone altar; he withdrew the licence of the Rev. A. Poole because he heard confessions. Evangelicals he favoured, not because he held their principles, but because they gave no trouble by insisting on unpopular doctrines. The men with whom he really sympathized were the Broad Churchmen, and such as believed in the Church as a State creation appointed to teach only what the State desired to have taught, and to act only as the State bade them act. He was consistently hostile to all such as believed in the Church as a spiritual society, with her own laws and spiritual powers. He voted for the Divorce Act, and he encouraged Bishop Colenso. There was always a puzzled, dissatisfied expression on his face, like that of a schoolboy set to work out a problem beyond his capacity. When he preached the Consecration sermon at All Saints', Margaret Street, he refrained from the least expression of sympathy with, or congratulation on, the energy, the self-sacrifice and devotion of the heart to God which had raised that noble and sumptuous pile, merely coldly remarking that he hoped the church might prove "a fresh help to those whose tastes it gratifies."[1]

It was the clergy of S. Michael's, Shoreditch, wearing coloured stoles, that he is reported to have rudely ordered: "Take away those ribbons."[2] Of his treatment or rather neglect of dealing with the troubles in the S. George's-in-the-East riots, something shall be said in another chapter.

Bishop Wilberforce felt deeply the cold and repellent attitude adopted by Bishop Tait towards the advanced clergy. He wrote in 1856, concerning Father Lowder's mission in London Docks: "I quite long to go and cast myself into that mission. It must depend on the men in high places at any one moment whether the work prospers or not. It is, I mean, not the Church

[1] There is this to be said for Archbishop Tait, that, finding what a scandal was caused by the sacrilegious production in Court of a consecrated wafer at the trial of Mr. Enraght, he obtained it and reverently consumed it in his own chapel.

[2] Mr. Mackonochie and Mr. Lowder declared that this was a fiction of Dr. F. G. Lee—they never heard the Bishop say this. Dr. Lee's imagination sometimes ran away with him, and the story was, I understand, traced to him.

"BLACK SHEEP."

of England, but the men who are on their trial. The Church has enough life, but evils may bring the *wrong man* to the top; if only now we had a Bishop of London who would go and spend a day or two in Wapping and gain the full trust of these zealous men, what might we not do?"

Bishop Tait's system of patronage provoked a good deal of comment. Even such an adulator as the Rev. F. Arnold, who lays on his praise of the bishops with a trowel, says: "He is a man who always takes care of friends. Chaplain after chaplain has been made bishop, or has had a bishopric offered to him. Livings have been distributed to all within the charmed circle. He not only takes care of his friends, but of his friends' friends. Sometimes he puts round pegs into square holes, and square pegs into round holes; as when he sent men of severe learning and retired, studious habits, into the incumbencies of vast poor parishes, as the readiest means of providing for them. . . . We are not aware of any instances in which the Archbishop has sought out any scholar of eminence, or curate of prolonged services, unless a popular cry or powerful interest has been brought to bear on the selection."

The Erastianism of Tait when Bishop of London was never more conspicuously marked than in a debate in the House of Lords in 1867, on the Colonial Church, when he showed in his speech that he thought the Colonial Church, though not established by law, should be reduced under the supremacy of the Crown, so that appeals in ecclesiastical causes would be heard in the same manner as English appeals. To this Bishop Wilberforce retorted: "It should be remembered that the Church of England in the Colonies is a purely voluntary body, like the Wesleyans or any other body of religionists having an internal regulation of its own, but having no connection with the Crown except as subjects of the Queen."

Tait's words in an Episcopal Council in 1858 on Missionary Bishops were: "Bishops in Roman Catholic countries were sent by the Pope; in our country the bishops should be sent by the Queen, who stood in the same place as the Pope. The State, and our connection with it, was our greatest blessing, and there would be great danger to the Church in injuring our connection with it. The same result might be obtained by dividing the existing dioceses and giving them the superintendence of their missions, and then the Queen would come in. After all, is the measure desirable? Is there any accuracy of

data for supposing that bishops are of any use? Surely it is better, if you have bishops, to have them backed up by the State." [1]

Early in 1874 the Bishops met and determined that a Bill for enforcing discipline in ritual matters must be pushed forward, and the conduct of this Bill through Parliament was committed to Archbishop Tait. It was read a second time in the House of Lords, but when it came into committee it was met with a flood of amendments. The most important of these were introduced by Lord Shaftesbury. They virtually destroyed the Court of Arches, and in its place set up an entirely new tribunal, wholly secular and lay. The Archbishop was determined to legislate at all costs, and when he found that he could not rely upon Churchmen of any school to secure the passing of the Bill which the Bishops had proposed, he supported that of Lord Shaftesbury. It was then that Dr. Littledale applied to him the text, "Take thy bill and sit down quickly."

He had already, in 1868, been appointed by Lord Beaconsfield to the see of Canterbury. Facts have conclusively shown that the Act, so far from appeasing strife, tended to aggravate it, whilst it inflicted the additional grievance on the clergy that it invented a Court in which they felt that they could not even defend themselves without being disloyal to the Church of which they were ministers.

After 1878 his health began to fail, and towards the end of 1882 he took to his bed, and there attempted to undo some of the mischief which he had accomplished. He persuaded Mr. Mackonochie to resign the benefice of S. Alban's, Holborn, so as to avert prosecution by the Church Association. He felt in a vague way that he might have done wrong throughout his episcopate, and had the courage to admit the possibility, so that finally he may have felt, like Saul of Tarsus, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks."

Robert Bickersteth, another of the Palmerston-Shaftesbury appointments, was sent to Ripon, an important see comprising within it the manufacturing towns of Leeds, Bradford, Wake-

[1] Bishop Wilberforce wrote to Gladstone, November 6, 1861: "The Bishop of London, who professes to disbelieve in the power of Episcopacy apart from Prelacy, has constantly opposed every attempt we have made to extend our missionary episcopate, and has sought to bind our poor Church in new fetters." The day was named for the consecration of the Bishop of Honolulu by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishops of Chichester and Oxford, when the Bishop of London interfered and got it postponed *sine die*.

field, Dewsbury, Huddersfield, Halifax, Barnsley—in fact, all the great teeming manufacturing portion of Yorkshire, leaving to the archbishopric only Sheffield of this busy, thriving and thickly populated region. What was needed, and needed imperiously, was an able, active ruler, full of energy and organizing capacity. Bickersteth was none of this. His proper sphere would have been a proprietary chapel in Cheltenham or Bath. A severe, but not unjust critique was passed on the fulsome and undiscriminating panegyric passed on him by his son, in the *Church Quarterly Review*, No. 48 (1887). He occupied the throne of Ripon from 1856 to 1884.[1] He was a narrow Evangelical; he voted for the Divorce Bill and for marriage with a deceased wife's sister. I shall have more to say of him presently, as I was in his diocese from 1864 to 1866. He was a sincerely pious man, desirous of doing what was right as far as his lights went, but those lights illumined but a very small radius.

It cannot be said that the bishops nominated by Lord Beaconsfield were a great improvement on the nonentities of the Palmerston-Shaftesbury appointment, with the notable exception of Lightfoot to Durham. Magee was a witty, fluent, Irish popular preacher and platform orator. He came to England frankly to push his fortunes. He wrote: "I confess that a presumptuous dream I had of doing good in the Irish Church by raising a standard of liberality and moderation in theology and politics is dissipated by an experience of five years. . . . I am a speaker only, and cannot bring myself to howl in Ireland after the fashion approved by Irish Churchmen." He took the proprietary "Octagon" Church at Bath, and thence was promoted to be Dean of Cork. Next he was given the see of Peterborough by Disraeli because he made a brilliant speech against the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. As Bishop he was active in his diocese, but—as he said—he picked out the High Churchmen and threw them over the hedge into his neighbour's garden. A great work of Church extension and levelling up of Church life and practice was accomplished in the large towns of Northampton and Leicester in his time, but how far he had a hand in this is hard to determine. The Bishop was wont to come and take up his abode in Northampton

[1] Bishop Wilberforce in his Diary, May 15, 1858, wrote: "Discussion at S.P.G. on Missionary Bishops. A painful occasion. Carlisle and Ripon utterly disbelieving in Christ's appointment (of Episcopacy). Alas! alas! Lord forgive them—they know not what they do."

for two or three weeks together, living in rooms, where he was accessible to the clergy at any time. This he did also in other parts of his diocese. In 1891 he was promoted to the Archbishopric of York by the Marquess of Salisbury, but he died shortly after.

Disraeli had accurately defined the procedure of his predecessors as Prime Ministers in the choice of bishops: "Find a man who, totally destitute of genius, possesses nevertheless considerable talents; who has official aptitude, a volubility of routine rhetoric; who, embarrassed neither by the principles of the philosopher nor by the prejudices of the bigot, can assume with a cautious facility the prevalent tone, and disembarrass himself of it with a dexterous ambiguity the moment it ceases to be predominant—such a man, though he be one of an essentially small mind, though his intellectual qualities be less than moderate, with feeble powers of thought, no imagination, contracted sympathies—such a man is the individual whom kings and parliaments would select . . . to rule the Church."

Such being Disraeli's judgment of the appointments by previous Prime Ministers, one might have expected that he would be conscientious and judicious in such matters. But the catching of votes stood with him above principle; and to please the Evangelicals Lord Beaconsfield advanced to episcopal thrones men of ultra-low opinions. One would almost think that Disraeli was playing the prank of the lord in the Induction to *Taming the Shrew*, when he took up these individuals who knew nothing of Church doctrine and Church order, and had them conveyed into episcopal palaces, vested them in lawn, and got them addressed as "My Lord."

> Am I a lord?
> Or do I dream, or have I dream'd till now?
> I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
> I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things;
> Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
> And not a tinker, not Christopher Sly,
> Well, bring our lady (our diocese) hither to our sight,
> And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

Ryle was appointed to the newly-created see of Liverpool. It was he who persecuted Mr. Bell-Cox of S. Margaret's, Liverpool, and had him sent to prison. Ryle had himself been a member of the Church Association, called into being to prosecute High Churchmen, so that he was quite ready, like Herod, "to vex

certain of the Church." Ryle was the author of a book entitled *Knots Untied*, published under the auspices of the National Protestant Church Union. He untied knots only to produce a tangle. The book teems with theological misconceptions and unproven assertions. It was issued as a sort of text-book of Protestantism in the Church of England. He counsels laymen to forsake their parish churches if the clergy do not preach "the Gospel" as he understood it. But two can play at that game. He urged "lawsuits wherever there is a reasonable hope of success." And this was the sort of man that the Prime Minister planted in the Church. Did that half-reclaimed Jew do so out of mockery?[1]

When one considers Ryle's bigotry, his narrow partisanship, his treatment of the parish of S. Margaret's, and his obtaining the imprisonment of Mr. Bell-Cox—the text applied to him does not seem inappropriate: "Where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding? The sea (*read* see) saith, It is not in me." There is, however, something to be said for Bishop Ryle, that towards the end of his life he softened considerably, and, probably because he was heartily ashamed of what he had done to the Vicar of S. Margaret's, he went out of his way to be gracious to Mr. Bell-Cox. As that priest said in a letter to me, "his kindness and confidence were most touching." It speaks highly for Ryle's character, that he was ready by act, though not by words, to admit that he had done wrong.

More than that, too many of the Evangelical clergy in his diocese, whom he had at first favoured, he discovered to be men of words and not of deeds, and that the work for souls, the reclaiming of the fallen, and the building up in the faith and in the love of God, and to a spiritual life, was effected by the clergy working upon Catholic lines. He was large-hearted enough to recognize this. No ordinary man could have done so. And he changed his conduct towards them. It is evidence of his genuine sincerity and humility of spirit that he did this. And as one of his clergy said to me: "He came here as Saul the persecutor, and became to us Paul the Apostle."

James Fraser was offered by Gladstone and accepted the bishopric of Manchester, because he had worked as Assistant Commissioner to the Education Commission in 1858. He became

[1] Bishop Wilberforce wrote in 1867 of Disraeli: "Not a bit a Briton but all over an Eastern Jew."

bishop in 1870. He was hard-working, and had no "side." He is described as "striding about his diocese on foot, carrying his own blue bag containing his robes, stopping runaway carts"[1]—that is to say he did so once—"and talking familiarly with every one he met." In fact he would talk to any one who would listen to him; he was garrulous to an extreme.

Of Fraser might be said, as of Gratiano: He "speaks an infinite deal of nothing. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you may still seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search." His most grievous blunder was in not vetoing the Miles Platting case, and in approving the consequent imprisonment of the Rector. He received a severe castigation in the Northern Convocation from Dean Lake and Canon Owen.

But if Bishop Fraser took an unfortunate line in the matter of S. John's, Miles Platting, he behaved with great firmness in the case of S. John's, Cheetham Hill, in 1884. The benefice was in the Bishop's gift, and became vacant by the resignation of Mr. Lund, who had a young Mr. Gunton as his curate. A memorial signed by upwards of 1,800 parishioners requested the Bishop to present this curate to the living. A great many of the subscribers were Dissenters. But Bishop Fraser had sight of a sermon and paper and letter by Mr. Gunton, in which he expressed so distinctly his Socinian views, and spoke of Christ as man "differing only in degree from ourselves," that he refused to institute him; remaining unmoved amidst the vituperations of the press and of speakers at indignation meetings, and taunts that he had always advocated that the parishioners should have a voice in the nomination of their priest—and now that the voice had spoken emphatically, he would not listen to it.

Mr. Swinburne describes a school-opening he attended: "I myself heard him speak—when introducing a deputation he took up three-quarters of the hour allotted to that person whom people had come from miles to hear. His lordship was there to speak on Education, but he opened the meeting by referring to his sisters in Christ: 'My sisters in Christ, blessed with affluence

[1] It was, I have been told, a very small affair. A boy was delivering parcels from a little tradesman's cart, and leaving it to give up one, the horse or pony trotted or cantered off without the driver. Bishop Fraser easily stopped it, and gave the reins to the lad who was running after. The most was made of this—and, as may be seen by the quotation above, the one incident is swelled to many.

in my old parish'—here a digression occurred to contest the views expressed by certain smiles among his audience, that the expression 'sisters in Christ' was open to objections. The next digression went to prove that the opinion of his 'sisters in Christ blessed with affluence' curiously coincided with the rougher materials not so blessed, to whom it had been his privilege to minister in mining districts, and that characteristic was—breathless anxiety on the part of his audience to hear it—but several more digressions ensued before our curiosity was allayed, and we learnt that his sisters in Christ always complimented him on 'going straight to the point,' that was to say to the root of the matter; and what was the matter before them? why Education.

"Education, he informed us, was a Latin word—yet one more digression to prove the utility of the study of dead languages. This digression became multiplied in the shape of reasons why his audience, chiefly fisher-folk, should not be discouraged if they did not understand Latin, and were not thus in a position to be as accurate as his lordship; and to prove his accuracy he proceeded to explain to them what that word education meant. 'Education comes from *educo*, a Latin word meaning "I build up."'"[1]

That this is no caricature may be judged by Bishop Fraser's address to the working men at the Leeds Congress in 1872. Bishop Wilberforce thus describes it in a letter to the Rev. Hugh Pearson, October 10, 1872: "Bishop of Manchester starts by saying they are not working men—that only a few are (cry of 'Show of hands,' and 75 per cent. hold up their hands). Tells a good story of his squire in Berkshire, who told him that he should have been a tippler and a poacher—says *he*, but having a comfortable house, is not tempted to tipple at the Black Dog, and smoke churchwardens (now he is speaking very well indeed). Why do not the poor hear US gladly? Now has just scalped poor Gloucester and Bristol, but well and tenderly as if he loved him. Now he is praising Mr. Joseph Arch. Now he has made a great blunder: says 'the order of the Angel was, Go stand in the Temple and speak the words of THIS life. We don't want heaven and paradise 10,000 years hence, but what is to help you TO-DAY?' The Greek, brother Fraser, won't bear it. Now again, he is very good: 'Do you read your Bibles for yourselves? Do you pray?' Now he is speaking very mischievously, ap-

[1] Swinburne (A. J.), *Memories of a School Inspector*, p. 52.

pealing to the Wesleyans about surplices, etc., and contrasting them with winning living souls; and so he stops, applauded for the last bit of mischief—leaving, as Lord Nelson said, the impression that 'the kingdom of God is not meat and drink' means 'there are no sacraments'" (*Life of Bishop Wilberforce*, iii. 399).

It was of Bishop Fraser that one of his leading incumbents remarked, when a conference was convened to consider by what means the episcopal hands might be strengthened: "Alas!" with a sigh, "it's his *head* that wants strengthening."

When the Indian famine occurred, and English hearts were stirred with compassion, and purses were opened to send relief to the starving natives, Bishop Fraser did his utmost to discourage this generous sympathy, on the plea that it was the business of the State to relieve the distress.

He objected to house-to-house visitation by the clergy, saying, "It will be done mechanically, and I do not believe any spiritual fruit will flow from it."

At the Bath Church Congress he said: "When I heard my Right Rev. brother, the Bishop of Chichester, plead for a life of devotion, I hoped that the word 'devotion' might be meant to include devotion to duty as well as devotion on the knees in prayer, for we bishops, who have the care of so many churches upon us, have but little time to give up to those hours of prayer which we feel we do most earnestly need." It would have been well for him had he spent more time on his knees, and less in blathering on a platform. One of his canons remarked after his death, that he seemed to be much more interested in the doings of Dissenters than in the work of the Church.

A highly eulogistic *Life* has been written of Bishop Fraser by Mr. Diggle, now Bishop of Carlisle; another by Mr. Tom Hughes.

There was a surgeon at Wakefield who, when riding by the workshop of a sexton-stonecutter, saw that the man had wrongly spelled an inscription on a monument. "Heigh!" said he, "you have made a blot there." "Never mind, Sir," replied the man; "cover it over. I have covered over many a blot of yours."

And what biographies may be written, when all the blots are covered over!

The story is told of Thackeray that, as he was passing a fishmonger's shop, before which stood a couple of barrels of oysters

labelled respectively 1*s.* a dozen, and 1*s.* 3*d.* a dozen, he remarked to a companion, "How the shilling bivalves must hate those at one-and-three!" But one would say rather, "How they must fear them!" Small beer would never suffer Bass's pale ale to be advanced to table till it had stood and become unpalatably flat. It is alarmed at the energy and effervescence of the latter.

According to Sir Francis Younghusband, who made the memorable march to Lhassa: "It is not the ordinary man, however much he may develop his mediocrity, that is most wanted. It is the exceptional man. It is the man with just that touch which we cannot positively define, but which we all instinctively recognize as genius. There is a superabundance of ordinary men, and it must be admitted that they do ordinary work very much better than geniuses. But it is the genius alone who, when the occasion arises, will flash a ray through the masses of ordinary men, and make them do what they would never do with any amount of development of their ordinary qualities." Now the English parsons are mostly ordinary men, but it is precisely among such, as in the army, that genius has a special work to do—to illumine, to guide, to galvanize into activity. But it is precisely these who were crushed and driven away by the bishops, and who had no chance of promotion, no prospect of getting a living from the Crown, the Chancellor, or any public body. From among the mediocratics the bishops were chosen.

The Shaftesbury-Palmerstonian bishops as little resembled the great prelates of the past, Andrewes, Laud, Bull, Butler, Pearson, as an empty coal-barge in a sluggish canal, at night, illumined by a tallow dip in a dingy lantern, resembles a man-of-war breasting the waves in dazzling sunlight. Both are vessels—that is all.

These bishops and deans and canons who owed promotion to their Evangelical opinions were good men, smug and plausible, but not scholars, without force of character, and power to comprehend what were the needs of the Church of England.

It was a change from the Peel and Russell bishops to those of Palmerston, hardly an improvement.

> Aliter catuli longe olent, aliter sues.
>
> PLAUTUS.

What was felt, and felt bitterly by the High-Church clergy, was how completely the bishops cringed to the man in the street. If the press denounced ritual, confession, high doctrine, they

hastened to echo the same in their charges. I venture to quote from a poem that passed in MS. about this time. It was entitled "The Marionette Dancer." A strange masked piper placed puppets on the pavement and bade them caper to his tune, as he worked a string that set them in motion. I have space for but a few lines.

> Then he held up with a contemptuous yawn
> A doll in rochet, and with sleeves of lawn.
> "This one I got, half-form'd, from one whose trade
> Was making saints; but this aside he laid,
> For how a saint, he asked, be fashioned
> With knot at heart, and dry-rot in the head?
> Rejected, but in prelate's vesture set,
> He makes no saint, but makes a marionette.
> Obedient to whatever I may please,
> Bows, cringes, leers, advances, stands at ease,
> Opinions taking from the daily papers,
> And as the rabble whistle, feebly capers."
> I interrupted him and said, "I pray,
> Tell me, are these dolls rattling thus all day?"
> He answered with a shrug of shoulder, "Aye!
> And when they're broken, out of joint, and fail
> To please the mob, then of no more avail,
> I cast them in yon box."—The box was black,
> Bearing a coffin-plate, inscribed OBLIVION.
> Then, I would move away, but paused awhile
> To ask, "Strange piper, with sardonic smile,
> Winding your threads, casting your dolls away,
> With fallen mask, tell me thy name, I pray?"
> He raised himself, as after me he hurl'd
> The answer fiercely, "Sir! I am the WORLD."

There is a hackneyed story of an artist painting the Assumption who was accorded a vision of cherubs. "Messieurs, asseyez-vous s'il vous plaît," said he. "Hélas, mais nous n'avons pas de quoi!" they replied. These Palmerstonian bishops reversed the condition. They could take their seats, but they had no heads. It is not angels only that hover over us, but paper kites as well.

One of them gave a lecture on Geology, mainly based on Hugh Miller's *Testimony of the Rocks*, and spoke in it of a *Megaletherium*, whereupon he was held up to ridicule by the *Saturday Review*. This same bishop went to a Church opening, and was handed the programme of the service. The *Benedictus* was to be sung. "Benedictus! Benedictus!" he exclaimed. "That is something Popish—I will not allow that."

The same prelate sent for one of his incumbents, and took

him to task for advertising the preaching of a Mission priest as that of the Rev. Father So-and-so. "It is unscriptural, it is against the Word of God," said the bishop, quoting S. Matthew xxiii. 9, "Call no man your father, etc." "But, my Lord," replied the priest, "how about yourself? Are not we to address you as the Right Reverend Father in God?" The bishop collapsed at once.

For awhile these bishops clogged the wheels of the Church. They originated nothing, they had no programme, no definite aims, no organizing power. Those of the party who were in Colonial sees were conspicuous failures. Australia was a dumping-ground for them, and in no Colony did the Church prove so feeble. These Palmerstonian prelates have happily now all dropped away, leaving not a trace behind, save volumes of charges, for which a second-hand bookseller would not give sixpence a ton. There is much to be said for the bishops of this period. They had a most difficult course to steer. The great bulk of the people, ignorant and prejudiced, were opposed to the Church movement. The Court, the Press, the Lawyers were against it. Unhappily, with the exception of Bishop Wilberforce, there was no commanding genius among them with a wide outlook. There were some devout and orthodox prelates, but they had not the force of character and the ability to stand up for the cause of the Church. They led sweet and holy lives—that was all. The majority of the bishops were mediocrities, men of low intelligence, narrow views, and hearts quaking before the voice of the press and the shout of the vulgar. They were, rightly enough, earnest for personal religion, but they had no conception of anything beyond individualism. They were conscientious, but their consciences were enclosed within a hazel nutshell. They had no prophetic outlook into the future; they had no scales wherein to weigh forces. Canute had his chair planted on the sands, and bade the tide respect it. It did not—it rose and submerged his seat. But these prelates sat on their thrones and screamed and charged against the tide that swelled and which they were powerless to control. The evil was due to the Prime Ministers, who selected for bishops men who were ignorant of steering to act as pilots among the sandbanks of the day; men who had no knowledge of where was deep water; poor, inept blunderers put in charge of the vessel of Christ's Church, who ran her from side to side, groping their way, devoid of knowledge and not even understanding the compass.

The Colonial sees were for the most part filled with favourites of the Church Missionary Society, and with home nonentities. An old pupil of mine, a devout Churchman, went to Australia to a diocese obsessed by one of these. The Bishop invited him to supper. The meal ended, at which were several youths, the company resolved itself into a prayer-meeting over the rinds of cheese and the dregs of home-made ginger-beer. The Bishop tripped about asking each guest to " put up a prayer," and giving each his cue. My pupil turned hot and cold, and when his turn came, in a tremulous voice began to pray for a blessing to descend " on the Bishop of this Diocese and on his wife—' Thou who hast promised to save both man and beast ' "—and came to a frightened stop. In the dead silence that ensued, the Bishop pronounced a sonorous *Amen.* Whereupon Mrs. Bishop heaved her head above the chair rail and flashed a threatening glance at her spouse. " Amen " signifies " so it is," as well as " so be it."

Mr. H. G. Wells in *Kipps* gives a very true picture of one of these men, returned to England. " He derived much help from a ' manly ' sermon, delivered in an enormous voice by a large, fat, sun-red clergyman, just home from a colonial bishopric he had resigned on the plea of ill-health, exhorting him that whatever his hand found to do he was to do it with all his might." These men were incorrectly termed " returned empties." Empties they were not, for they were full of pomposity and self-complacency—at least such were some of those that I came across.

Happily there were others, notable types of Colonial and Missionary bishops, working upon definite Church lines.

The unhappy thing was that the bishops, with the exception of a very few, did not understand the movement, as the necessary outcome of the Catholic seed that had ever been in the English Church, but had been trampled on, overlaid with paving-stones, battered down, but had never been killed. Much excuse must be made for them. With regard to Archbishop Tait, though he had conformed to the Church, his Scottish training left a decided influence on his character and mind. The old adage is true that wine evermore retains the flavour of the soil in which it grows.

A gentleman near Whitby holds lands on a singular tenure. He is bound once in the year to mount his horse, gallop into the sea, and drive a wattle into the sand. He then gallops back, and the next wave washes his wattle away. The Victorian

bishops were much like that gentleman. They supposed that they held office subject to the condition that they should yearly ascend their hobbies, make a dash into the waves of religious conviction rolling up from the depths of fervid hearts, and plant their petty protests, which next moment would be cast indignantly aside, and which no one could suppose would restrain the rising tide which swells obedient to a Divine impulse.

But assuredly these prelates should have endeavoured to obtain some comprehension of the principles of that party against which they levelled all their batteries. Whereas, from their own description of it, they did not understand it at all—they never even attempted to understand it. There was one among them with ability, and that was Thomson, who had Scottish shrewdness. But the movement had already grown beyond his control. A man once put his foot down on the bubbling spring which was the source of the Thames. "Now," said he, "all the ships and barges below London Bridge will stick in the mud." Thomson put down his foot, but not on the spring, and the water overflowed his instep, rose above his knee.

As to being leaders, the bishops appointed by Lord Palmerston were leaders only in the same way that is a wheelbarrow which the man in the street thrusts before him.

It may be interesting at the present day to compare the treatment of Ordinands now with what it was formerly. Now most of the bishops gather about them those preparing for the ministry not merely to prove their knowledge, but to kindle their devotional feelings. They are kind and considerate, and where they have room, lodge them in their palaces.

An old friend has furnished me with an account of his ordination by one of the Shaftesbury-Palmerstonian bishops in the sixties.

"The vicar of X desired to have me as his curate, and I went to town by appointment and called on the bishop in the morning at his lodgings, whilst breakfast was on the table, at the hour fixed by himself. It did not occur to him to offer me even a cup of coffee or a bit of toast. I had come up by an early train from a distance, to meet him by appointment, and had had no breakfast. He received me stiffly and ungraciously, and required me to go to his cathedral city for examination for the ordination, that was to take place, not on Trinity, but on Whit-Sunday. The candidates were expected to lodge in the town and to walk out some considerable distance in the morning to the

palace, where examination began at 10 a.m. At noon a meagre refection was served to us, ham-sandwiches and very small beer, in the hall, of which we partook standing. Meanwhile lunch was being carried into the dining-room for his Lordship, chaplains and family; and whilst they were feeding, the butler intimated to us that we were expected to walk about the grounds. This we did, and heard the clatter of knives and forks in the dining-room.

"At length we were suffered to return into the palace, when the comestibles had been carried from the dining-room in which we were examined, but from which the smell of the meal had not been dissipated.

"Nothing could have been set more unsuitable for drawing out the knowledge of a candidate than the papers we were required to answer. They were keys to taps from which might flow a stream of unctuous twaddle. Our principal examiner was a man considered a burning and shining light of the Evangelical school, if that can be called a school where there is no scholarship.

"The man who was supposed to have passed best, and was set to read the Gospel on the Sunday, he was a literate, who dropped every 'h,' but could write sheets of pious vapourings. In conversation with him afterwards I learned that he could spell out Greek words, but knew little or no Latin. Yet this windbag had the audacity, on entering his curacy, to publish the very first sermon he preached. It was an impertinence of the Bishop to distinguish such a man above the heads of Oxford and Cambridge men, some already Masters of Arts.

"We were ordained in the private chapel of the palace robed in black gowns, and the Bishop preached empty nothingnesses to us for an hour. After that, we were invited to lunch with him."

I was in the diocese of Ripon under Bishop Bickersteth from 1864 to 1866. He was so unsympathetic that he was called in the diocese "the Bleak Bishop." He was wont to give copies of Simeon's Skeletons of Sermons or Clayton's Sermons, which had no sale, to all candidates for Holy Orders in his diocese. Richard Collins, afterwards of S. Saviour's, Leeds, said to him: "My Lord, I venture to ask, with the prophet: Can these dry bones live? Do you know, my Lord, what the Dean [Erskine] has said of Simeon's Skeletons?" "No, Mr. Collins; I should be very glad and interested to learn his opinion." "Well, my Lord," he said, "'You might as well expect results from them as

you might look for an oak-tree to grow out of a broomstick stuck in the earth.'"

The second-hand booksellers in Leeds, Bradford and other towns in the diocese would not look at copies when offered them, they had such a glut on their shelves; and it was not an unusual sight to see slabs of bacon in pork-shops placed on the counter labelled "4*d*. only" sustained by one of Simeon's lucubrations upon Justification, or to receive a pennyworth of "bull's-eyes" in a cornet from one of Clayton's Sermons on Assurance. The gift was kindly intended, but was not appreciated in any case. It was a standing joke among Ordinands that if every one had a skeleton in his cupboard at home, they went off from Ripon each with one in his portmanteau.

In the palace grounds were pits, caused by the sudden collapse of the strata. Below the surface at some depth were subterranean streams, never seen, that corroded the sandy conglomerate through which they flowed, and which latter suddenly gave way, leaving a concavity above. The Bishop was greatly afraid lest some day such a catastrophe should befall his house, and he, his family and chaplain should go down quick into the pit. What he did not see was that this was a figure of the poor undigested, incoherent Evangelicalism in which he believed; and that there were currents, deep and strong, flowing beneath the crust, causing the Protestantism of the Established Church to give way everywhere, and where least expected, and that these currents were irresistible.

I went from Ripon diocese to that of York, where I was for five years under Thomson, who was then Archbishop. I had been appointed by Viscountess Downe, who was building a church in an outlying portion of the parish of Topcliffe, and who also paid the stipend of the perpetual curate. But the vicar of Topcliffe was the actual nominator. I had resigned my curacy at Horbury and made ready to move to Dalton, when an inexplicable hitch occurred. I went to Topcliffe to see the vicar. He showed me letters from the Archbishop suggesting "dodges" —I can give them no other name—by which he might exclude me. I said that this was very unfair: he, the vicar, had written to me offering the curacy of Dalton, and on the strength of that I had left Horbury.

The vicar, Mr. Hawkins, a sturdy, straightforward Englishman, burst out—"I will not do the Archbishop's dirty work for him. If he objects to you, let him act openly and above-

board." The Archbishop did not desire to fall out with Lady Downe, who had several livings in the diocese in her gift, as also some "peculiars" which Dr. Thomson wished very greatly to get under his own jurisdiction. So eventually I was instituted. Dr. Thomson had been Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, in 1855. In 1861 he was made Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Struck by his appearance, so it was said, Queen Victoria had him transferred to York after he had been ten months in his first see, and he remained Archbishop for twenty-eight years. Of his ability there could be little doubt. As to his religious opinions I should say they were Erastian, and he only postured as a Low Churchman because he was strongly opposed to the High-Church party; and he used the Evangelicals as they served his ends. Here is an example of his methods.

At Bridlington the parish church was in the hands of the so-called Simeonite Trustees. There were residents in the popular watering-place who could not endure the way in which the services were conducted in the church, and the sour doctrine there delivered made their gorges heave. Now an adjoining parish was in good hands, and the incumbent of this erected an iron mission chapel on his side of the boundary, and appointed to it a curate to conduct the services suitably. At this end of Bridlington a good number of villa residences were being erected, in fact, it was spreading towards the iron chapel; and here also a Sisterhood had a convalescent home. The chapel was always crowded and the services hearty. The Archbishop exerted himself to get a church built a stone's-throw off, on the Bridlington side of the frontier, and no sooner was this completed and a strong Evangelical had been appointed to it, than he withdrew the licence of the curate, and also that for the iron chapel. This naturally led to the migration from the watering-place of all such as were Churchmen at heart.

Archbishop Thomson was a portly man, pompous in manner, and the text applied to him by Dr. Littledale was appropriate: "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." In the evening at dinner, in purple velvet, with purple silk apron and stockings and silver shoe-buckles, he presented a stately figure, but his face had lost its handsomeness when I knew him. The writer in the *Dictionary of National Biography* states that he was very popular with the artisan class, presumably at Sheffield. I never was at Sheffield, so I cannot say; but I have little doubt that he was valued by the Dissenters, as doing his best

to hinder Church work in the place done upon definite Church lines. His dread of anything like a manifestation of corporate life in the Church induced him to remain sulking at Bishopthorpe, when he refused to attend the Pan-Anglican Conference.

He objected strongly to my having non-communicating attendance at Dalton. I said that I would stop it at once if he would point out to me the rubric requiring the withdrawal of such as did not purpose communicating. "But the children—I don't approve of the presence of the children." "Your Grace—it was the same with the Apostles: they also objected to the children approaching Christ. History repeats itself."

It is only fair to say that when Bishop Fraser of Manchester appealed to him for his opinion relative to the doctrine held and taught by Mr. Gunton, of S. John's, Cheetham Hill, his decision was prompt, just and orthodox; and that he took steps to expel Mr. Voysey from his cure, when he contravened the first principles of the Faith.

When I left Dalton for the rectory of East Mersea, to which I was presented by the Crown, he told me that he had given a glowing account of my work and a strong recommendation of myself to Mr. Gladstone, who had written to him about me. I was aware of the value of that. He knew nothing of my work, and he wanted greatly to get rid of me out of his diocese.

At East Mersea, to which I was presented in 1871, I was in the diocese of Rochester till its subdivision, and then was in that of S. Alban. Claughton was Bishop; he was the son of the steward of Lord Ward's estates. He was a man of considerable presence. He did well at Oxford and was made Professor of Poetry. I never saw a line of poetry written by him. He married the sister of Earl Dudley, his pupil, who befriended him throughout life, and together with Bishop Wilberforce obtained for him the bishopric of Rochester. When the see was divided, he took that of S. Alban. He resided in Danbury Park.

In the Middle Ages a struggle ensued relative to Investitures, Gregory VII objecting to the reception of the pastoral staff by a bishop from the king. But now, under the Public Worship Regulation Act, the English Bishops eagerly pressed their crooks into the hands of the Ex-divorce Judge, Lord Penzance; and Claughton was the first to make this base surrender, and send the Rev. A. Tooth to him for condemnation and imprisonment.

Claughton's daughter, Amelia Maria, widow of the Hon.

Augustus Anson, married the Duke of Argyll. She was his second wife. By his first wife the Duke had Lord Lorne, who married Princess Louise. Dr. Littledale's text for Bishop Claughton was: "He that giveth his virgin in marriage doeth well."

Through these alliances Bishop Claughton became intimate with Royalty. A photographer took a portrait of the Princess of Wales and the Bishop looking over an album together. The artist published this under the title "The Princess and the Bishop studying the Sacred Scriptures," and the picture had in consequence a considerable sale among pious females. The younger brother became successively Bishop of S. Helena, and Colombo, ultimately ending his days as Canon of S. Paul's, Archdeacon of London, and Chaplain-General of the Army. When he went to Ceylon he declared "that he was going to lay his bones amid his adopted flock;" but second thoughts were best, and he did uncommonly well for himself on his return to England. He was succeeded by Jermyn, a good man if there ever was one. He *really* broke down through repeated dysentery attacks, and had to give up. He became Bishop of Barking, and afterwards of Gibraltar. The first Bishop of Colombo was Chapman, who had been an Eton master. At one time it was possible to encounter stalking together arm-in-arm down the Quadrant three "returned empties" from Colombo. After the resignation of Jermyn a long delay ensued before another man was nominated to Ceylon, lest he also should get a call to return home, and London would laugh to see four of these ex-Colombites marching together arm in arm.

Bishop Claughton of Rochester did well as parish priest at Kidderminster. Although I was eight years in his diocese I saw him but twice; on one occasion he exchanged half a dozen words with me.

When first made bishop he received two invitations to stay the night, from a parish where he was going to confirm—one from the squire, the other from the churchwarden, a farmer. Now in Essex nearly every farmhouse is entitled a "Hall," and as the churchwarden wrote from "Hightree Hall" the Bishop accepted his invitation, supposing the writer lived in the biggest place, and was the more important of the two. He was vastly mortified on reaching his destination to find that the "Hall" was a farmhouse, pervaded by the smell of the stables and cowhouse.

A very good bishop was Christopher Wordsworth of Lincoln. He was appointed by Disraeli in 1868, when the latter said to him that he had recommended him to the Queen "because I have confidence in your abilities, your learning, and the shining example which you have set, that a Protestant may be a good Churchman."

He was an earnest prelate, visiting throughout his diocese. Through him the see of Southwell was created. It used to be told of William Sewell of Exeter, that before going to sleep every night he looked under his bed to see that no Jesuit was secreted there. Bishop Wordsworth was almost as fanatical in his horror of Rome, and the Pope, whom he firmly believed was Antichrist. I met him at the Alt Catholik Congress at Cologne, when he made a speech in Latin, which none could follow, owing to his Anglican pronunciation of the tongue. Happily he had had his address printed, and it was distributed about the hall. I heard several German professors exclaim at the beauty of the Latin. In the debate on the Public Worship Regulation Bill he withstood Archbishop Tait to the face, but his opposition was disregarded.

Henry Phillpotts of Exeter was the son of an innkeeper of the *Bell* at Gloucester. It is remarkable that this well-known tavern should have given to the world two such remarkable men in the religious world as Whitefield and Phillpotts. Whitefield was born in it, and after his father's death his brother continued to keep the inn.

Phillpotts was a bit of a pluralist, for along with the bishopric of Exeter he held one of the rich canonries of Durham. He was the Athanasius of the day. He was not a man of much presence—indeed his face was plain and did not bear a pleasant expression. In his diocese he was not liked; and his nepotism gave great offence.

It is of the Bishop that the story is told, how that, sitting by a lady at lunch, she said to him: "Oh, my Lord, do you not think that Devonshire is very like Switzerland?" "Very," he replied, "except that in Devonshire there are no mountains, and in Switzerland there is no sea."

Sitting by another, and noticing that she crumbled her bread at table, he remarked, "I fear I make you nervous." "Oh, dear no! It is a habit I have acquired. When I sit by a bishop I crumble with one hand, when by an archbishop I crumble with both."

When my uncle, the rector of the parish I am in, went up to

see the Bishop on some occasion or other, it happened to be a very cold day, and he wore a white woollen muffler about his throat. Without thinking of removing this, he was introduced into the study. The Bishop looked hard at him and said:

"Do you contemplate committing suicide?"

"My Lord!"

"By hanging," pursued the Bishop: "I perceive that you have already adjusted the rope."

Joseph Dornford, who had been tutor of Oriel, took the rectory of Plymtree. One day he went to the palace in *ducks*. Henry of Exeter said to him sternly: "Mr. Dornford, are those white trousers quite clerical?"

"Oh, my Lord! They have washed white!" was the reply.

"Then I perceive," retorted the Bishop, "that the dye from your trousers has run into your necktie, which I notice is black."

I shall say nothing concerning Bishop (afterwards Archbishop) Temple, nor Bishop Bickersteth of Exeter, as they belong to recent times.

At no period since that of the Caroline prelates have we had so able a set of Bishops as at the present time. Some of them are determined to show that the tail is no longer to wag the dog; they will be leaders; and when such men take up a position as leaders, they will find thousands who will follow them.

Only in the far North and in certain Western dioceses lingers on the old tradition of long standing, of sending to them extreme Evangelicals, as sulky children are put in a corner.

But generally the type of our English bishops is now high; and under their direction no one need despair of the future of the Church in our land.

In very truth, we have had some splendid bishops, men of whom any Church might be proud—great scholars, strong in their faith, staunch in their Churchmanship, full of human sympathy, most lovable; such as Lightfoot, Westcott, Creighton, Stubbs, Benson, and Gore, who is with us still. Men—and Churchmen, after the feeblings of a former generation, men who could govern and direct, and who could be trusted. Looking back on the past, one could only say with Ferdinand Fabre, "O Sainte Eglise Catholique, il faut bien que quelque chose de divin réside en toi, puisque tes prêtres n'ont pu réussir à te perdre." I would but change one word, with reference to England, and read *évêques* in place of *prêtres*, and that of the past.

CHAPTER IX

ROUGH WEATHER

IF the Evangelicals were bitterly hostile to the movement on religious grounds, so also were the Broad Churchmen led by Dr. Arnold, and Latitudinarians under Lord John Russell. The former were Erastian, and would cheerfully have stretched the pegs of the Establishment so as to shelter all kinds of Christians under its undenominational canvas tent; the Latitudinarians were indifferent in religious matters, looking on all religions with impartiality as more or less superstitious. If the Evangelicals attacked with bluster that could do little permanent harm, the Broad Church and Latitudinarians assailed with subtlety far more deadly, for at one time they had all the power of the Crown and State at their back.

It would appear as though it was with intent to outrage the feelings of High Churchmen that Dr. Hampden was promoted to the bishopric of Hereford. He had been previously appointed Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, and his Bampton Lectures had been condemned by the University as heretical, and he himself had been denied a voice in the nomination of University preachers.

To offend not High Churchmen only, but Churchmen generally, Dr. Lee was given the newly founded bishopric of Manchester, although charged, almost certainly unjustly, with drunkenness and with being tipsy even during the performance of divine service. Although the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London visited Lord John Russell, the Prime Minister, and implored him to have these charges investigated before Dr. Lee was consecrated, he absolutely refused to do so—thinking it was an unwarranted charge, and an insult to investigate it. The appointment was at once carried out. The bishoprics as they fell vacant were filled with Erastian prelates, and at a later date with Evangelicals.

There were two bishops of decided Church opinions: Denison of Salisbury (1837–1854), and after him Hamilton (1854–1869). Blomfield of London was a man none could trust; he shifted his political views, and in Church matters was unreliable. Like Reuben, he was unstable as water.

In 1842 Bishop Phillpotts in his Triennial Visitation specially referred to the Oxford Tracts. While utterly condemning Tract Ninety, he upheld the general teaching of the Tracts, and referred more especially to the Unity and Authority of the Church, the necessity of the Sacraments and the value of the Liturgy; and then proceeded to urge, as he had done three years previously, "the duty of a faithful observance of the Rubrics. True it is, that inveterate usage may be pleaded for the non-observance of some of them. But of those not all, perhaps not one, may have been irreclaimably lost. Be it our care to revive what we may; but certainly not to permit any others to fall into disuse."

Stimulated by these admonitions of their Bishop, many of his clergy instituted changes in the procedure of public Church services, and amongst these the adoption of the surplice in the pulpit. There was no provision in the rubric for any change of vesture in the Communion Service, at which alone a Sermon was contemplated. The priest in surplice left the altar for the pulpit, and returned from the pulpit to the altar to continue the Liturgy. These changes, however, excited expressions of discontent, resulting in some parishes in disputes and open ruptures. In 1844 at Helston in Cornwall there were disturbances, and on October 4 the doings of the incumbent, the Rev. W. Blunt, became the subject of judicial investigation by the Bishop. Eight matters of complaint were enumerated:

(1) The use of the surplice in preaching.

(2) Extempore preaching instead of a read sermon.

(3) Disuse of a prayer before the sermon.

(4) Extempore address on the Second Lesson in the evening instead of a formal read sermon.

(5) Requiring the whole congregation to remain throughout the Communion Service, though not all communicating.

(6) Refusing the Holy Communion to a parishioner baptized by a Roman Catholic.

(7) Refusing to read the Burial Service over an unbaptized man.

(8) Refusal to marry without production of the Baptismal Register.

Some of these charges seem to us at this day very astounding. In the case of No. 6 Mr. Blunt was clearly in the wrong.

The judgment of the Bishop was pronounced on October 23; and with regard to the surplice he pointed out that it was the sole legal dress; its use was enacted by Edward VI, reversed by Mary, and re-enacted by Elizabeth, and that he purposed to order all clergy to wear it in their ministrations if the other more costly vestments were not provided by the parish.

In accordance with this notification the Bishop issued his "Order" (November 20, 1844) to the same effect.

This produced excitement throughout the diocese. Parish meetings to protest against it were generally summoned, when on December 3 the Bishop issued a letter "to a Rural Dean," suggesting that obedience to the "Order" might be deferred till a subsequent Sunday, "in order that you may all be able to satisfy your people that the use of it (the surplice) is adopted by you not from any preference on your own part but from obedience to your Bishop."

At S. Sidwell's by Exeter, Francis Courtenay, the incumbent, had for three years adopted the surplice in the pulpit, together with the observance of some other disused orders in the Rubrics; but on December 8, in consequence of the excitement caused by the judgment in the Helston case, and the "Order," several of the congregation walked out of church when Mr. Courtenay ascended the pulpit in surplice, as had been his wont.

By December 12 nearly all the city parishes met in vestry and had their say, and on this day was held the vestry meeting of the united parishes of S. Sidwell and S. James, comprising a population of about 9,000. The meeting was conducted decorously, and an address was drawn up to the Bishop, expressing the regret of the parishioners that changes should be made in the Service by the revival of obsolete usages. To this the Bishop made a courteous reply on December 18, going over the grounds again, and requesting that the opposition should be withdrawn and his authority respected.

On December 23 the Bishop issued a letter to the clergy, in which, after alluding to the agitation against the use of the surplice in preaching, he withdrew his "Order" as respecting that garment, but added that where now used without offence, or where previously used, the "Order" was to remain in force.

The notice of withdrawal created confusion, and placed some of the clergy in a position of difficulty.

At S. Sidwell's, according to the advice given in the "Letter," Mr. Courtenay, and the vicars of the other city churches, and the incumbent of S. James's, continued to use the surplice; but later, this latter gave way.

On the following Sunday, January 12, on leaving the church, both Mr. Courtenay and Mr. Armstrong, incumbent of S. Paul's, were mobbed and followed to their houses by a hooting and howling crowd, threatening personal violence. Police protection was now provided, and as a rabble of two thousand had collected to follow Mr. Courtenay from the church to his house, situated at some considerable distance, and as it was excited and threatening, the police had to close round him and keep the assailants at bay with their truncheons. In the evening the preacher, the Rev. S. Coleridge, was similarly mobbed.

On the 21st the Mayor wrote to the Bishop, detailing the riotous proceedings on the preceding Sunday, and stating that on the latter occasion the whole available police force had been required to protect the clergy; and he added that if the mob increased in numbers and in violence on ensuing Sundays, he could not be answerable for the consequences.

Accordingly on January 22 the Bishop absolved the clergy from the obligation to wear the surplice when preaching. This was communicated to the vestry meetings, and the disturbance ceased.

From January 1845 things went on quietly in the parish of S. Sidwell's, when, after four years, the riot broke out again. Certain of the city churches had been lent by their incumbents to a sort of society of volunteers who undertook to supply—what was then a novelty—evening services, in addition to the ordinary parochial services in the afternoon. It was a High-Church Society, and on the evening of Good Friday, and again on August 27, the same clergyman, Rev. J. Ingle, had officiated, and on both occasions preached in his surplice. There had been some slight indications of disapproval on these occasions, but nothing more. But on Sunday evening, October 29, 1848, a demonstration had been organized. The church from end to end, as also the galleries, were packed with a congregation the majority of whom had never been seen in a house of God before. As soon as the preacher mounted the pulpit, the storm burst forth, an uproar of shouts of derision, hooting, catcalls broke out, and was so continuously maintained that not a coherent sentence of the preacher's sermon could be heard. This continued for so

long a period, and those who attempted to appease the uproarious crowd having failed utterly in their endeavour, the Mayor of the city was summoned. He, seeing that it was useless and indecorous to continue the service, appealed to the preacher to leave the pulpit, and this was complied with.

The mob then assembled in the main street with evident design of there continuing the outrage. The mayor entreated and then directed Mr. Ingle to leave the church by another route; to this Mr. Ingle objected, but eventually, on the urgency of his friends, he complied with the Mayor's requirements.

The Mayor now proceeded to where the rabble was in waiting with purpose to duck the clergyman in a horsepond; but the mob having discovered that he had left the church by another door, tore hooting down the main street, and meeting two other and entirely inoffensive clergymen, made them the butt of their abuse. Fortunately for himself, Mr. Ingle managed to escape.

After this, the incumbent withdrew the use of the church for the evening services.

On November 9, however, the Bishop held an inquiry, and requested that they might be resumed, but directed that the surplice should not be used in them. The sermon in the evening service stood on a different footing from that in the morning, and no provision had been made for it in the Prayer Book.[1]

The surplice riots were not confined to Exeter; they broke out in London and elsewhere, and the press did its utmost to rouse the people against the reformers. The "Puseyites," as the men were called who trod in the steps of the Tractarians, were held up to mockery in picture and in leader. The London *Times* gravely rated them, and they were ridiculed in *Punch*. Novelists—such as Mrs. Henry Wood—published absurd caricatures of them, knowing none personally, setting up scarecrows to batter them with abuse. On November 5, in many places (*e.g.*, in the Cathedral yard at Exeter) figured a Puseyite priest in cassock, surplice and stole as the Guy Fawkes of the day, to be given to the flames.

Yet the points of dispute, the matters that excited such fury, were but trifles. "Ritualism" was not yet thought of. Perhaps no parson underwent more cruel and persistent per-

[1] I have employed for this account of the Exeter surplice riots the MS. account of them written by Dr. T. Shapter, M.D., of Exeter, who was mayor at the time, kindly lent me by Chancellor Edmunds.

secution at that period than did the Rev. George Rundle Prynne of Plymouth, and his case was the more grievous because his principal assailants were clergy of the Church of England.

S. Andrew's was the parish church of Plymouth, and it had been secured by Protestant Trustees. Plymouth, Devonport and Stonehouse, the "Three Towns," had expanded enormously, and the spiritual and moral destitution of the great seaport, military establishment and dockyard had become serious, for the population had hopelessly outgrown all existing provision for supplying its spiritual wants. By the so-called Peel Act of 1843, three new parishes had been constituted in Plymouth—S, Peter's, S. James' the Less, and S. John's. The two former were taken out of the parishes of S. Andrew and East Stonehouse; the latter out of that of Charles. The new district assigned to S. Peter's contained a population of about four thousand, almost all poor, many abjectly so.

To this Mr. Prynne was appointed in 1848. There was no church, but on a tongue of high ground stood an ugly conventicle, Eldad Chapel, that had been the preaching-house of Dr. Hawker, who had seceded from the Church. On his death it was sold, and bought to serve as the church of S. Peter. It was a typical conventicle, surrounded internally with galleries, furnished with a three-decker to which all the seats converged, and destitute of a chancel of any sort. This last was however now provided from the designs of Mr. George Street, in very respectable Gothic, but small. The three-decker was thrown out and the galleries removed. Directly after the opening of S. Peter's, in November 1848, Mr. Prynne let it appear that he was determined on taking a decided line in his teaching; but his ritual was very moderate. However moderate it might be, it roused opposition, not among the parishioners, but among a host of Evangelical busybodies and clergy of the Low-Church party. The charges brought against him appear to us at the present day absurdly trivial—such as the use of the surplice in the pulpit, and the reading of the "Church Militant prayer" before giving the blessing in ante-Communion, the chanting of the Psalms, the bowing of the head at the sacred name, intoning the prayers, and omitting a prayer before the sermon. The collecting of alms in bags was also pronounced to be inconsistent with Protestantism. A local paper hoped that the "man" who introduced the alms-bags would himself speedily "receive the sack." On a much later occasion, in the diocese of Lincoln an aggrieved parishioner

complained to Bishop Wordsworth that his vicar, the Rev. G. E. Smith, "collected the *arms* of his congregation in bags!"

The ringleader of the opposition was the Rev. J. Hatchard, Vicar of S. Andrew's, backed up by a handful of retired naval and military officers. They sat as a quasi-vigilance committee for some years, and carried on warfare against Mr. Prynne. They got up public meetings to protest against his Papistical proceedings, they memorialized the Bishop. They controlled and inspired the local press, which poured forth the most scurrilous articles against the Vicar of S. Peter's.

The High-Church practices at Eldad were for a while driven from the thoughts of the Plymouthians by the appearance in their midst of Asiatic cholera during the summer of 1849. It raged in the slums of the Three Towns, and with especial virulence in the densely thronged alleys in S. Peter's parish. People died like flies. It spread to Exeter, to Tavistock, and other towns. A special cholera hospital was erected for the sufferers in Plymouth and the adjoining Devonport and Stonehouse, and this was in S. Peter's district. A sisterhood had been started in Devonport by Miss Sellon two years previous to the licensing of Eldad Chapel as a church. The Sisters at once placed themselves at the disposal of Mr. Prynne, and to be nearer the scene of their labours moved into his parish. It was then, when men and women were dying about him, that for his own strengthening and that of his fellow workers, Prynne started a daily Eucharist, which has not been intermitted to this present. Then it was offered in the convent chapel, later in the Parish Church. That chapel at the time was a tent. Recently the Guild of S. George in the parish has put up a brass tablet in memory of this historic event in the Hall, as it is almost the exact spot where the chapel-tent formerly stood.

During the time when this fearful epidemic raged Mr. Prynne, his curate and the Sisters, laboured indefatigably. On one occasion, in one of the small dirty courts, the Vicar was visiting the sick, and receiving no answer when he knocked at one door, he went in and found every inmate dead, and the house reeking with the most horrible stench. He and the curate between them removed the dead into the street. I quote a portion of a narrative by Mr. Prynne given in Mr. A. Clifton Kelway's *Memoirs of G. Rundle Prynne.*[1]

"I well remember on one occasion having been called to see

[1] London, 1905. The book well deserves to be read and thought over.

a poor woman lying on a mattress on the floor in the agonies of cholera, and close on her confinement. It was a low, overcrowded room. I had to step over a dead body to get at her. Another dead body had just been put into its thin coffin and was being lowered through the window into the street below. The screams of the people below, many of whom were Irish, in their terror and excitement, were most thrilling. Women would throw themselves on their knees in the street and catch hold of my knees, entreating me to come to the aid of some stricken one.

"I cannot pass over this subject without speaking of the devoted and heroic labours of the Sisters of Mercy during this visitation, and of the invaluable assistance they rendered us. They were a band of heroines in the army of God; the thought of personal danger did not seem to enter their minds. They had a tent in the field near the hospital to harbour and feed the orphaned children.

"One morning my assistant curate, Mr. Hetling, met one of the Sisters carrying something which seemed heavy, folded in her arms. He asked what it was. She had to admit that it was the body of a child that had just died of cholera, and that she was carrying it to the house where the ready-made coffins were kept. Another instance of self-sacrificing devotion of a still more striking character soon after came to my notice. A poor woman struck down with cholera had just lost her infant child that she had been nursing. Her sufferings were aggravated by not having the accustomed relief. A Sister was kneeling by the side of the poor woman and doing the infant's part in relieving her, when the doctor came in and caught her in the act. 'Sister A——,' said he, 'you must promise me not to do that again.' The Lord seemed to have taken away all fear from those who were ministering to His suffering members."

In March 1852 Mr. Hetling wrote to the Bishop: "It has been my lot for a quarter of a century to have seen and borne an active part in very much of suffering, pain and death. Formerly in medical practice, I have seen the whole course of cholera in London, Paris, and Bristol, and lastly here, in my office as deacon. I have beheld many acts of self-devotion to its sufferers and victims, yet never have I witnessed anything that surpassed, or even equalled, the self-abandonment and self-sacrifice of these humble Sisters. . . . Stretched upon the bed, saturated with the sickness of this dreadful disease, their persons and dresses steeped in its poison, I have seen the sick and dying

encompassed with their arms, the cramped limbs embraced and chafed, their heads reclining on their necks; now wiping with a gentle hand the fatal dampness from their sunk faces, now with affectionate entreaty pouring medicine into their mouths, and then, in the intervals of repose, with lips close to their half-dull ears, whispering some kind words of love, hope of pardon for past sins, or repeating a short prayer or sentence from the Litany; taking their hasty meal from the common stock in the centre of the room, or often at the bedside, often leaving it unfinished to perform some menial act. And all this, too, amidst the gloom of that long array of shrivelled, collapsed and leaden forms and faces, behind whose outward shroud Death was riding triumphantly. They were awful times and solemn scenes. There was one redeeming feature—there was a halo of sanctity round the persons of these calm Sisters which inspired hope and even confidence, and which, more than all, checked and repressed the irreverence and untimely merriment and pleasantry too common in the wards of a hospital. That hospital was a sacred place. The medical gentlemen, who indeed right nobly exercised their high profession, often expressed the security in which they left the nurses under their direction."

The cholera epidemic gradually died away. The Sisterhood having moved into S. Peter's parish, the Bishop laid the foundation-stone of a house for the community. The cholera had left so many orphans who were destitute, that the Sisters were almost compelled to make provision for them, and they started an orphanage for girls.

For a short while the concerted attacks on S. Peter's abated, out of very shame felt by those who were talkers rather than labourers. Yet they had worked, even in the cholera year, by acting secretly and gathering information for another attack, to be delivered when admiration for the self-devotion of the Sisters and the clergy of S. Peter's should have cooled down.

Mr. Prynne had become chaplain to the Sisterhood. Now the attack was renewed. Accusations were brought against the Sisters for saying "Lauds;" also for—so it was asserted—doing no work upon Wednesdays and Fridays, and compelling the orphans under their charge to go to confession—neither of these latter accusations was true.

In 1852 a Cambridge parson, James Spurrell, issued a pamphlet against the Sisterhood. He had lighted upon a Miss Campbell,

who had entered as a novice and had left, and he worked her "for all she was worth."

Miss Campbell, Scottish as her name shows, was an impressionable, somewhat self-willed young lady. She had been in France, and had been greatly impressed with the dignity of worship and the piety she saw in the Roman Church, and she made up her mind to join that Church and become a nun. But before doing so, her mother urged her to go into Miss Sellon's Community for a twelvemonth, and see how she relished conventual life. She did so, and Miss Sellon at once found that she was extremely ignorant of what the Church of England was and what were her doctrines, which was natural enough in one who presumably had been reared in Presbyterianism. The rules of the Community of which "Mother Lydia" was head were undoubtedly severe, and calculated to deprive the Sisters very much of wills of their own. The Scottish girl soon tired of this, and left.

The revelations Miss Campbell made to Mr. Spurrell were, however, not very dreadful. What follows refers to the daughter house at Bristol. The Sisters said the Canonical Hours, read Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*, used the Sarum Psalter translated, were not allowed to read novels or indeed any books without the consent of the Superior, nor to receive or send letters that had not been submitted to her. "That the Reader may have a correct idea of the employments of these *Sisters devoted to religion*, it may be stated that, having all the menial work to do for themselves, it was no uncommon thing for these young ladies, brought up in all the refinements of polite life, to be carrying at half-past five o'clock in the morning a large dust-barrel to the top of the court. A little later in the day the same Sisters were engaged sweeping out the house, cleaning the grates, making the fire, pumping the water, and other of the occupations of domestic servants. One would have occasionally to carry the dinner to the bakehouse, or to fetch beer from the public-house—duties strangely enough intermingled with Prime, Terse (*sic*), Sext, Nones, etc., visiting the poor, and Common Prayer twice a day at the Cathedral [at Bristol]." [1]

In the summer of 1852, when passions were inflamed by Spurrell's pamphlet, the wrath of the local Protestants was roused by the announcement that the Bishop intended holding a Confirmation in S. Peter's Church in the ensuing autumn. The

[1] *Miss Sellon and the Sisters of Mercy: An Exposure* (London, 1852), p. 29.

walls of the town were placarded with bills, calling upon parents to refrain from letting their children be confirmed at S. Peter's, and at a meeting of the Plymouth Orphan Asylum Committee a resolution was proposed and was seconded by Mr. Hadow, the minister of S. Andrew's Chapel, and supported by Mr. Hatchard of S. Andrew's Parish Church and two other Plymouth clergy, not to allow any of the orphans of the establishment to be confirmed at S. Peter's.

And now broke out a savage attack on the Sisters and Mr. Prynne on account of the practice of Confession.

Meetings were held to denounce the practice of Confession. One called in S. George's Hall at Plymouth was described as a "monster meeting," and the speakers were three clergymen, Messrs. Hatchard, Greaves and Nantes, two captains of engineers, a dissenting preacher, a wine merchant and some laymen, of more or less insignificance. Nearly all were members of the "Plymouth Church Reform Association," the object of which was to obtain a revision of the Prayer Book "with a removal therefrom of all ground and pretext for Romish doctrine and practice, and a wider comprehension of Christians within the pale of the National Church."

Definite charges were now made against the Sisters and Mr. Prynne. Mr. Hatchard had managed to lure a girl away from the Sisters' orphanage by promising to get her a good place and by preventing her mother from obtaining employment in a factory till the girl was removed. He took her—she was aged fourteen—into his own house, and she was induced to make specific charges against Mr. Prynne and the Sisters: that the orphans were compelled to go to confession, and that Mr. Prynne had asked her indecent questions. The indictment was committed to writing under the instigation of the girl's mother. The Rev. Mr. Childs, of S. Mary's, Devonport, secured another girl's testimony much to the same effect; she had been inveigled into this by a spinster lady who was a fanatic in the Protestant cause. A third girl was also got hold of and induced to say much the same thing, but her conscience reproached her, and she went before a magistrate, and in the presence of witnesses declared that she retracted all the accusations that she had been persuaded to make.

The Bishop hereupon held an investigation at Plymouth. The girl befriended by Mr. Hatchard was interviewed privately by the Bishop, Messrs. Hatchard and Greaves, Mr. Prynne and

his curate Mr. Darling, as to her private life. She acknowledged during the inquiry that before the age of twelve she had been guilty of sins which perfectly appalled the few persons who were allowed to hear this part of the evidence; she had, however, been received by Miss Sellon and maintained for some time, till she was wanted by Mr. Hatchard in 1849, to give evidence against her benefactress. Then her mother was informed by her employer (a Mr. Soper) that she would be turned off unless she took her child home. This was done, and the child was duly produced at the inquiry. The girl admitted that she had been induced to confess; and that she had revealed to a clergyman, poor girl, the sickening load of guilt which, it may be hoped, lay heavy on her mind; and questions were put to her of which nothing further appears than that in the opinion of the Bishop they were justified by the shocking acknowledgments out of which they arose.

Perhaps Mr. Hatchard had not known all that now came out, but he learned it then, and he did not express the slightest shame or regret for his share in the transaction—nor, with the facts fully before him, did it apparently occur to him that he had done anything but what was Christian and praiseworthy, in attempting to damage an obnoxious cause and gratify the Plymouth public at the probable cost of a human soul.

We come now to Mr. Child's witnesses. The first was a girl who passed under two different names, and is described as giving, with an offensive flippancy of manner, a detailed account of her own confession, with a due proportion of coarseness in the supposed interrogator and levity in herself. She said that she had heard from the girl who had just appeared that Mr. Prynne asked improper questions, and she had gone to confession for no other purpose than to ascertain whether this was the case. She related how that she had received absolution kneeling back to back with Mr. Prynne, at the Confessional Creed (whatever she meant by that), and that the absolution began "Reverend Father in God, I beseech thee give me thy blessing," and was to the effect that she might have "health, success and so on." This girl had not been an orphan, but a servant in the convent, and had been dismissed for bad conduct; and after she left it was discovered that she had been in the habit of purloining and getting rid of various articles on which she could lay her hand. Mr. Prynne never had received her confession, and once only

had he spoken to her of Confirmation, and had not even mentioned confession. The girl was evidently an unprincipled liar, and carried her falsehoods to those to whom she conceived they would be acceptable.

The second of Mr. Child's cases, C. D., had written this: "I went to Mr. Prynne Fridays, on which day I told him of the faults I had committed during the past week; on which day he gave me the following directions: To lie on the hearthstone for ten minutes every night after prayers. . . . Every month he asked me the question—'if ever any impure thought came into my mind.' He also asked me 'if ever I kept company with any young man, etc.'"

C. D. did not appear, but in her stead the following declaration was read, which she had made alone and voluntarily before a magistrate of Devonport. It appears that her statement to Mr. Child was almost as untrue as that of her predecessor; but her recantation had this peculiarity, that it showed, little to Mr. Child's credit, the mode by which she was induced to put her statements in writing:

"Most Reverend Father in God,—I write these few lines to say I am sorry that Mr. Child should have taken things in such a wrong meaning; the questions that Mr. Prynne asked me was only in my first confession, and then it was something that I confessed. . . . Mr. Prynne never told me to lie on the hearthstone, but I wrote, and I was so terrified that I do not remember scarcely anything I put down and am heartily sorry I should have told such falsehoods about Mr. Prynne, who have been so kind to me; and Mr. Child asked about the questions without asking me if there was any reason for Mr. Prynne asking me those questions. If I had known that Mr. Child was going to make any use of it I should not have written it, but I was not aware of it at the time. I was greatly hurried about writing because Mr. Child wanted it."

It is needless to say that the charge against Mr. Prynne broke completely down, and so also that of the Sisters compelling the orphans to go to confession.

There is this to be said of Mr. Child, that he did show some signs of being ashamed of the pitiful part he had played in this affair.[1]

The exculpation of Mr. Prynne disappointed and exasperated the Protestant fanatics; and now Mr. Latimer, the proprietor

[1] *The Guardian*, October 6, 1852.

and publisher of an Exeter paper, in a violent and scurrilous article attacked the Vicar of S. Peter's, making libellous accusations against him. By the advice of the Bishop and his wife's relations, Mr. Prynne, very reluctantly, took legal action against Latimer. The action was heard in Exeter. Prynne thus described what took place: "The court was crowded, but in that crowd I could only see some half a dozen friendly faces. The large majority seemed to look upon me with dislike and suspicion. The jury, as I afterwards learned, was composed almost entirely of Dissenters. The case did not last long, but my friends seemed satisfied that the evidence had entirely proved the libellous nature of the statements against me, and the judge's summing up confirmed this view. Indeed, when the jury left the room, the judge, much to my astonishment, shook hands with me, and congratulated me on my evidence, and the course the action had taken. When, shortly after, the jury returned with a verdict for the defendant, those present seemed too surprised to utter a sound, but in a few seconds the majority commenced to cheer and clap their hands. The judge seemed very indignant, and at once ordered silence."

The costs of the action were heavy, and as Prynne was unable to bear them, everything that he had that was of value was sold by auction, down to the cradle of his infant son, who had in lieu to be put to bed in a drawer.

Years passed. In 1882 the noble new church of S. Peter rose where had stood Eldad Chapel, and in 1884 Mr. Prynne was elected proctor to Convocation.

On Sunday, January 12, 1913, the Mayor and Corporation of Plymouth in their robes and in procession attended the High Celebration at S. Peter's Church.

In 1846 John Mason Neale was appointed Warden of Sackville College, an almshouse attached to an old mansion of the Sackville family, that gave him apartments for himself and family, and an income of £28 per annum. As there was a chapel, and according to the statutes of the almshouse daily prayer must be said in it, Neale was desirous of obtaining the licence of the Bishop of Chichester, Dr. Gilbert. But the patron, Lord De la Warre, objected that the College was extra-parochial, and that the soliciting for a licence was tantamount to surrender of its liberties. Mr. Neale found the almshouse in a deplorable state of decay, the hall and the chapel ruinous, and he persuaded Lord De la Warre to rebuild the hall, and he himself reseated

SACKVILLE COLLEGE CHAPEL

AS IT WAS IN 1847

the chapel. On the altar were cross and candles and flower vases. In the College, Mr. Neale had a celebration of the Holy Communion on Sundays early (9.30), and Matins and Evensong daily; but on Sundays for Morning and Evening Prayer he and the brethren and sisters of the College went to the Parish Church. On the first Sunday of the month, when there was a celebration of the Holy Communion in the Parish Church, there was none in the chapel of Sackville College.

Complaints were made to Bishop Gilbert of the High-Church proceedings of Mr. Neale, and he proceeded to pay a visit to the chapel after holding a Confirmation at East Grinstead in April 1847, in company with the complainant. As the Bishop entered and looked at the East end, he said: "I am not here with visitatorial authority; if I were I should sweep away all that"—pointing to the altar.

J.M.N. "The Altar, my Lord?"

Bishop. "I know nothing of Altars. The Church of England knows nothing of Altars or Sacrifices. I would retain a decent low table. I would not feed Christ's little ones with the wood of the cross."

J.M.N. "You would retain the table?"

Bishop. "I have said so already. But, to be candid with you—all that our Church does not authorize, she prohibits. But, as I have said, I have no visitatorial authority."

A few days later the Bishop launched the inhibition. "I feel it to be my duty to inhibit you, and I do hereby inhibit you, from celebrating Divine Worship, and from the exercise of clerical functions in my diocese." To that was added a letter: "I cannot transmit to you the following inhibition without adding a fervent prayer that God may be pleased to open your eyes to the dishonour done to Him by . . . presenting to the eyes and thoughts of worshippers the frippery with which you have transformed the simplicity of the chapel at Sackville College into an imitation of the degrading superstitions of an erroneous Church."

Now, somewhat later, I have myself seen the identical Dr. Gilbert, Bishop of Chichester, at Hurstpierpoint College, worshipping in the temporary chapel, where every one of the things for which Neale was suspended existed—cross, candles, flowers—and he made no objection. Lord De la Warre claimed that the chapel at Sackville College was not under Episcopal jurisdiction, was in fact a peculiar; and a suit was tried, but badly defended and lost, so that Neale was inhibited from saying daily prayer

in the chapel, from preaching and the celebration of Holy Communion for *sixteen years*.

Mr. Neale was not only a man of wide and brilliant scholarship; he was the most learned ecclesiologist and liturgiologist we had at the time in England; his *History of the Holy Eastern Church* is a classical work, and his hymns are to be found in every Anglican Church hymnal, and are used in Dissenting meeting-houses as well. Bishop Wilberforce in vain strove to obtain from Bishop Gilbert a removal of the inhibition, which was a scandal.

In the early part of 1851, a Mrs. Aulchim died in the College, to which she had been admitted at her own entreaty. For the burial of the old folk of the Almshouse a bier and a pall had been provided. The usual custom was for the coffin to be carried on the shoulders of bearers. Obviously it would be safer in many cases that it should be borne on a bier. The pall was purple, with a small white cross worked in the midst.

The relations of Mrs. Aulchim, at the head of a rabble, came to the College and demanded to be admitted, so as to carry off the body in their own way, *sans* bier and pall. As they were threatening, in place of giving them admission, the coffin was taken outside the gates and delivered over to the relations. These at once conveyed it to a public-house and opened it there, to make sure that the body was in it, and then proceeded to the churchyard.

That night a mob of about a hundred and fifty persons, many of them disguised, paraded the town, bearing shavings, straw and other combustibles, then proceeded to the College, where they made a bonfire on which they burnt crosses, a bier and a pall. Not content with that, they threw stones at the windows and smashed the panes of glass. Then, after returning to the town, where they were regaled with beer, they went back by the College and endeavoured to set fire to the Warden's house, melting the lead of the casement of one window and the flames leaping above the roof. When Mr. and Mrs. Neale went out to speak to the rioters, they were both attacked, and obliged to take refuge behind barricaded doors.

There was again a riot in 1856, but the most serious one took place in 1857 at Lewes.

A Miss Scobell, daughter of the Rev. John Scobell, the incumbent of All Saints', Lewes, had had her life at home rendered intolerable by her father's dislike, and consequent unkindness. As he became insane later on, and died in this condition, this may

explain the barbarity of his conduct to his child. She took refuge in S. Margaret's Sisterhood, that Mr. Neale had founded, after having spent some years drifting about from one friend's house to another. She entered the Sisterhood in the autumn of 1857, and in nursing a case of scarlet fever caught the infection and died, only nine weeks after putting on her Sister's dress.[1]

I will quote what followed from Mr. Neale's own account :—

" On her deathbed, having appointed the Superior of S. Margaret's and myself her executors, she expressed a wish to be buried in the family vault in the churchyard of her father, and that the funeral should be conducted in the way which she considered most proper and most Christian. On mentioning these wishes to her father on his arrival (which did not take place till after her death) he immediately acquiesced in both, expressed his willingness that she should be followed to the grave by the other Sisters, and charged himself with all the arrangements at Lewes.

" Contrary to what would have been our wish, and much to our inconvenience, he asked that the funeral might take place in the evening ; it was therefore fixed for 5.30 p.m. On our arrival at Lewes the usual procession was formed, the bier preceded, myself and the Sisters followed ; the only thing beyond an ordinary funeral being a wreath of white flowers carried by an orphan child from S. Margaret's—unless I need mention a white pall, but so trimmed with black as to be perfectly inconspicuous in the twilight.

" The churchyard lies about a hundred yards from the station. Before reaching it, we were joined by Mr. Scobell himself and three members of his family, who proceeded to take their places between ourselves and the bier. The Service in the Church was read by Mr. Hutchinson of West Firle ; the uproar, hooting and yelling in the churchyard, most evidently preconcerted, and with considerable skill, being quite alarming. With some difficulty we made our way to the vault in the bank of the north side of the churchyard. Mr. Hutchinson entered the vault, and the service was there concluded, the mob every moment growing fiercer and more threatening. They made way, however,

[1] Miss Scobell was aged twenty-seven, and had from £5,000 to £6,000 left her by her mother. She left the bulk of her property to a favourite brother, and only £400 to the Sisterhood. On one occasion her father had locked the door on her and himself, wrenched the keys of her desk from her, opened it and produced her diary and notes for confession, and read them out before her sisters.

for Mr. Scobell and family, as well as for Mr. Hutchinson. As the former was passing, I stepped up to him and said, 'Mr. Scobell, you see how threatening the mob are: will you not protect the Sisters?' He bowed and passed on, and that, be it remembered, when his daughter had died in their arms only five days previously. While this was passing the lights were either extinguished, or so flashed in our faces as to make a confusion worse than darkness. There was a cry of 'Do your duty! Now the performance is to come off!' and a rush was immediately made upon us. But the strangest part of all was that men, certainly in the dress of gentlemen, could stand by and see ladies dashed this way and that, their veils dragged off and their dresses torn, and, far from rendering the least assistance, could actually excite the dregs of the rabble to further violence. I was myself knocked down, and, for a moment, while under the feet of the mob, gave myself up for lost. We were borne along into the street—Mr. Scobell having quietly gone home, and taking no further interest in the matter. Some of the Sisters took refuge in the schoolmaster's house, some, with myself, in a little public-house called the King's Head. Round this inn the mob soon gathered, and were with great difficulty prevented from breaking in. At last, by the advice of the police, I made my way across gardens and over walls to the station: a larger force having been now got together, was sent back with a fly to the King's Head, and there, after some hard fighting on their part, we were enabled to return to East Grinstead by the next train, the rabble besetting the station to the very last."

Sister Amy's father published his own account of the transaction, representing Mr. Neale in the most odious light, and his daughter as having been trapped and deluded, and finally placed in the way of infection, that her small property might, at her death, fall into the hands of her new friends, who, it was reported, had induced her to make her will in that sense. The Bishop at once withdrew from his post as Visitor of S. Margaret's, and published a letter addressed to the Superior in which he stated that he entirely withheld countenance and approval of the Community.

Mr. Scobell's pamphlet contained a tissue of false representations, which could be categorically disproved by letters and by personal evidence. The Mother Superior, taking with her the necessary documents, at once went to Chichester and requested

an interview with the Bishop. It was peremptorily refused. She offered to wait his Lordship's time, and urged the importance of her communication and what she had to lay before him. For all reply she was informed by the butler that till she quitted the apartment into which she had been shown his Lordship would be unable to interview any one else. That any one, be his rank and station what it may, should thus repulse a lady whose only object in requesting an interview was to set herself right in his good opinion, is simply astounding.

Bishop Forbes of Brechin wrote: "Twenty years hence the people of Lewes will kiss the dust off the Sisters' feet." This came almost literally true, at that interval of time, on the occasion of their nursing the poor of Lewes during a serious outbreak of fever in the town, some twenty years after.

In 1860 Bishop Gilbert virtually, in 1863 formally, revoked the inhibition laid on Mr. Neale in 1847.

The first church in London in which services of a tolerably advanced class were started was S. Barnabas, Pimlico, if we put aside Margaret Street Chapel, where was Mr. Oakeley in 1839. This latter, during the French Revolution, had been a kind of temple of Deism. It then passed into the hands of the Irvingites, and finally became an Anglican chapel-of-ease. Galleries skirted the walls, pews blocked up the area. Sanctuary was none; but immediately in front of the Communion Table was a three-decker. Mr. Oakeley swept these abominations away, and made the chapel—that was really not much more than a long room—to look churchlike. The altar was given a crimson frontal, cross and candlesticks, whose unlighted candles stood memorials of episcopal inflexibility, and emblems of patient hope. They were only lighted when the fog came down thick and rendered necessary some artificial light. But Margaret Street Chapel was a very small affair. There was a later temporary chapel, of much the same character, in which the Rev. Upton Richards officiated. I can recall it in the old days before All Saints' Church was built.

The parish of S. Paul's, Knightsbridge, comprised a narrow strip of land a mile and a quarter in length, containing in 1840 a population of about 12,000 souls. It comprised the extremes of wealth and poverty. At the farther end, "Nell Gwynn's Court" and "New Grosvenor Place" were noted for their squalor. There the Grosvenor Canal was little better than an open sewer. The houses were old and ruinous, and the streets

unpaved. This district was occupied by the scum of society. The small beershops were rendezvous of the veriest dregs of the people. Here Mr. Bennett, the incumbent of S. Paul's, Knightsbridge, resolved on building a church, schools, and a clergy house, and in these he purposed carrying out the principles of the Oxford Movement. By 1848 the group of buildings was completed at the cost of £30,000. Who can tell now what self-sacrifices had been undergone to raise this sum! As Mr. Bennett wrote in his farewell letter: "Every window has its tale of some noble heart that, yearning for His glory, has here laid his substance and his love to be set forth. It is the noble and the poor together—faithful women and little children together—here all in one contributed. Each window marks a story known not to *you*, but only to me and God. Do you see the most holy place, this altar and all that lies upon it—the holy vessels, the vestments, the various preparations for the holy sacrifice? There is not one, no, not one single holy thing there lying in its sacred use but swells up the bursting heart into a memory of some deed of love of those by me, their pastor, best loved in this wide world of sin: there are some gifts of penitents, gladly by their almsgiving showing forth contrition for a youth of sin, now lately learning what they never knew before; here, gifts of the innocent in Christ—babes who yet have known but little save to love, guarded by their angels standing before God in Heaven. I know each name. This is the font—there is not a chisel-mark there but calls to mind the anxious hoarded alms and treasured sacrifice of her who laid it there for God's eternal use."

At the Consecration the only thing to which Bishop Blomfield objected was the flowers on the altar.

On September 24, 1850, the Pope issued a Bull appointing bishops of the Roman Communion with titles from sees in England instead of Vicars Apostolic, who had previously acted in some such capacity. At once, all England was in an uproar over this so-called "Papal Aggression." Lord John Russell issued his "Durham Letter," in which he cast the blame upon the "Puseyites," fanned the excitement of the people, and directed it against the Tractarian Clergy. *Punch* had a cartoon representing Lord John as a naughty boy chalking up "No Popery" on a wall, and then running away. This was followed by the Guildhall dinner, at which Judges and Ministers denounced the High-Church clergy in no measured terms, and

called on the people of England to rise in their might and put them down.

The people in Pimlico and its neighbourhood took them at their word and sent to the Bishop denunciations of the practices at S. Barnabas. He was frightened, wrote to Mr. Bennett and ordered him to give up the practices that gave offence. This Mr. Bennett refused to do, and unguardedly told the Bishop that if he regarded him as unfaithful to the spirit of the Church of England, he would resign his cure. Then ensued a succession of riots in and about the church, and the chancel would have been invaded and wrecked, but for a cordon of faithful men who stood before the screen gates and defended them. The riots began on November 10 and continued till December 8. On this last day the climax was reached, and there seemed every prospect of the rioters gutting the church, when Mr. Bennett mounted the pulpit and spoke with such fire, such heart-searching words as to overawe the mob, and send most of them out of church with abashed countenances. The Bishop now demanded of Mr. Bennett that he should resign, as he had undertaken. In vain did the poor people of the parish appeal to Bishop Blomfield—he would neither receive their deputation nor answer their appeal; and Mr. Bennett resigned, to be at once appointed Vicar of Frome Selwood by the Marchioness of Bath; and the Hon. and Rev. R. Liddell was appointed in his room at S. Paul's. The services at S. Barnabas were continued as before, and it was some time before the riots ceased.

I knew S. Barnabas intimately when Mr. Skinner was vicar and Mr. Lowder and Mr. Lyford were curates, and I was wont to stay in the clergy-house. Little by little the clouds rolled away, and now all there is peace and prosperity.

CHAPTER X

STURM UND DRANG

THE S. George's-in-the-East riots began in 1859, and continued until 1860.[1] They took place in the church. They originated with a Mr. Allen, incumbent of S. Jude's, Whitechapel, who had obtained a position in S. George's as lecturer, independent of the rector, the Rev. Bryan King, and they began when the latter was abroad for his health. Allen was a violent Protestant, and, urged by his intemperate language, a few malcontents began to interrupt the services in the church. This speedily grew in intensity and violence. Disorderly interruptions were organized and systematically carried on week after week, whilst the proper authorities were indifferent, and took no active means to suppress them. One Sunday afternoon, overcome by the horror of what was going on, the curate fell down in a fit in the midst of the service, whereupon ensued a hideous row, and fighting. That the disturbances were organized admitted of no doubt, for fuglemen were posted about the church in the pews and in the galleries, who gave signals for the hooting and profane shouts. Handbills were placarded about the streets, containing much exciting language, the last being in the form of dissuasion: "Do not groan, do not hiss, do not pull the popish rags off his back;" and Mr. Allen was generally held to have written these—at all events he never repudiated them.

I was wont to visit S. George's-in-the-East, as I was a friend of the brother of Mrs. Bryan King, and I was there when the rector had returned. As far as I could see, there was nothing in the church that might reasonably be objected to. At Evensong a pair of candles lighted, a surpliced choir in the stalls, and the surplice worn in the pulpit.

Directly the doors were opened, the mob surged into the church, scrambling into the pews, some over their backs, and

[1] See for further particulars: *C. F. Lowder, a Biography* (London, 1881).

into the galleries. Police were stationed down the middle passage, but had been given orders to do nothing unless personal violence were offered. There ensued talking, laughing, and cracking of vulgar jokes before the service began.

When the choir and clergy entered, there burst forth booing and hooting, and during the service unseemly mimicry of the intoning, and indecent parodies chanted as responses. When the choir turned East at the Creed, the mob turned bodily west. I felt, when I was there, that the Rev. Bryan King made a mistake in proceeding with Evensong, after the disturbance had begun. He should, in my opinion, have stopped at once, and left with the choir. We are forbidden to give that which is holy to dogs, and cast our pearls before swine. A great number of those who invaded the church came with Mr. Allen from Whitechapel, and it was obvious from their faces they were mere hooligans, as we should now term them.

Before Mr. Bryan King became rector of S. George's, his predecessor had appeared once only in the parish church during the seven preceding years, and had only one curate. After fifteen years of hard and hopeless work by Mr. King, the Rev. Charles Lowder came to his help and started a mission church in Wellclose Square. In 1859 six clergymen at least were labouring in the parish, besides a large staff of lay assistants, and six hundred children were under instruction in the schools that had been set on foot. No wonder the cry arose that Mr. King had "alienated" his parishioners. A letter from one, signing himself "an Englishman," was published as a pamphlet at this time, addressed to Lord Brougham. "Alienation indeed!" he exclaims: "what more convincing evidence of the depth and reality of the work now being carried on at S. George's than the rancorous hostility which it encountered from the advocates and doers of Satan's work in that benighted parish? The parishioners were quiet enough so long as the one curate with his four services a week feebly essayed to arrest the overwhelming tide of vice and crime; but, now that the Rector of S. George's has directed a more powerful armament against the stronghold of sin, its defenders cry out like Demetrius of Ephesus, for their 'craft is in danger.'"

For ten months the riots in the church continued. During a part of that time the police were withdrawn. On August 14, 1859, the cry was raised, "Let us attack the choir boys!" and a rush was made to assault them. One of the few friends of

order who was endeavouring to protect them, as they fled to the vestry, knocked off the hat of one of the assailants, for which he was prosecuted by the publican churchwarden, the vestry paying the expenses of the prosecution. In the middle of August both Mr. King and his curate broke down, their health gave way, and they left S. George's for a time, when the whole burden of the services in the parish church fell upon the Mission clergy; and as these had to come from and return to their house in Calvert Street, they were exposed all the way to the insults and personal violence of the mob in the street. A pathetic incident is connected with this, which Mr. Lowder thus describes: "When the Mission clergy assisted the rector in his time of need, and were themselves in considerable danger from the mob, while returning from the church to the Mission-house, we generally found on our way home a little girl from the school, trotting close by our side, as though to protect us from the violence of the people, who were pressing and shouting around us. She would take up her position near the church, and often wait a long time until we appeared; and if we did not recognize her before, we soon heard a little voice by our side, addressing us by name to show that she was near. The child, a wild little thing, living in an unfavourable atmosphere at home, was afterwards taken into S. Stephen's Home and sent out to service, and is now married."

The Bishop of London did nothing to stop the profanity, save, as we shall see, to counsel, nay, command submission to the demands of the rioters. Appeal was made in vain to Sir George Cornewall Lewis, who at that time was the head of the Home Office. Mr. Mackonochie, a curate, had a personal interview with Mr. Waddington, the Under Secretary, from whom he got no further satisfaction than that doubtless instructions had already been given to the police. What these instructions were we have already seen.

The disturbances started by Mr. Allen were organized by publicans and brothel-keepers,[1] who found that the apostolic labours of the clergy menaced their trades. But it is almost certain that there were men of means and position, outsiders, who fomented the riots, for money circulated freely among the disturbers of the service. According to the late Mr. J. M. Ludlow, the riots were "largely stimulated by the Jewish

[1] One of the ringleaders was fined at the Middlesex Sessions for keeping several houses of ill-fame.

sweaters, whose proceedings Mr. Bryan King's curates, Messrs. Mackonochie and Lowder, had the unheard-of temerity to denounce and interfere with." There could be no mistaking the Hebrew cast of countenance of many of the young men who created the disturbances and carried them on with most persistence.

On February 26, 1860, and March 4, the mob took possession of the choir stalls, pelted and defaced the altar hangings with orange-peel and bread-and-butter, and overthrew the altar cross. The Bishop sent a manifesto to the churchwardens to remove the choir stalls, the altar hangings and the cross. These men gladly carried out the injunctions, and all the special objects of the rioters' hate were swept away. The clergy, now deprived of their stalls, had retreated to some deal forms, placed within the altar rails, as the only place left free for them; but the mob invaded the sanctuary and took possession of the seats for the clergy and choristers. On the following Saturday, May 19, an order arrived from the Bishop desiring the churchwardens to remove the forms that had been placed within the rails for the accommodation of the clergy, and to place these latter anywhere about the church wherever the churchwardens listed.

The question of ritual really did not enter into the consideration of the disturbers of divine worship. As Mr. Rowley, who afterwards went with Bishop Mackenzie to South Africa, and was then in charge of a boys' school in Old Gravel Lane, wrote: "The character of some of these men was thus set forth by a young man who attended the night school in the Calvert Street district: 'It's all a question of beer, sir, and what else they can get. We know them. They are blackguards, like ourselves here. Religion ain't anything more to them than it is to us. They gets paid for what they do, and they do it, like they'd do any other job."

It was in vain that Bishop Tait was entreated to come down and judge for himself, and speak to the people. He preferred to remain comfortably in his palace at Fulham.

The story of the riots may be concluded in the words of the "Englishman" already mentioned, written in April 1860. "Nearly every point assailed has been (unwisely, I think) surrendered for the sake of peace. . . . And what has been the result? Why, that the state of things is as bad, if not worse, than ever it was. A pretty close attendant at the services at

S. George's for some months, I will venture to say that the scene of riot and blasphemy on Sunday, the 8th of the present month, has never on more than one or two occasions been equalled, certainly never surpassed. There were the same execrations, hisses and laughter, the same bursts of groans and howlings, the same stamping and slamming of doors, the same hustling of the clergy and maltreating of helpless little choir-boys, the same blasphemies, the same profanity, the same cowardliness, the same brutality as ever. I can find no words which more thoroughly express my sense of the horrors I witnessed than the language of the reports which appeared in the daily journals (all of them anti-Tractarian) on the following day. 'It was left for last night,' they say, 'to witness a series of the most diabolical outrages ever perpetrated in any church. The conduct of the mob was perfectly fiendish.' The most violent outbreaks generally occur during the reading of the Scripture lessons, the recital of the Creed, the chanting of the 'Gloria' or the 'Prayer for Bishops and Clergy. . . .' These riots are not a question for argument, for concession, for temporizing; they are a scandal to be put down. . . . No language which I could employ could convey a stronger censure upon each and all of them—the Home Secretary, the Chief Commissioner of Police, and the magistrates—than the single fact that, up to the very day on which I write, these atrocious scandals, far from being suppressed, are reiterated every Sunday under circumstances of increased atrocity. . . . Every act of the Bishop of London, since his first intervention, has resulted in a triumph of the rioters over the Rector of S. George's; and the magistrates, out of the dozen of cases which have been brought before them, have not punished a single rioter with imprisonment."

Lord Brougham spoke on the matter in the House of Lords: "I beg to have it distinctly understood that the question of putting down the disgraceful nuisance has nothing whatever to do with the supposed errors out of which these disturbances have arisen. Be the clergyman ever so much in the wrong (and I do not say that he is in the wrong) this does not furnish an atom of excuse, or even of extenuation, for such scandalous exhibitions. I can only repeat the expressions of disgust at these proceedings which I uttered on a former evening, and my conviction that, whatever may be the merits of the question, whether as to dogma or discipline, it is not to be settled by the outrages of a riotous mob."

At last some Broad Churchmen, Dean Stanley, Tom Hughes, along with Lord Brougham, intervened; and finally, shamed by their remonstrances, on September 25 the Bishop (Tait) ordered the church to be closed.

Nor was it only at S. George's-in-the-East that these disturbances broke out. Amongst other places was Stoke Newington, where the stately church of S. Matthias had been reared and a new parish created mainly through the efforts of Mr. Robert Brett. In this case there were undoubtedly men with money behind the rioters, and coin was lavished abundantly among them. They broke into the church and disturbed the service, but there were present to receive them a large body of stalwart Churchmen, and they were ejected from the sacred building.

During the Hanoverian period controversy had raged over the fundamentals of religion, assailed by Deists and Socinians, and attention had been drawn away from the sacramental teaching of the earlier divines of the English Church; but with the Oxford movement, these doctrines were again brought into prominence. The Real Presence and the Eucharistic Sacrifice were once more proclaimed to be the tenets of the Universal Church in all ages, and to have been maintained by the Fathers of the English Church. These two doctrines involved as well that of the priesthood, and to this both Latitudinarian and Low Churchmen were especially opposed. The former regarded the clergy as the moral police of the State, and the latter would limit them to be mere preachers of the Word. Consequently the Oxford movement aroused bitter hostility from both sides.

Confession had been attacked, and defended by the Bishop of Exeter; at S. George's-in-the-East and elsewhere mob violence had been urged against the restoration of the common decencies of divine worship. Now a more serious, persistent assault was to be made against the Eucharistic teaching of the reformers. It opened with an attack made on Archdeacon Denison for doctrine contained in two sermons delivered in Wells Cathedral in 1855, and a condemnation of it was obtained in the Diocesan Court. An appeal was lodged to the Provincial Court; but eventually, on the plea that some legal irregularity had been committed, the proceedings were set aside.

In 1871 an attack was made upon the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, Vicar of Frome, for inculcating the same doctrine; but again the prosecutors met with no success at their chosen court, for

it pronounced that Mr. Bennett's teaching was not contrary to that of the Church of England.

It now became clear to the Low-Church party that they were not likely to achieve success in assailing doctrine, and they trusted to obtain better results by an attack on ritual.

The Tractarians had done no more than teach definitely the verities of the Catholic Faith, and had made little advance in ceremonial. But as congregations had become educated and had their minds saturated with this teaching, they began to require that the truths they had received should be exemplified in worship. Accordingly, in the twenty years that followed Newman's secession, High Churchmen in all parts of the country began to dignify their altars with cross, candlesticks and flowers, and to use the Eucharistic vestments at Celebrations. They had, as they believed, excellent authority in the Ornaments Rubric, which had been opposed by the Presbyterians at the Savoy Conference precisely on the grounds that this rubric did require the ornaments of the altar and the minister to be those that were in use and were ordered by the First Prayer Book of King Edward VI. But lawyers can always prove black to be white and the converse, and on this the Protestants relied. They had formed a Church Association, and had subscribed largely to have the question of the ornaments tried and their use condemned. Now it so happened that in 1832 by Act of Parliament the Court of Final Appeal in matters ecclesiastical had been transferred to the Privy Council, and this had been done without the sanction of Convocation, which then existed only in name. The Court was purely secular, founded by a purely secular authority. Not a single ecclesiastic was necessarily included in it. Not a single member of it need necessarily belong to the Church of England. It was never intended that questions of doctrine or ritual should come before it. This was clearly stated by Lord Brougham, the author of the Act, in the House of Lords in 1850, when he said: "It (the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council) was created for the consideration of a totally different class of cases (from that of Mr. Gorham)."

This was not at first fully perceived by Churchmen, or they would never have appealed to it against the adverse judgment of the Court of Arches. Although the constitution of the Court of Final Appeal has been somewhat modified by subsequent legislation, it still remains a secular court, incompetent to deal

with spiritual cases. As such, Churchmen cannot plead before it, or recognize its decisions as binding; the fact that the lower Courts consider themselves bound by its judgments likewise destroys their authority.

The first prosecutions were those against Liddell, the Vicar of S. Paul's, Knightsbridge, so as to obtain the removal of the stone altar, its cross, candlesticks, coloured frontals and the credence table; and the same was objected to in the parish church of S. Barnabas, Pimlico.

The action was brought before the Consistory Court of London. The decision was against Mr. Liddell on all points except the candlesticks, which were to be allowed when necessary for giving light. The decision was confirmed by the Court of Arches on appeal. Liddell then appealed to the Privy Council, which was now for the first time called in to consider ritualistic matters. In this he committed a fatal mistake, but at the time it was considered that these were purely legal questions. Nevertheless it established a precedent that acted badly in the ensuing cases. The Privy Council pronounced the Ornaments Rubric as authoritative, and therefore allowed cross, credence, altar-lights, the cross on the screen, and confirmed the courts below in other respects. This was in 1857. Now, although Mr. Liddell gained on almost every point, he gained it by recognizing the authority of a secular court in things sacred.

Next ensued the case *Flamank* v. *Simpson*, 1866–8, and this was taken along with *Martin* v. *Mackonochie* in the Court of Arches. Sir Robert Phillimore decided that lights on the altar were legal; that incense, the mixed chalice, and the elevation of paten and chalice after consecration, were not.

The Privy Council in 1870 suspended Mackonochie for three months for disobeying its judgment, thus assuming a power to inflict a spiritual penalty, which pertained alone to the Bishop. Mr. Mackonochie submitted to this usurpation, and desisted from the ministrations of S. Alban's, whereas, had he been better advised, he would have ignored the sentence,

The next important case was *Elphinstone* (afterwards *Hebbert*) v. *Purchas*, 1869–71. The Dean of Arches decided that the Eucharistic vestments, the Eastward position, wafer-bread, and the mixed chalice were legal. Then ensued an appeal to the Privy Council, which reversed the judgment, as well as its own decision in the case of *Beale* v. *Liddell*. Mr. Purchas put in no appearance, and left the case undefended, owing to

his poverty; nevertheless the taxed costs amounted to £7,661 18*s.* 7*d.*, which he was quite unable to pay.

In the first ritual suit, the Knightsbridge case, it may be said that no suspicion was entertained that the appeal to the Court of Privy Council was a recognition of secular interference in ecclesiastical matters, that ought to be resisted. The spiritual flaw was present then, as it was later, but it had escaped detection. When, however, the Privy Council advanced its claims to determine what doctrines might be depraved by a priest without rendering him incapable of holding a benefice in the Church, the eyes of Churchmen were opened, and a determined resistance was organised. In all, some nineteen to twenty prosecutions took place, and the most conflicting judgments were given.

The two Primates and most of the Bishops put their heads together to contrive how to pitchfork the Catholic clergy if not out of the Church, at least into gaol, and ultimately deprive them of their cures. They hoped by means of a well-framed Bill to obtain means to make a clean sweep of these Churchmen out of the Establishment. Lord Shaftesbury took the Bill out of the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, made it more stringent, and divested it of nearly all the safeguards the Bishops had provided. The Act was passed in 1874. Disraeli was at the time looking out for a good Tory war-cry, and found it in "Down with the Ritualists!" and amid a storm of cheers, in introducing the Bill into the House of Commons, described it as a Bill to put down Ritualism and "mass in masquerade."

It happened that when Tait had prepared his Bill, Parliament was dissolved, and this necessitated a new Convocation—which, however, did not meet until the Bill was already before the House. When Convocation did meet, the Lower House refused approval of the proposals of the Archbishop and Bishops.

Tait had attempted in his draft of a Bill to place the decision in the hands of the Bishops and a Board of Assessors. But this was not to Lord Shaftesbury's mind, and he proposed amendments that totally altered the character of the Bill, ignoring the Diocesan Courts and creating a new Court of Final Instance, but with appeal allowed to the Privy Council. The Archbishops and Bishops weakly gave way—only stipulating that a bishop might veto a prosecution when it appeared to be captious and unreasonable. To this Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Cairns grudgingly consented.

AT THE CATTLE SHOW.

(A TROUBLESOME LOT.)

Accordingly the bishop, on the representation of an archdeacon, a churchwarden, or any three aggrieved parishioners, might transmit the case to be heard by the judge, or else veto it. As an additional insult to the clergy the Archbishops of Canterbury and York appointed Lord Penzance, an ex-judge of the Divorce Court, to act in this new court. He at once and peremptorily refused to qualify himself as an ecclesiastical judge by taking the customary oaths, and insisted that his jurisdiction derived not from the Church, but solely from Parliament.

The first suit under the Public Worship Regulation Act was that of *Clifton* v. *Ridsdale*. Lord Penzance pronounced judgment according to the ruling of the Privy Council in *Hebbert* v. *Purchas*; and Mr. Ridsdale misguidedly appealed against it to the Privy Council. The appeal was dismissed on every point.

The Church Association now considered that it had got a tool in its hand, unsavoury though it might be, which would do its work thoroughly. Down to 1882 eighteen suits were initiated under the Act, and eight were vetoed by the Bishops.

Five clergy were sent to prison for contempt of Court, because they refused to recognize the Court of Lord Penzance: A. Tooth, Vicar of S. James's, Hatcham, in 1877; T. P. Dale, Rector of S. Vedast and S. Michael le Quern, in the City of London, 1880; S. F. Green, Rector of S. John's, Miles Platting, 1881–2; R. W. Enraght, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Bordesley, 1880, and J. Bell-Cox, perpetual curate of S. Margaret's, Toxteth Park, Liverpool, in 1887.

I have room for giving an account of but few of these, and I will begin with the first of all, that of Mr. Tooth, who led the way—the true way, that should have been followed in previous cases.

The first case under the Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874 was that of *Hudson* v. *Tooth*, and was directed against the Rev. Arthur Tooth, Vicar of St. James's, Hatcham, a hamlet of the ancient parish of Deptford. The church and its services were very little known. It had been Mr. Tooth's settled policy to work his parish quietly and not to attract attention. The ceremonial was what was called "advanced" in those days, and the charges were of the usual kind. That such a church should have been attacked was a little surprising, but the theory held by those who were familiar with the story was that the proceedings were somewhat "accidental" in their origin. Some zealous young men had inserted a glowing account in one

of the local papers of the services on S. James's Day in 1874. This advertisement attracted the attention of a newspaper reporter, who sent particulars to the *Times*. There were some inaccuracies, and one of the officers of the church wrote a letter of corrections. Mr. Tooth was moved to write to the *Times*, stating in very clear terms what he understood to be the principles involved in the attack on the Church made by the Public Worship Regulation Bill, then under consideration in Parliament. This caused him to become a marked man, and it is generally supposed that this circumstance led to his selection as the first victim under that Act. Proceedings were begun after the Rules and Orders of the new Court had been settled in the following year. Mr. Tooth saw quite clearly, what many others did not see, that the time had come for a policy of resistance. In that policy he received great support, although there were many who felt that it could not be justified.[1] When it was known that proceedings were imminent, before the Bishop of Rochester (T. L. Claughton) had taken the final step, Mr. Tooth sent a letter to his lordship making an offer that if he (the Bishop) would try the case by his own authority, in accordance with the clear law of the Church, independently of the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and the Bishop found him guilty, he would not take advantage of his position as incumbent, but would submit. This offer, in the opinion of all sensible and right-thinking men, acquitted Mr. Tooth of any suggestion of lawlessness or self-will. When the first sentence of the Court was delivered, the Bishop of the Diocese, acting as bishops did, as mere apparitors or instruments of secular courts, sent a clergyman named G. to take charge of the parish. He was met at the door by the Vicar and two churchwardens. The Vicar made a clear statement as to the principles upon which he acted, and forbade the intruding priest to officiate in the parish. Then from the pulpit he read a statement in which he set forth the reasons why he was precluded from taking any notice of Lord Penzance's Court or his Monitions, and the services proceeded in the ordinary way. The services went on as usual through Advent and the Christmas season. There was much controversy in the newspapers, and on a Sunday morning early in the New Year, rioting began.

It is doubtful if the riots were premeditated. The church

[1] *The Guardian* and *The Church Quarterly* urged submission under protest.

was very crowded, and people were allowed to stand about in the aisles. When the Vicar, who was celebrating the Holy Communion, sang the opening words of the Creed, a man at the bottom of the church called out " Liar ! " and immediately there ensued a commotion, but it was quelled by the organist striking up a popular Christmas hymn. The services that day proceeded in peace. But this had opened the floodgates, and every available Protestant and Orangeman who could be collected from every part of London was at Hatcham on the succeeding Sundays. It was found necessary to erect a barricade around the church. Mr. Tooth refused to bow to the mob, and on one of the Sundays barrels of beer were drunk in the road, women were insulted, and ribald songs were sung. An attempt was made to force an entrance into the church by means of an improvised battering-ram. Mr. Tooth was celebrating, and at the height of this attack he was in the act of communicating. After he had replaced the chalice on the altar, he genuflected, and turned to Mr. H. W. Hill, who was serving and kneeling immediately behind him, and quietly asked, " Have they got in ? " It was impossible to leave the church that day until nearly three o'clock. After some time the parish was more or less in a state of siege. There was a certain amount of Protestant opposition in the parish itself, which was partly a residential middle-class place with a considerable working-class population, but the riotous element was imported from outside. An application to notify Mr. Tooth for contempt of the Court of Lord Penzance was speedily made. Mr. Tooth did not appear, and in due time a writ to take him prisoner was issued from the Petty Bag Office of the Court of Chancery. There was said to be a doubt as to whether the vicarage was in the county of Kent or the county of Surrey, for it stood near the border. It was thought that this difficulty, which need not have arisen, was an expedient on the part of the authorities so that they might issue the writ to the wrong sheriff, and Mr. Tooth might go into the other county and keep out of the way. If there is any truth in this, it can only be observed that the authorities did not know the man. Mr. Tooth went to some business premises belonging to the late Mr. Thomas Layman, in the Borough, where he was arrested and conveyed to Horsemonger Lane Gaol. He was imprisoned on January 22, 1877. An account of these proceedings was sent to the *Times*.

The arrangement of prisons in those days varied. Horse-

monger Lane Gaol, the Surrey prison, was an old establishment. Mr. Tooth was confined in the portion reserved for people under remand, etc.; the place of exercise was a small yard with iron bars around it and over it. The cartoon in *Vanity Fair* is an exact reproduction. One could speak to a prisoner through those bars, or a gate would be unlocked and one could be locked in with him, and walk about in the enclosure, or retire to a cold, horrid room, where the accommodation was most wretched.

Bishop Claughton now revoked the licence of the curate, the Rev. W. H. Browne, afterwards so distinguished in the Archbishops' Mission to Syria, and licensed a man to take charge of the parish in the room of vicar and curate; but as it was found that he was a person of doubtful antecedents, he had to be speedily disposed of.

Canon Liddon visited Mr. Tooth in gaol, and wrote in his diary: "Mr. Tooth's sick face in that cage in the court of that gaol quite haunts me." For, in fact, prisoners were usually to be seen by visitors through bars like wild beasts.

The agitation against the imprisonment grew in such volume that the authorities began to be concerned. A great meeting was held at the Cannon Street Hotel, in the City of London, on Friday night, February 16, 1877. It was a meeting for men only, and there were more people in the street than could get into the large hall of the hotel. The prosecutors wrote to the *Times* about that date, saying that if Mr. Tooth's friends wanted him to be got out of prison they should persuade him to purge his contempt. That, of course, was a foolish suggestion. Mr. Tooth's friends would never have dreamt of following such advice. On the Saturday morning following the meeting in the City, February 17, 1877, the astounding announcement was made that Lord Penzance had held a Court that morning, and ordered Mr. Tooth's release—the reason given being that, as a clergyman named Dale was in charge of the parish, and the services were performed in a proper manner, there was no reason why Mr. Tooth should remain in prison. Everybody was astonished, not the least Mr. Tooth, when at about six o'clock in the evening orders were received by Mr. Keene, the governor of the gaol, to set him at liberty. There is no doubt that the authorities were seriously alarmed, and that this sudden step was taken at the request of the Government.

The need for rest and change had come, and accordingly Mr. Tooth went abroad for a few months, his friends holding the

THE REV. A. TOOTH IN PRISON

fort as well as they could. In May (1877) Mr. Tooth suddenly returned, and announced his intention of celebrating the Holy Communion in the church on the following Sunday morning. This happened, and a most distressing account of the proceedings is to be read in the newspapers of the day. It was found necessary to break into the church, the service was held, and there were a large number of communicants. This was a fresh defiance of Lord Penzance and all his works, but no further action was taken against Mr. Tooth. But other things were done. One afternoon a fearful crash was heard in the church; without any authority from any Court, some of the Protestants of the parish had thrown ropes over the Rood and pulled it to the ground. In the end serious flaws were found in the proceedings against Mr. Tooth, and they were quashed by the Court of Queen's Bench. When Lord Penzance's Counsel saw what was going to happen, they were anxious that Mr. Tooth should give an undertaking that he would not take action for false imprisonment against that worthy. Mr. Tooth declined to have anything to do with Lord Penzance. Mr. Tooth was persuaded to resign his benefice for the sake of peace, but, as so frequently happens, peace did not come. There was a fresh series of riots under the new conditions, and it was some years before the parish settled down. On the resignation of Mr. Tooth's successor, the advowson was sold.

It was one of the hypocrisies of the Middle Ages that the Church protested that she would shed no blood, commit none to the flames. Accordingly, when her Court of Inquisition had pronounced a man a heretic, she passed him over to the tender mercies of the State, and wiped her hands of the consequences. It was not the Church that wielded the sword and applied the torch, but the secular power. Our Bishops were not guiltless of this evasion. They handed over such men as the rabble howled at and the press denounced, to secular judges, to try whether they were heretics or not, and then imprison them. But the moral responsibility lay with them for all that, as it was they who delivered up their clergy, acting the part of catchpoles. The first of the shabby procession of these prelates —their leader in the line—was Claughton of Rochester. His example, as we shall see, was followed by the Bishops of London, Manchester, Liverpool, Worcester.

The church of Miles Platting had been built in 1855 by Sir Benjamin Heywood in a district with 4,000 inhabitants, mostly

poor. The patronage was in his hands, and after his death in those of his son, Sir Percival Heywood. Miles Platting is a district in Manchester peopled entirely by mill-hands, and some very poor. It is an unsightly spot, where grows no blade of grass; the only beautiful thing in it is the church, grouped with schools and clergy-house. Bishop Fraser, in his charge of 1876, had expressed his concurrence with the Public Worship Regulation Act. "Though I have never regretted that statute, I feel that if it were rigorously interpreted or severely applied, a train would be laid to which any foolish or ill-disposed person might place a match; and if an explosion occurred, it is difficult to say what mischief might not be done." Yet he it was who applied the match. In 1878 he received a petition purporting to be signed by 320 parishioners complaining of the proceedings of the Rev. S. F. Green, the Rector of Miles Platting, and praying "that your worship will use your great power to *irradicate* (*sic*) this abominable idolatry." The petition was forwarded by one George McDonagh—evidently an Irish Orangeman—and was obviously the work of illiterate people. It was scrawled over coarse sheets of paper, and whole groups of signatures were in one handwriting, and whole families, without respect to age, had signed. As no specific charges had been made, the Bishop could not act. Dr. Fraser was clearly very reluctant to take proceedings, but he, like the other bishops, had sold themselves to do evil under the Public Worship Regulation Act, and could not well help himself. In January 1879 the Church Association succeeded in securing three aggrieved parishioners—persons who never attended the church, two of them unknown by sight to the Rector and the congregation. Not a single communicant (and there were 240 on the roll), nor any member of the congregation, had anything to do with the presentment.

In April some Orange Protestants broke into the church at night, and a cross, a number of vestments, books, and other property were partially destroyed by fire. The Bishop had the good feeling to denounce the outrage.

Mr. Green had been appointed in 1869, and the charges brought against him were: (1) the mixed chalice; (2) lighted candles; (3) Eucharistic vestments; (4) elevation of paten and chalice; (5) placing the alms on the credence table after presentation; (6) kneeling at the consecration; (7) making the sign of the Cross in benediction; (8) using the Eastward position for

consecration; (9) raising the cup; (10) having a brass cross on a ledge above the altar; (11) and a Baldachino over the Holy Table.

The charges were not all true. Several of the practices had never been adopted at Miles Platting. But because others employed them, the Church Association lawyers assumed that Mr. Green did so, and the witnesses gave evidence in reply to leading questions, as was desired.

The Baldachino was actually an architectural ornament in marble and alabaster, and had no connection with the services at all, and had been erected with the full approval of the Bishop some years previously.

The Rubric orders that "the ornaments of the church, and of the ministers thereof, at all times of their ministration shall be retained, and be in use, as were in this Church of England, by the authority of Parliament, in the second year of the reign of King Edward the Sixth." There exists no manner of doubt as to what these ornaments were, but the Privy Council had decided that "shall be retained" meant "shall *not* be retained," much as it might judge that "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" should mean "Thou shalt *not* love thy neighbour as thyself."[1]

Mr. Green refused to accept the ruling of the Privy Council, and the case was carried before Lord Penzance's Court. Mr. Green declined to attend, and in 1879, for disobedience and contempt of Court, was condemned and was imprisoned in Lancaster Castle on March 19, 1881, condemned also to pay the bill of costs, which amounted to £450; and because he could not do this, the sale of his "goods and chattels" took place at the rectory on August 4 and 5 of the same year, and his wife and children were turned out of the house into the street. Indeed, regarding the whole transaction as iniquitous, Mr. Green would not have paid the sum had he been able.

The position taken up by Mr. Green when summoned before the Bishop had been that he knew nothing of the three complainants, and that it was an insult to the congregation to whom he ministered that such persons should presume to inter-

[1] Judge Coleridge said of the Rubric: "The clause in question, by which I mean the Rubric in question, is perfectly unambiguous in language, free from all difficulty as to construction." Sir R. Phillimore said: "After repeated and attentive perusal of the language, it (the Rubric) does quite appear to me as plain as any which is to be found in any statutory enactments."

fere with the services. When the Bishop ascertained what their real character was, he would have put the charges in the waste-paper basket, had he not given his word to his secretary to put the Act in motion. It was also believed that his action was due to the malign influence of Archbishop Thomson. After Mr. Green's discharge from prison, he and Bishop Fraser never met again.

In prison Mr. Green suffered somewhat from loss of exercise, and he was, at his own request, set to wheel in the coals for two divisions of the gaol.

Sir Percival Heywood appealed to the Home Secretary, after Mr. Green had been incarcerated a twelvemonth, for the release of the Rector. The only answer he got was, "Yield, and he shall be released; refuse to yield, and he shall remain where he is."

Archbishop Thomson and Archbishop Tait became alarmed at the feeling that was being roused among Churchmen at the prolonged imprisonment of Mr. Green, and they made various suggestions to Bishop Fraser as to how the difficulty might be got over, and Mr. Green be released. But the Bishop of Manchester did not see his way to falling in with their suggestions. He, however, sent Archdeacon Norris to Lancaster Gaol to demand of Mr. Green that he should submit to canonical obedience to his ordinary. Mr. Green replied: "To prevent all possibility of misconception, I beg leave to add, that by 'canonical obedience' I understand obedience to the rules and laws of the Church, and that it is a part of the office of a bishop to see that such rules are observed. That my obligation to obey the rules of the Church is, like the obligation to obey the moral law, entirely independent of whether the bishop thinks it his duty to require obedience to them or no. That, should the bishop order what is inconsistent with a rule of the Church in the name of some other Power, we must obey the Church and take the consequences. As there is a rule of the Church (the Ornaments Rubric) which orders lights, vestments, incense, and the mixed chalice, there is no possibility of canonical obedience except in conformity to that rule."

The Lower House of the Northern Convocation moved in the matter, but the Archbishops and Bishops declined to do more than appeal to the Church Association to be a little lenient. They appealed to deaf ears. Let it be clearly understood that Dr. Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, by refusing to interpose his veto, had brought matters to this condition. And now three

years had elapsed since the Rector of Miles Platting had been inhibited by Lord Penzance. On September 27, 1882, Bishop Fraser wrote to the patron informing him that, under the Public Worship Regulation Act, Mr. Green was deprived, and that the benefice of S. John's, Miles Platting, had become void. Thereupon, from prison, Mr. Green wrote to Sir Percival Heywood to say that he would himself voluntarily resign the living. This he did for three reasons. (1) He learned that the Bishop of Manchester was about to apply to Lord Penzance to order his release on the grounds of his deprivation, and he hoped by resignation to spare the Church the humiliation of seeing the Bishop stooping to the ex-divorce judge to obtain a favour. (2) The Bishop was taking steps to sequestrate the revenue of the benefice. This Sir Percival would oppose, and consequently the baronet would be involved in a costly lawsuit. (3) He felt that he could not maintain himself in his position at S. John's in defiance of his diocesan, and with the police empowered to eject him from the church and thus create a scandal.

On the eve of All Saints' Day two announcements were made from the pulpit of S. John's, one of the Rector's resignation, the other to the effect that the Bishop was sending a clergyman to take charge of S. John's and reduce the ritual to the cathedral standard. Then the congregation adjourned to the schoolroom, where Mr. Green's letter bidding farewell to his flock was read to them. "Was there any one who remained untouched by its pathetic tone?" asks the *Monthly Record*. "Strong men were drying their eyes and stifling their sobs, women in undisguised grief wailed aloud; and no one who beheld the scene could do otherwise than confess how close and firm and real a thing was the spiritual relationship which bound this flock to their pastor." The living being vacant, on November 4 the Bishop of Manchester appeared, represented by his Chancellor, in the court of Lord Penzance to sue for the release of Mr. Green, on the ground of his being no longer rector of Miles Platting, and therefore no longer able to disobey Lord Penzance's inhibition. This was granted, and Mr. Green was discharged after a confinement of nearly twenty months.

Sir Percival now nominated the Rev. H. Cowgill, the curate who had taken charge of the parish during Mr. Green's absence, but Dr. Fraser refused him institution. The patron brought a charge against the Bishop for his refusal, but lost it, and was condemned to pay not only his own costs, but those of the

Bishop as well, amounting to £650, exclusive of the cost of his own counsel. It was a scandalous abuse of justice, as there was absolutely nothing that could be brought against the character and teaching of Mr. Cowgill.

Dr. Fraser now, on the ground that the living was vacant, and that the patron had not nominated, himself appointed a rector, the Rev. T. Taylor Evans, who would put an end to the services as conducted hitherto at S. John's. Whereupon the congregation, sidesmen, the organist and choir resigned, and the congregation was dispersed to find homes in the churches in the neighbourhood.

Bishop Fraser died in 1886, and in May 1890 the new Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Moorhouse, presented Mr. Evans to another living, and Sir Percival Heywood was again free to exercise his rights as patron. The living was offered to and accepted by the Rev. Arthur Anderton, who was received enthusiastically; the services were restored to their former beauty and devotion; the ornaments of the altar were replaced, the vestments were again worn, and the ritual observed was practically the same as it had been before the attack on Mr. Green. At the same time the Sisters, who had left the parish when placed under Mr. Evans, returned and took up their work again at Miles Platting.

The tyranny was overpast. Dr. Fraser, who had been encouraged to act by Archbishop Thomson, as was believed, and the Church Association had gained nothing. The persecution had served only to deepen in the hearts of the congregation their love of the Church and her sacred services.

"Once again the patron, the rector and the people were in happy accord. The work was taken up on the old lines, the Guilds were revived, and many of the teachers returned to the Sunday School. The church became once more the pride and joy of the parishioners, who, as of old, brought gifts which, as they were all very poor, were the fruits of self-sacrifice; but which were willingly given to make their house of God and its services more beautiful." [1]

In this case, as in many another, the promise was observed, "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper."

S. Margaret's Church, Princes Road, Liverpool, owed its origin to the late Robert Horsfall, a munificent benefactor to the Church in Liverpool. Its first incumbent was the Rev.

[1] Thomas Percival Heywood. Printed for private circulation (Manchester, 1899), p. 188.

Charles Parnell (1869–1876). From the first he was exposed to annoyance and opposition fomented by the so-called Evangelical clergy, who did not relish that their monopoly in Liverpool should be invaded, and that definite Church teaching and ritual should be given in the place of feeble sentimentalism. From the first there was daily Celebration, as well as daily prayer in S. Margaret's, and an earnest, devoted congregation gathered within its walls.

Immediately opposite S. Margaret's is the Greek Church, and this was consecrated by the Archbishop of Syra and Tenos on Sunday, July 16, 1870. The Archimandrite in charge and the wardens had invited the clergy of S. Margaret's to be present; and as the Archbishop had expressed a wish to see the interior of the church, he was invited to attend one of the services. This he did on a Sunday following, at Evensong, when, at the conclusion of the service, he gave his benediction to the congregation.

This afforded occasion to the local branch of the Church Association to interfere. They appealed to the Bishop of Chester against the clergy of S. Margaret's for allowing the Oriental prelate to take any part in the service. Much correspondence ensued, but finally the Bishop (Jacobson) had the good sense to put a stop to it.

In 1880 the Rev. J. C. Ryle was appointed first Bishop of Liverpool, on the nomination of Lord Beaconsfield, a strong Evangelical partisan and a platform orator. Mr. Charles Parnell was attacked, a suit being instituted against him under the Church Discipline Act by a certain Mr. W. Roughton, supported by some members of the Church Association. Legal proceedings went on for two years, and then Mr. Parnell resigned, hoping that with his resignation the suit would break down, as being brought against himself personally. To him succeeded the Rev. J. Bell-Cox. He refused to appear before the Court either in person or by representation, as he could not and would not recognize the jurisdiction of Lord Penzance in matters ecclesiastical.

On this occasion Dean Church of S. Paul's wrote to the Archbishop: "This Bell-Cox case has come home to my sense of justice far more strongly than any of the previous imprisonments. They were in the thick of battle, and of hot blood. This comes after all has cooled down. . . . To me it comes with the sense of almost intolerable wrong, when one sees a quiet

man, in full agreement with his congregation, made a victim, in the midst of all the varieties of opinion and practice. . . . Think how the arguments for Rome would be pressed, and how bitterness of mind gives them force. The one counterpoise to this would be if men could remember that, though the lawyers had been hard upon them, the Episcopate had made its voice heard clearly and powerfully on the side of patience and forbearance and real fairness, against the miserable system of ignoble worrying which ends in things like this Bell-Cox scandal."

Lord Penzance issued a judgment on June 13, 1886, suspending the Rev. James Bell-Cox "ab officio" for a period of six months, that is, "from preaching the Word of God, administering the Sacraments, and performing all other duties and offices in the said church or chapel of S. Margaret's, Toxteth Park, aforesaid, and elsewhere within the Province of York." The Vicar of S. Margaret's disregarded the judgment, and continued to preach and minister the Sacraments as before throughout the six months of suspension.

Thereupon a writ was issued and served on May 4, 1867, for the apprehension of Mr. Bell-Cox, and his consignment to prison. He was accordingly removed to Walton Gaol and there lodged in an ordinary felon's cell, to undergo solitary confinement. "Over each cell door there is a receptacle for holding a card, stating the term of the occupier's imprisonment. It was not until after my return from the morning service in the chapel, on Sunday, May 8th, that I found mine had been recorded and placed *in situ*. It consisted simply of one word, and differed entirely from that of every other prisoner. The word was 'INDEFINITE.'"

No sooner had the lock been turned in the prison door than efforts were made to obtain Mr. Cox's release, and it was urged in the Queen's Bench, before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and others, that the judgment of Lord Penzance had not been pronounced by him in person, but committed to a delegate, which he was not qualified to do. There were other technical errors committed in the judgment, and the Court on this plea ordered that Mr. Bell-Cox should be released from prison on May 20.

At once the prosecutor, Mr. James Hakes, appealed against the order and obtained its reversal. Whereupon the friends of Mr. Cox appealed to the House of Lords. Then Mr. Hakes, fearing that the House of Lords would give a judgment in favour

of Mr. Bell-Cox's liberation, offered to desist from further action against the Vicar, if he would give "his written undertaking that thenceforth the services of S. Margaret's Church should be conducted in strict accordance with the monition of June 1886." Mr. Cox promptly refused this. The appeal was heard, and his release was confirmed.

It must be clearly understood that what was now before the Judicial Committee was nothing ecclesiastical. It was a question whether Lord Penzance had not committed a technical error by pronouncing sentence through a proxy.

The bill of costs Mr. Bell-Cox was charged with paying amounted to £225 15*s.* 6*d.*, but when taxed was reduced to £144 0*s.* 10*d.* Among the items were these payments to spies :

	£	s.	d.
1884. July 5–8. Sending two clerks to Liverpool to take evidence as arranged ; charge for their time, two working days	6	6	0
Paid them for railway fare and expenses and time on Sundays .	7	11	0
July 8. Drawing statement of evidence	0	11	0
July 19–22. Sending two clerks to Liverpool, to take evidence as arranged ; charge for time of two working days . .	6	6	0
Paid for railway fare and expenses and time on Sundays .	7	9	0

"Will you walk into my chambers ?" said the Spider to the Spy,
"They're really nicely furnished, and not so very high ;
You've only got to put your head inside my green baize door,
You'll see so many curious things you never saw before."

"I'm always up to business," said the Lawyer to the Spy ;
"The Company engaged me to catch whate'er goes by.
They go in, but have to pay, I've heard of it before."
Said the Lawyer, "The Company discharges all the score.

"Just take this little pencil and this memorandum book,
Go to S. Martyr-in-the-Lane, and take a casual look.
Don't kneel or pray, or sing," said the Lawyer to the Spy,
"But note and mark—you understand—I'll digest them by and by.
Will you ? will you ? won't you ?" said the Lawyer to the Spy,
"'Tis really a superior thing to go to Church to pry !"

The wickedness of the whole proceeding does not appear to have struck the Bishop or the prosecutors. But to them might well be addressed the words of S. Peter after the healing of the lame man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple : "And now, brethren, I wot that through ignorance ye did it, as did also your rulers." It is their sole excuse.

Whether it was a concerted plan among the Bishops, or

whether it was due to a policy initiated by Bishop Baring of Durham, I cannot say, but soon appeared the carrying out of a scheme, cowardly and mean to the last degree, of refusing licences to curates nominated by High Churchmen, so as to paralyze their efficiency and work for the saving of souls.

Upon Bishop Baring's appointment to Durham in 1861, on the death of Bishop Villiers, the Archdeacon at a public meeting thanked God that the diocese was presided over by a man who was "using every opportunity to stamp out Ritualism."

Dr. Dykes was appointed Vicar of S. Oswald's, Durham, in 1862, by the Dean and Chapter. The parish had at first a population of four thousand, but this number was increased by the addition of a pit-village near by. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, seeing the urgency of the case, undertook to pay the stipends of two curates, as well as to pay the house-rent of one. But now the Bishop of Durham stepped in, writing from Auckland Castle on July 4, 1873: "I must require of an incumbent, on his nomination of a curate, that he give me his written pledge, that he will not require of such curate—

"1. That he wear coloured stoles.

"2. That he take part, or be present at the burning of Incense.

"3. That he turn his back to the Congregation during the celebration of the Holy Communion, except when 'ordering the Bread.'

"I must also require of a curate a written promise that he will offend in none of these things.[1] C. DUNELM."

Dr. Dykes was urged from all sides not to give way. The things requested might be trifles, but a principle was involved that must be maintained. He took opinion of counsel, and the opinion was:

1. That the Bishop had no right to exact such conditions.

2. That the proper course to be pursued was for Dr. Dykes and the curate proposed to apply to the Court of Queen's Bench for a rule, calling upon the Bishop to show cause why a writ of mandamus should not issue against him, compelling the Bishop to license the curate.

This was signed by John Duke Coleridge, A. J. Stephens, and Chas. Bowen.

The Court, however, hardly condescended to hear the case, and it was dismissed.

[1] Incense never had been used at S. Oswald's, nor did Dr. Dykes purpose its introduction.

Since then, to the present day, this has been the policy of the Bishops, spiritually to starve a parish, when the services are such as do not meet with their approval, in the hopes of forcing a High-Church incumbent to give way, either on account of the failure of his health or out of despair at being able singlehanded to minister to his flock. In the case of Dr. Dykes, it killed him. He died in 1876.

The method adopted by the Bishops is a recurrence to one of the most reprehensible acts of the Popes, who, if they could not get their own way with bishops or kings, placed the see or the kingdom under interdict, denying the people the benefit of the Sacraments, as an act of revenge against their superiors. None probably would more severely condemn a Pope for pronouncing an interdict than those very bishops who trip so lightly in his footsteps.

Charles John Ellicott was a Palmerstonian-Shaftesbury bishop (1863–1897). He had as text attributed to him: "Woe be to the shepherds of Israel that do feed themselves: should not the shepherds feed the flocks? Ye eat the fat and ye clothe you with the wool, ye kill them that are fed: but ye feed not the flock." This applied to him on account of his treatment of the priest and people of S. Raphael's, Bristol.

The Sailors' College, Bristol, with its church or chapel commonly known as S. Raphael's, was erected by Canon Miles and opened in 1859, the church not being consecrated. The College consisted of six almshouses for aged seamen, and the church was seated for 350 persons. A chaplain was charged with the government of the College, and with the conduct of the services in the church. For nineteen years there had not been a single Sunday without a Celebration of the Holy Communion. For the greater part of the time there had been two Celebrations every Sunday, and one daily. In the year 1877 there were 4,691 Communions. An average of 90 communicants *per week* existed in the church. With its bright services and ever-open doors the church was a home to the poor of the district. Of the communicants two-thirds at least belonged to the poorest class.

On December 8, 1877, the church was in as high a state of efficiency as it had ever attained. There was not a murmur of discontent, but founder, priests and people were in perfect harmony, preparing for and looking forward to the great Christmas festival. Then, without a word of warning or remon-

strance of any kind, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol sent a curt and imperious letter commanding that all the points condemned in the Ridsdale judgment of the Privy Council, together with others, should be given up. The Chaplain, Mr. Ward, agreed to abandon many of the usages to which the Bishop took exception, but not lights, vestments and the mixed chalice. He felt that he could not submit to Privy Council decisions, and to the Bishop acting as official of that Court.

Whereupon Bishop Ellicott peremptorily withdrew Mr. Ward's licence and ordered the closing of the church and the dispersal of the congregation.

For fifteen years, to 1892, in the midst of a teeming population, S. Raphael's remained closed, till in 1893 it was consecrated by the Bishop, forced at last to yield. And what forced him to yield was his own conscience. Probably only those behind the scenes knew how complete and how generous was his surrender. He himself did not hesitate to ascribe the change in his attitude to the grace of God ; for when he was asked why he had so completely altered his point of view, he said : " Ah ! God the Holy Ghost works great changes." He consecrated the church and of his own free will assigned a parish to it, and with a distinct understanding that the services and ceremonial should go on exactly as before the church was closed. He ever after took every opportunity to show kindness to Mr. Ward, and to the community.

In 1888 the Church Association struck at higher game than poor parish priests. It petitioned the Metropolitan to cite Bishop King of Lincoln for alleged transgressions against judgments of the Privy Council, in the Minster and in S. Peter-at-Gowts in December 1887—viz. the use of the Eastward position, altar-lights, the mixed chalice, *Agnus Dei*, the sign of the cross at the absolution and blessing, and the ablution of the sacred vessels at the altar. On January 4, 1889, the Archbishop cited the Bishop of Lincoln to appear before his Court, which had been in abeyance for two hundred years. In February, the Bishop appeared before Dr. Benson, the Archbishop, and protested that in the case of a bishop, the rest of the bishops of the province should have been summoned to try him. The Archbishop overruled the objection, and the trial began on February 5, 1890. The judgment—if judgment it can be called, for the Archbishop pronounced that it was an " opinion only "—was generally in favour of the Bishop. Thereupon the prose-

cution appealed to the Privy Council; but that Council had suffered such humiliation, and had been so utterly discredited in matters ritualistic and ecclesiastical, that it did not want to be again involved in such suits, and it dismissed the appeal, August 2, 1892, only attempting to save its face by the absurd contention that the vicar of the parish of S. Peter-at-Gowts was responsible for the lights, and not the Bishop..

"Though some doubt was expressed as to the jurisdiction of the Archbishop's Court, its spiritual character and moral authority were unquestionable. Without violation of conscience or principle the clergy could yield to it an obedience which they were obliged to deny to Lord Penzance and the Privy Council, and even to the Bishops, when instead of relying on their spiritual authority they aspired only to enforce the decrees of these tribunals."[1]

At the first blush it would seem that the clergy who had rebelled against the decision of the highest Court of the realm, and in many instances against the wishes of their diocesans, desired to be a law unto themselves. But it was not the case. I have added in the Appendix to this chapter the substance of a paper that circulated at the time, and which places their position on an impregnable basis.

A vast amount of money was spent by the Church Association in these ritual suits, and it gained but Pyrrhic victories. On the most barefaced quibbles the Courts condemned Catholic ceremonial. For instance, every one knows that the Act of Uniformity (1662) was passed to constrain the Puritan Conformers, and compel them to observe the minimum of rubrical observance. The Privy Council turned it into a weapon against those who observed a ritual higher than the minimum.

To the credit of the Evangelicals it must be said that a large number of their clergy objected to the proceedings of the Church Association, and that the capital of £50,000 with which it started, and which was supposed to suffice to put down Ritualism, was subscribed by fanatical and wealthy laymen, not a few—Dissenters. At the end, the Association found itself impoverished, powerless, and an object of contempt. It had been kept alive only by donations from a few wealthy Protestants, and all along had refused to publish a list of subscribers, fearing, maybe, that it would reveal the slight support it re-

[1] *Dictionary of English Church History* (1912), p. 519.

ceives from the bulk of Churchmen, even from men of the same Evangelical party.

The case of Mr. Mackonochie was one of peculiar sadness. He was Vicar of S. Alban's, a beautiful church that had been erected in a horrible slum off Holborn, which he and his curates worked; and they gathered about them a large and devoted congregation. The great spiritual results effected in this hitherto neglected district attracted outside attention. Mr. Mackonochie was singled out for attack, and Dr. Tait, then Bishop of London, readily acceded to his prosecution, and the case proceeded against him in various forms and before different Courts.

I can but give a summary of his persecutions. In 1870 he was charged with disobedience to the mandate of the Privy Council, and was suspended for three months. He at once submitted. Hitherto his course had been marked by submission. Because the lights had been forbidden, he had put them out; because elevation was forbidden, he had ceased to elevate; because genuflexion was forbidden, he had ceased to genuflect, and had contented himself with bowing; because the ceremonial mixing of water with the wine had been forbidden, he had abandoned that usage; and now, when the secular Court, assuming to itself spiritual jurisdiction, suspended him from preaching and celebrating the Sacraments for three months, he submitted. It was a fatal error.

On December 7, 1874, Mr. Mackonochie was condemned by the Dean of the Court of Arches to six weeks' suspension. This Court, although that of the Archbishop, yet held itself bound to accept the rulings of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and this radically vitiated its authority as a spiritual court. Nevertheless Mr. Mackonochie deemed it wise to submit. The senior curate, Mr. Stanton, refused to celebrate the Holy Communion in the manner ordered by the Court according to the rules laid down by the Privy Council, and the whole congregation migrated for that service to S. Vedast's, Foster Lane. The Church Association now turned on the Rev. T. Pelham Dale, rector of that church, as he also wore Eucharistic vestments and used altar lights. He was condemned by Lord Penzance, before whom he refused to appear, and in October 1880 was committed to prison. A specially disgraceful feature in this case was that the Church Association laid hands on, and used for the prosecution, the charitable trust funds left for

the poor of S. Vedast's parish, to help them to meet their law expenses.

But to return to Mr. Mackonochie. In a letter to the Bishop of London in May 1875, he said: "I have been now more than twenty-six years in Sacred Orders. During the whole of that time I have endeavoured, to the best of my power, to obey the laws of that Church, and minister her offices for the glory of God and for the edification of His people. How I may have served in that capacity for the first of these objects it will be for the Great Day to show; as to the latter, it would be a foolish assumption of ignorance not to own that God has blessed me. What has been the result? With the very rarest exceptions, I have received not one word of encouragement from my superiors in the Church. I have now been four times dragged before Courts; I have stood in court side by side as a fellow culprit with a clerk charged with adultery; I have found in the Highest Court of Appeal every door for his escape obsequiously held open by his judges, and the one door of justice and equity as vigorously barred by the same hands against me.

"I do not, your Grace, complain, but venture to state facts."[1]

In 1879 Lord Penzance inhibited Mr. Mackonochie from the exercise of his spiritual functions; but now he disregarded the sentence. The Church Association and Lord Penzance did not have the courage to commit him to prison.

The year 1874 was one of great trial and searchings of heart to the faithful in the Church of England. The Public Worship Regulation Act was to come into force in the ensuing year. All those clergy who had been striving for souls, and knew that God had blessed their efforts, knew also that the Bishops, hitched on to the World, were against them. I was walking in his garden with the Archbishop of York (Thomson), when he said to me: "Can you explain how it is that in France, which you know pretty well, there exists such a deadly hostility to the Church, whereas here in England there is no such animosity?" "I can explain it," I replied. "In France every priest is at a grapple with the Devil fighting for every human soul. Here—the Church plays second fiddle to the World, and is looked on with indifference as a paid musician to scrape what tunes it calls for."

The one-sided Purchas judgment had filled Churchmen with dismay, condemning as it did, among other practices, the East-

[1] Quoted in Mr. Russell's *S. Alban the Martyr* (1913), p. 142.

ward position. A protest was signed by 4,700 clergy, to the Archbishops and Bishops, but they regarded it not.

A feeling came over Churchmen that the Bishops were in league fighting against God. I must say it, for we felt it, we knew it was so; and many doubted whether a house divided against itself could stand—whether an army of which the generals were virtually in the pay of the enemy could maintain its ground?

Mr. Russell writes: "It is difficult for those who passed through it to realize the stress of 1874. The Ritualists saw arrayed against them a powerful and unscrupulous Prime Minister (Disraeli); the two Archbishops, both able men and bent on destroying ritual; a bench of pavid bishops; an absolutely united House of Commons, a House of Lords bewildered and divided; the whole weight of the press, society, and, as far as it could be ascertained, public opinion. No wonder that men's hearts were failing them with fear, and with looking after those things which were coming on the Church."

In this year, in consequence of the apparently hopeless prospect, there ensued many secessions; earnest young men preparing for Holy Orders, and longing to enter them, were struck back, and, changing their intention, went into business or entered Government offices.

Dr. Liddon wrote: "There is no reason for despondency. We shall live to see the drowned Egyptians on the shore even yet!" And we have. I have written with some bitterness, but I cannot help it; only those who passed through the ordeal of that time can tell what were the agonies of soul that were endured, the shame and disgust that was felt at the conduct of the Bishops, and the certainty that there was no justice, no fair hearing to be accorded to Churchmen. Policy to please the ungodly and unbelieving ruled the judgments of the Courts, and besotted prejudice steeped the minds of the people. The Bishops, like frightened sheep, huddled together, and took counsel how they might save their own fleeces.

It had been much the same in the reign of William Rufus, when the hireling Bishops sided with the Red King to drive Anselm out of the realm, and assisted to subvert the laws of justice and equity. Disraeli—a Prime Minister like the parent in the sledge in a Siberian winter, who threw his children to the pursuing wolves—cast the Churchmen to be mangled and torn, if only he could save his Jewish skin and the tinsel coronet

to which he aspired. It was a time of stress—of darkness; and it required a strong faith to look up to Him who sitteth above the water-floods and remaineth a King for ever, to come—walking upon the waters to enter into and save His Church. He did it in spite of the Taits, the Thomsons and the Ryles.

By degrees, the English mind, slow to move, came to realize that there had been gross, partisan miscarriage of justice in the judgments of the Privy Council. Some of those who had sat in the Court admitted it. In the judgment of 1868, the condemnation of Catholic usages was only carried by the casting vote of Archbishop Thomson. The imprisonments, of which there were, as already said, five in all, brought the Court of Lord Penzance into such odium that the Bishops at last plucked up courage to veto prosecutions. In 1877, Bishop Merriman of Grahamstown told Archbishop Tait to his face, at the Croydon Church Conference, that "the Bishops of England had placed their croziers in the hands of an ex-Divorce Court judge."

After the imprisonment of Mr. Bell-Cox, there were no more, and for several years before Lord Penzance's retirement in 1899 his Court had been practically deserted. The discredited Act remains unrepealed, and the Court is only visited at intervals by the caretaker, to dust the unused seats.

In 1898 there broke out a fresh burst of Puritan fanaticism against ritualistic practices. In February 1899, Archbishop Temple announced his willingness, along with Archbishop Maclagan of York, to hear cases in dispute, and pronounce opinions on them without any reference to the judgments of the Privy Council, and to be guided solely by evidence brought before him and his brother archbishop. The use of incense and portable lights in processions were the first points considered, and neither he nor the Archbishop of York considered that sufficient proof had been adduced that they were authorized by the Church of England. No judgment was pronounced, only an opinion expressed.

The Privy Council, the Court of Lord Penzance, mob violence, the mean device of the Bishops to refuse licence to clergy of the advanced party, have all failed to put down ceremonial.

It would have been well indeed if the Bishops had taken to heart the counsel of Gamaliel: "Now I say unto you, Refrain from these men and let them alone, for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught, but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight

against God." The Jewish Council had more sense than the bench of Bishops, for "to him they agreed." The Bishops did not consider whether the work or counsel was of God, but whether it was displeasing to the public with whom they desired to stand well, and above all, to wealthy laymen without whose aid they feared that pet diocesan schemes must collapse.

About this time appeared a parody on "Who killed Cock Robin?" by Mr. Chatterton Dix, of which I give several, but not all the verses:

"Who killed Devotion?"
"I," said the Nation, "with new Regulation,
I killed Devotion."

"Who saw it die?"
The Court made reply, "With my loving eye
I saw it die."

"Who caught the blood?"
"I," said the Act, "by Parliament backed,
I caught its blood."

"Who'll make its shroud?"
"I," said the Devil, with look very evil,
"I'll make its shroud."

"Who'll be the clerk?"
"We," said the Press, "with *Amen* to Success,
We'll be the clerk."

"Who'll dig its grave?"
"I," said the Law, "'twas once my cat's-paw,
I'll dig the grave."

"Who'll be chief mourner?"
"I," said the World, with scornful lip curl'd,
"I'll be chief mourner."

All the lawyers in Court fell a-sighing and a-sobbing
When Devotion was killed and an end came to Robbing!

"SWEETNESS AND LIGHT"

ARCHBISHOPS TEMPLE AND MACLAGAN

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER X

TO make intelligible the position assumed by the High Church party in opposition to the Public Worship Regulation Act and the Court of Lord Penzance, I give here the major portion of a paper that circulated widely among them and which formulated their objections:

I. Church principles imply that—

1. The Church of Christ, of which the Anglican Church claims to be a part, is an organized society founded by her Divine Lord, independently of the will of the Civil Power.

2. The Church was founded to teach mankind the Divine Will in regard to Faith, Worship and Morals; and for this purpose she received authority from her Lord for the instruction, guidance and government of her members.

3. The words "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth: go ye therefore and teach all nations . . . and lo, I am with you alway, etc.," show that the authority possessed by the Church for the teaching, discipline and edification of her members is derived from Christ, and in things spiritual is independent of any Civil Power, and superior to it.

4. The aforesaid spiritual authority conferred upon the Apostles was, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, transmitted by them to their successors, to be exercised in conformity with the original commission and the law of the Church Universal.

5. This authority, being the gift of Incarnate God to His Church, and a trust committed by Him to the Priesthood, is inalienable; and, therefore, comes within the scope of the Divine Rule, "Render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's, and unto God the things that be God's."

6. A National Church which surrenders the authority to any Civil Power is unfaithful to the trust committed to her by God.

7. Spiritual Courts, or "Courts Christian," whether Diocesan or Provincial, if rightly constituted, are, among other means, the canonical instruments of the Church for the regulation and exercise of the aforesaid authority.

II. Catholic principles are violated by—

1. The creation of a Court for the trial of Spiritual Causes by the Civil Power alone.

2. The acquiescence of the Church in the suppression, whether partial or total, of her Courts Christian, by the Civil Power.

3. Judgments in Spiritual Causes pronounced by the Secular Court.

4. Sentences in Spiritual Causes inflicted by a Secular Judge.

5. The appointment, without the consent of each several bishop or archbishop, of one and the same person as Judge in the Spiritual Court of more than one Diocese or Province.

6. The appointment by the Civil Power of the Judges of Spiritual Courts.

7. The interference of the Civil Power with the rights of bishops and archbishops to exercise a free and independent choice in the appointment of the Judges of these respective Courts.

III. Constitutional principles are asserted in—

1. The Ordinance of William the Conqueror, A.D. 1185: "I command and enjoin by Royal Authority that no bishop or archdeacon or any one else . . . bring a cause which pertains to the cure of souls to the judgment of secular men."

2. The 8th of the Constitutions of Clarendon, A.D. 1164: "Of Appeals." If they arise, they ought to proceed from the archdeacon to the bishop, from the bishop to the archbishop; and lastly (if the archbishop fail in doing justice) to the King, that by his precept the controversy be ended in the Archbishop's Court, so that it go no further (*i.e.* to Rome) without the King's consent.

3. The Magna Charta, A.D. 1215: "First: We have granted to God, and by this our present Charter have confirmed, for us and for our heirs for ever, that the Church of England shall be free, and shall have her whole rights and liberties inviolate."

4. The Statute of Appeals, A.D. 1537: "The Body Spiritual . . . usually called the English Church, which always hath been reputed . . . and is also to this hour, sufficient and meet of itself, without the intermeddling of any exterior person or persons, to declare and determine all such doubts . . . as to their rights spiritual doth pertain."

5. The Declaration prefixed to the XXXIX Articles, A.D. 1628: "If any differences arise about the external policy, concerning the Injunctions, Canons, and other Constitutions whatsoever thereto belonging, the clergy in their Convocation is to order and settle them,"—recognized and acted upon in the Royal Licence and Letters of Business to Convocation in the years 1661, 1689, 1710, 1713, and 1715.

6. The Bill of Rights, A.D. 1689: "The Commission for erecting the late Court of Commissions for Ecclesiastical Causes, and all other Commissions and Courts of like nature, are illegal and pernicious."

7. The Coronation Oath, 1837: "Will you preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of this Realm, and to the Churches committed

to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain unto them, or any of them ?" "All this I promise to do."

IV. Conclusion: The "Public Worship Regulation Act" of 1874 contravenes the foregoing principles:

1. Because the new Judge was created by the sole authority of Parliament, in order to decide spiritual suits and to inflict spiritual censures.

2. Because the new Judge was created without the consent and against the will of the Church, so far as it was formally expressed, apart from all authority from Convocation, and in defiance of a Resolution of the Lower House.

3. Because the constitutional rights of Convocation have thus been violated and denied; and the clergy have been deprived of their prescriptive rights by the House of Commons, from which they alone, as an Order, are excluded.

4. Because, for certain causes, the Act virtually suppresses the Diocesan Courts, and, for all causes, actually suppresses the Provincial Courts.

5. Because by the operation of the Act, the Spiritual Jurisdiction of the Episcopate is in some cases practically suspended, and in others absolutely abolished.

6. Because, by the office of the new Judge, the spiritual rights of the priesthood are infringed, both by the Courts of first instance, and in those of appeal.

7. Because the Act—

(*a*) Violates the law of Canonical Discipline even to a greater extent than the Bill originally introduced by the Archbishop.

(*b*) Creates a new Court for the decision of questions not only ceremonial, but also of doctrine, by enacting that the new Judge shall become *ex officio* the "Official Principal of the Arches Court of Canterbury," and that "all proceedings thereafter taken before the Judge . . . shall be deemed to be taken in the Arches Court of Canterbury"; and further—

(*c*) Furnishes unbelievers with a weapon of offence against Catholic Truth and Worship.

The decision, therefore, of the new Judge cannot in conscience be recognized as possessing any spiritual character, validity or authority by English Churchmen.

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CHAPTER XI

S. SAVIOUR'S, LEEDS

I PURPOSE narrating the story of a pioneer church of the Oxford Movement that went through more bitter trials and suffered more collapses than have happened to any other parish church in England. And the story is instructive, for it exhibits the difficulties that had to be surmounted by those who first began to bring to bear upon the people the full teaching of the Church and to break up the ice which had formed over the Established Church and seemed to have frozen her to her lowest depths. The story will also show what were the hindrances earnest Churchmen met with from those who should have encouraged the work.[1]

The " Bank " district in Leeds was so called from its lying in close proximity to the N.E. side of the River Aire, and occupying rising ground above the level of the river. The sides of the river, and an island in the midst, were for the most part occupied by factories. The chimney of the " Black Dog " Mill poured forth its volumes of smoke at the very level of the floor of S. Saviour's Church when built. The factories furnished employment to some thousands of hands. At the time when this story begins (1838–40), the population amounted to about 12,000 persons, dwelling on an area of about 40 acres. About twenty houses only sent their families to church ; a few of the other inhabitants resorted to various dissenting meeting-houses of the locality. There were somewhat over a thousand Irish Roman Catholics, well looked after by their devoted priests ; the remainder, comprising the bulk of the population, lived either in

[1] I owe my information to a *Narrative of Five Years at S. Saviour's, Leeds*, by J. H. Pollen, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford (1851) ; to a *History of the Church of S. Saviour's*, down to 1872, by the late Rev. G. R. Grantham, with whom I was well acquainted ; also to my own acquaintance with it whilst in Yorkshire. A life of Mr. Pollen has also recently appeared from the pen of his daughter (London, 1912). Much also may be learned from Dean Stephens's *Life of Dr. Hook* (London, 1879), and from Canon Liddon's *Life of Dr. Pusey* (1893).

gross profligacy, combined perhaps with attendance at Socialistic lectures, or else in apathy and utter indifference to anything connected with the Hereafter.

Atheism was openly taught: the *Rational Pioneer* had large audiences of an evening, consisting chiefly of mill-hands. *Twenty-five Reasons for being an Atheist* was circulated widely, put into the hands of lads and lasses coming from their factories, and thrust in at cottage doors.

On one Sunday morning, whilst the parish church bells were chiming, a poor, wretched man brought out into the yard near the church a Bible and Prayer Book, and publicly burnt them before a sympathizing crowd.

In too many factories the owners were indifferent as to the morals of their workpeople, regardless of other responsibilities than the payment of wages and the maintenance of order and decency during the working day. As the Rev. J. Slatter wrote: "The part immediately around S. James's Church was inhabited, with a few exceptions, by the most wretched characters! I had given me by the police a list of the brothels in my district; and I was horrified to find that, in a circle of one hundred yards of which my room was the centre, there were no less than thirteen of such dens. The proceedings of the miserable creatures who tenanted them were so openly disgusting that I was obliged to call in the aid of the law to abate the nuisance. Children of from ten to fifteen years old were not only familiar with, but practised, sins which it is not possible even to mention."

In some back lanes were rooms used for balls, where the young of both sexes would meet after each day's work was over; and up to late hours of the night oaths and blasphemies might be heard in the streets, and revolting sights be witnessed by the passers-by. Even during the daytime, no decent person could, in those days, pass through the chief street of the district, East Street, when the mill operatives were in it, without being liable to personal insult.

Dr. Hook, Vicar of Leeds, had devised a plan for dividing Leeds into thirty independent parishes, and the "Bank" was to be the site of one of them. The Rev. J. M. Clarke came as Dr. Hook's curate, and took up his quarters in East Street. In January 1838, the Rev. George Elmhirst joined him to work the "Bank," and Mr. Elmhirst, a sincere Catholic, began by his teaching to lay the foundations of the future work. But

his labours there broke him down, and he died of an exhausted constitution about 1844.

Before proceeding any further with the subject of S. Saviour's I must give some account of the great work that had been done by Dr. Hook as Vicar of Leeds. He had been Incumbent of Holy Trinity, Coventry, where his strong personality and his stout churchmanship had made their mark. In 1837 he was appointed Vicar of Leeds. He found all in the Church in a neglected condition, and the services conducted in a slovenly manner. There were seven Churchwardens, and none of them except the one appointed by the Vicar were Churchmen. When a vestry meeting was held in the church, they put their hats and coats on the Holy Table. Hook found that his predecessor had been wont to communicate the people in their pews, and to read the Ten Commandments and the earlier portion of the Communion Service at the Reading Desk. Hook was a forceful man and knew his own mind, and Yorkshire people appreciate one who has a will of his own.

In 1838, just after his appointment to Leeds, he was summoned to preach before the Queen in the Chapel Royal, and he took for his text " Hear the Church ; " the object of the sermon was to impress upon the young Queen the spiritual nature and claims of the Church, and to let her understand that the Anglican Church was no new creation of the Reformation, but the old Church based on Apostles and Prophets and Fathers, that had been purified of abuses. Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister, and the sermon gave great offence to the advisers of the Queen.

It was said that on hearing this sermon the young Queen was so much affected that on returning home she retired to her chamber for about an hour, to think over what had been put so plainly before her. The sermon was published and ran through twenty-eight editions, in which about one hundred thousand copies were sold. Letters of congratulation poured in from all directions. Henry, Bishop of Exeter, said that he had read it with unmixed gratification, and " I heartily thank you," he wrote, " for the fidelity as well as the ability with which you have placed the important subject before the mind of her to whom of all others it is of the highest consequence that the mighty truth should be familiar." The sermon and the bold enunciation of the true position of the Church were soon effaced from the mind of the Queen, and, especially after her marriage with Prince Albert, who had not the smallest conception of the

Church in any other light than a State creation, she accepted the Erastian view of it. In 1841 Dr. Hook had completed the new parish church of Leeds, and he introduced cathedral services into it, perhaps the worst style of music that could have been selected, as totally uncongregational, and of all things Yorkshire people love to hear their own voices.

Dr. Hook was a remarkably plain man, broad-built, with uncouth features. Dean Peacock of Ely was wont to say that "he himself and Hook were—if not the ugliest men in England, then certainly they were such in the ministry of the Church." A good deal was made of Dr. Hook and his success. He was be-praised on all sides except by the Evangelicals, and this served to make him dictatorial, and to suppose that all his methods were perfect, and the point of ritual he had reached must not be transgressed. He was an excellent man, but he loved to domineer, and he regarded himself very much as if he were the Bishop of Leeds.

And now came the execution of his notable scheme for the subdivision of Leeds into ecclesiastical districts.

When Dr. Hook was meditating the building of many churches, an unknown individual, deeply penitent for his sins, desired to erect a house of God as a thankoffering for having been brought to a consciousness of his unworthiness. This was Pusey himself,[1] and he suggested that the money might well be spent in Leeds. Dr. Hook, to whom he made the suggestion, answered: "We have heard of your sayings, let us hear something of your doings."

Accordingly it was decided to erect a church on the "Bank," and connected with it was to be a clergy-house where the curates and vicar might live together in community, and form a college; it was also decided that the patronage should be vested in the college, and a successor elected from among the remaining clergy on the death of a vicar. This plan, however, was never carried out, owing to the opposition of the Bishop, at that time Dr. Longley. The first stone was laid by Dr. Hook, on Holy Cross Day, 1842. Very soon afterwards it was found that this stone lay over the shaft of a disused mine, and £1,000 had to be spent in making the foundation secure.

At the end of three years the church was ready for consecration, but then two or three difficulties cropped up. The

[1] This, though it was known to but two or three until his death, was not till then revealed.

Bishop objected to the name—the Holy Cross—under which the church was to have been dedicated. Although there are two festival days of the Holy Cross marked in the Anglican Calendar, and, in consideration of the proposed title, the church had been built in the shape of a cross, Dr. Longley would not be induced to allow it to be thus designated, and in deference to his prejudice the title was changed to S. Saviour.

Next he objected to the college for resident curates and vicar—it savoured too much of a monastic institution, although every college in the two universities is so ordered—and that there was no provision made for a wife, and—hinted, though not expressed—no nurseries. He was ready to license three curates to the vicar, but no more. Accordingly, to humour him, the building was reduced considerably in size.

Moreover he objected to the patronage, which accordingly was retained in Dr. Pusey's hands till 1870, when he associated with himself Drs. Liddon, Bright, and Talbot. Later the advowson was given to the Council of Keble College.

His further objection was to the legend over the west door inside, on a scroll of zinc: "Ye who enter this holy place, pray for the sinner who built it." But when satisfied that the founder was alive and insisted that such an inscription should be placed there, he grudgingly gave way, only stipulating that should the donor die whilst he was Bishop of Ripon, he should be informed of the fact so that he might order the erasure.[1]

Another difficulty was connected with the sacramental plate, and a story pertains to one chalice, which must be told.

Both the chalices were encrusted on stem, boss, and foot with pearls, diamonds, rubies, and enamel. The plate was the offering of two young ladies and their brother, children of Dr. Pusey, one of the girls, Lucy, being only fifteen at the time of her death. On this topic, the Rev. Isaac Williams wrote:

"A friend (*i.e.* Dr. Pusey) said to me, 'My little girl—she was ten years old—was gathering pebbles on the beach with other children; they were looking for a sort of agate found on that coast, but she had another end in view. She brought me this one, marked with the cross, and to find this had been her object.'

"As a much younger child her chief pleasure in any object of sight, or in dress, was to see, as so often may be seen, some

[1] This became very dirty and has been removed, and the inscription, deeply incised in stone, is now on the floor as one enters the west doorway.

form of the cross. Never perhaps, he often said, was there an eye so quick and so glad to discern the cross, and the inward eye saw and owned the cross as well as the outward. As the cross had been gently laid upon her by her heavenly Father during life, and had, as it ever does, borne her, while borne by her, so was it her stay in death. The Church of Holy Cross, as it was then called, is inseparably connected with the memory of this child. Of the plate given for the altar, part was the fruit of her self-denial in life, part her gift in death. At her wish it was enriched with the cross, and the last thought connected with this earth that interested her, the day before her departure, was the crosses she loved, on the design which then arrived, for the jewelled chalice, on which her thin fingers rested."

The legend at the base was to have been inscribed, "Be merciful, O Lord, to Lucy"—the donor, together with her brother and sister. But as Lucy was dead the Bishop forbade the inscription, and at the last moment it had to be altered.

Then the Bishop demurred to a representation in the west window of the Sacred Face, and this had to be altered to satisfy his scruples. He objected also to the altar linen, because covering only the *mensa*, and not draping the whole altar.

Next he objected to consecrate the church on Holy Cross Day, lest he should commit himself to recognition of the genuineness of the cross recovered from the Saracens by Heraclius in 629. Accordingly the consecration had to be deferred to the Feast of S. Simon and Jude, 1845. The offertory amounted to £985, which, at the founder's desire, was set apart towards the erection of a new church in York Road, the first incumbent of which became the most venomous enemy of S. Saviour's, and the delator of all supposed misdemeanours to Dr. Hook and the Bishop of Ripon.

Dr. Hook, although he consented to attend the consecration, objected to the preachers appointed for the Octave, as having been associated with Mr. Newman, who had recently seceded. They were Keble, Upton Richards, Charles Marriott, Isaac Williams, Dodsworth, and Pusey himself. Eventually all of these men remained loyally in the English Church with the exception of Dodsworth. And previous to the Consecration, Hook, with two-thirds of the clergy of Leeds, signed a declaration against what they supposed was a Romanizing tendency observable in a section of the Church.

The church, as already stated, was cruciform. Its great blemish is the chancel, which is 42 feet long by 16 feet wide. In consequence of the heaviness of the oak screen, which cut off the sound from the body of the church, the choir had to sit outside. This choir was not surpliced or put into cassocks till 1848; a white stole was not introduced in place of the funereal scarves till the Christmas of 1849; coloured altar-cloths did not make their appearance till 1848 (previously there had been one only—violet); and it was not till 1859 that an altar-cross was obtained, lighted candles were introduced, and the Eucharistic vestments were procured. Consequently one cannot regard S. Saviour's as having in those early days been a leading Ritualistic church.

In 1890 a lighter screen was substituted for the former, and now the choir occupies the chancel. An instance of Dr. Pusey's conservative instincts was noticeable with reference to the reredos. He was very persistent in his desire that it should consist of the Tables of the Commandments. He held, and probably with reason, that the introduction of the Commandments into the Communion Service, and the injunction that they should be set up at the East end of every church, was a protest of the Reformers against the antinomian tendency of the Lutheran doctrine of the Justification.

The church had been built and consecrated, but the amount of tithe apportioned to it was £36 9*s*., and the expense of collecting that sum would swallow it up. Dr. Pusey put down £1,000 for endowment, the interest of which, £30, came to the vicar. £150 was paid by a well-wisher as a curate's stipend; so here was the church with no adequate endowment, planted in the midst of a poor population, and supposed to be worked by four priests on next to nothing.

Even before the consecration, Dr. Hook began to entertain doubts about it. Properly he had no right to interfere with the church and the services, as it was entirely independent of him. But for years he continued to be incessantly meddling, listening to all sorts of gossip concerning the proceedings of the clergy, and reporting them to the Bishop, without any attempt to investigate whether they were true or false. He took exception at once to some of the arrangements of the church. He had expected that the services would be of the cathedral pattern, the very last suited to a Missionary Church among uneducated people. S. Saviour's was at a humble distance to follow the usages of the parish church of S. Peter's.

It was not the ritual of S. Saviour's that was objected to, for there was practically none; it was the insistence on Confession that roused the anger of Dr. Hook. Amidst the awful wickedness that prevailed in the district, it was necessary to urge it. Nothing could combat it, and conquer it piecemeal, but the Ministry of the Keys, and getting into the confidence of the poor lads and lasses who worked in the mills and were surrounded by evil influences.

Dr. Hook had done a marvellous work at Coventry, and, above all, had begun one at Leeds, and such as the S. Saviour's clergy would have been incompetent to accomplish. They, on the other hand, by their saintly life of self-sacrifice did a spiritual work for which he was not calculated. There were a lack of wisdom and considerable imprudence in the S. Saviour's clergy, and there was a deficiency of forbearance on the part of Dr. Hook; but he was alarmed and pained at seeing and feeling the disquiet of his own flock, who blamed him for the proceedings at S. Saviour's, which he could not control.

The first vicar was Richard Ward in 1846. Mr. Ward had been a curate at the parish church, and had been recommended by Dr. Hook. This fact became an additional source of vexation to him, and a handle to his adversaries, when things began to go badly. Mr. Cazenove, a layman, came to S. Saviour's as a helper. He remained staunch, and finally became Warden of Cumbrae College. Mr. Cazenove was ordained deacon on Trinity Sunday. In September, Mr. G. Case was ordained to S. Saviour's, and soon after came Mr. R. Macmullen, who proved an eloquent preacher. He was Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and was sent to S. Saviour's by Dr. Pusey.

In October, after the first anniversary of the Dedication, a wealthy layman, named Haigh, a Leeds wool merchant, joined the society. He had just come into possession of £30,000, and he proposed to spend the sum of £10,000 to £12,000 on the building of the church in York Road. The foundation was duly laid, and Mr. Macmullen preached at S. Saviour's on the ensuing All Saints' Day on the subject of "intercessory prayer by the Saints below and above." Towards the close of his sermon occurred words to this effect: "What comfort to us who are struggling, to know that the prayers of those who have reached the Eternal Shore are offered on our behalf; for those who covet purity of heart to remember that the Blessed Virgin is interceding for them; for the penitent to think of

S. Peter asking pardon for those who have denied their Lord; for the Christian priest, toiling for souls, to know that the Apostle of the Gentiles, once in labours abundant on earth, now pleads in Heaven the cause of those who strive to follow his steps!"

To the best of my knowledge, this was the extent to which Mr. Macmullen went; but Dr. Hook accused him to the Bishop of having preached on the Invocation of Saints. Dr. Hook had not heard the sermon, he judged from what was reported to him. If Mr. Macmullen had said no more than the above passage that has been preserved, Dr. Longley could not well say that this was repugnant to the teaching of the English Church, for Bishop Pearson in one of his sermons had said: "If we cut off all intercession of angels and saints for us living on earth, and striving with the host of evil spirits—if we acknowledge no power at all before the throne of God, of the martyrs who poured forth their lives for Christ—what that Church may be with which we can hold communion, I am wholly ignorant."

Nevertheless, without giving any reason for so doing, the Bishop inhibited Mr. Macmullen from all priestly functions in the diocese. On hearing of this injustice, Mr. Haigh refused to assist any further in the erection of the church, and both seceded to the Roman Communion, and were received on New Year's Day, 1847.[1]

Mr. Ward had printed a tract on the Holy Eucharist in which he had used very incautious and overstrained expressions. Dr. Hook charged the clergy of S. Saviour's with "a systematic depreciation of the Church of England, and a defence of the Church of Rome; one of the clergy going so far as to say that to speak against the Church of Rome was a mortal sin, and lamenting that his lot had been cast in the Church of England." But the Vicar of Leeds had this only on tittle-tattle report, probably false or grossly exaggerated. Dean Stephens, his biographer, admits: "The Vicar was at times hasty in his judgments, inaccurate in his statements, and over-vehement in his language."

Distressed at the defection of Macmullen, Mr. Ward incau-

[1] Macmullen said that it was due to Dr. Hook that he went over to Rome; indeed, those working at S. Saviour's knew as a matter of fact that they were winning souls for Christ, rescuing them from depths of horrible wickedness, and they considered that the Bishop, Dr. Hook, and the whole Episcopate were opposing a great spiritual work. It was this more than anything else that led them to quit the Church of England.

tiously placed himself unconditionally in the hands of Dr. Longley, offering to make any alterations in the conduct of the services that the Bishop desired. The Bishop seized on the opportunity, and required Mr. Ward to resign the vicarship and Mr. Case the curacy of S. Saviour's. The Vicar remonstrated—he said that he had never contemplated so great a demand being made. The parishioners sent a petition to his Lordship, entreating to have their vicar and friend spared them, but met with a blunt refusal. Mr. Ward had no choice but to submit, and he preached his farewell sermon on the last day of January 1847. Mr. Case, of course, also had to go. Mr. Ward went into Somersetshire and, some years after, he and his friend Case joined the Church of Rome.

After the short period of fifteen months, the living, which had been offered to several and declined, was accepted in the summer of 1847 by the Rev. A. P. Forbes. He lived alone in the Vicarage, the schoolmaster and his wife keeping house for him. He could get no curates. The church was generally condemned by the authorities, and, as an important dignitary expressed it, a *cordon sanitaire* was drawn round the place by the neighbouring clergy. Mr. Forbes was not strong, and his health suffered from the quantity of work falling to the lot of a single resident priest.

In the same year the Irish fever came to Leeds and proved very deadly. Mr. Forbes was constant in visiting the hospitals during the prevalence of the disease. The Rev. Stanley Mark, a young curate to Dr. Hook, caught the fever and died. So did three Roman priests, one after another, from the same disease.

In September of the same year, the Rev. A. P. Forbes was elected to the see of Brechin, in Scotland, by the clergy of the diocese, so that now a new vicar had to be found. And during the interregnum the Rev. J. H. Pollen, Fellow of Merton, came to take charge. Dr. Hook was of opinion that two clergy would suffice at S. Saviour's. He told Mr. Pollen on his arrival that there were but seven people sick in it. Mr. Pollen, however, found the case very different, as, soon after he came, he numbered at least forty cases requiring his frequent ministrations.

The living was now given to the Rev. T. Minster, chaplain to Viscount Campden, an earnest but very delicate man, suffering from an internal ailment. He was inducted in April 1848, and was the third vicar from the Consecration—a time of about two years and a half.

The difficulty of finding a curate now recurred. The Rev. G. Crawley was proposed and eventually, after some demur, accepted by the Bishop, and then the Rev. F. Beckett, Mr. Minster's former curate, joined him. The little party was enlarged by the adhesion of Mr. Seton Rooke, a layman preparing for Orders.

The discipline and conduct of the house and of the services were now resumed. Besides the regular clerical staff, there were other clergy, either temporarily residing in the Vicarage or visiting it from neighbouring churches. The parish was thoroughly organized, each clergyman and layman had a district assigned to him, and there seemed to be every prospect of a great future for S. Saviour's. The Vicar, however, owing to his illness, was mostly non-resident, and Mr. Beckett was generally regarded as the superior. And now it was for the first time that the choir was surpliced. Fresh complaints reached the Bishop: often enough Dr. Hook was the intermediary. It appeared that at Baptisms in the afternoon, in that black, soot-laden atmosphere, and with the stained-glass windows admitting little light, it had become customary for two choir-boys to attend the priest at the font with candles, often absolutely necessary. The Bishop ordered their discontinuance, and discontinued they were. Then followed complaints that Confession was taught and practised. Again the Bishop interfered and forbade Confessions except as preliminary to Communion.

The dissatisfaction of Dr. Hook continued to increase, and he treated the S. Saviour's clergy with icy coldness. The Bishop had the bad taste to tell Mr. Minster this : " You are a plague-spot in my diocese."

Dr. Hook was like a good many other men who cannot abide to see things done a little differently from their own way. But he was placed, as already said, in a difficult position. He desired, and rightly, to retain the confidence of his flock, and he feared that he might forfeit this through the eccentricities of the clergy of S. Saviour's. To add to his troubles, one of his own curates resigned and seceded to Rome in 1848.

His church of S. Peter's was attended by the well-to-do of Leeds, rich manufacturers, merchants, and tradesmen, who wanted a comfortable, not a comforting religion—they had no troubles, spiritual or social, that cried out for consolation. They were given a florid musical service, and as much Church doctrine as the Vicar deemed expedient, or as much as his people could digest at a time. He warned them that by the malignant

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the events that had taken place at S. Saviour's would be represented as the results of principles inculcated from the pulpit of the parish church. "It is well, therefore, for you to be reminded of what you are well aware, that the principles inculcated here are, and, while life lasts to me, ever shall be, the same—the good old principles of the Church of England, equally removed from Puritanism or Popery. I confidently rely on the generous support of my whole flock." Tormented as he was by the proceedings of the S. Saviour's clergy, "hornets," as he styled them, and by the attacks of the Evangelicals, Dissenters, and the Radical Leeds press, he was driven to use more violent language than was fair, and to act in a measure bitterly hostile to the clergy of the unfortunate church on the hill. That the services at S. Peter's would not suffice for the mill-folk of the "Bank," he could not understand. Owing to Mr. Minster's health being so bad, another curate was urgently needed, but the Bishop was obstructive, and refused to license every one who offered for S. Saviour's. Mr. Rooke was now ready to receive Orders, but the Bishop would not license him to the church, and he was ordained to Shadwell. However, he spent a great part of his time at S. Saviour's.

In 1846–7 occurred the Irish famine already alluded to, caused by the failure of the potato crop. In four years the population of Ireland decreased by more than a million and a half. Many perished in their own land, many emigrated to the United States; and a third section invaded the manufacturing towns of England and Scotland. Swarms arrived in Leeds, famished, in rags, and without money. At that period the drainage and water-supply were all in the most primitive condition, and these immigrants crowded under any roof, and down into cellars, or up in attics, wherever they could obtain shelter. Such as could obtain no lodging in a house erected shanties in the courts and alleys of a densely urban quarter, with no thought of the decencies of life. The result was that a terrible outbreak of typhus fever ensued. The Rev. E. Jackson, in his *Pastor's Recollections*, describes right vividly the condition of affairs. He speaks of:

"Tall men, with long coats and hats without crowns, and women, wild and haggard, with numbers of unearthly-looking children—strange beings that ran alongside of the men and women, and looked at you out of the corner of their eyes, with a sort of half-frightened, half-savage expression.

"The usual low lodging-houses for this class of people were soon more than full. Why the Poor Law Authorities did not bestir themselves in time, and open proper places for the reception of these wretched exiles, seems now a strange blunder. Being Irish, I suppose they were not legally chargeable to the township. But it was a great mistake and a woeful economy, for the emigrants brought with them not only hunger but death. In a very short time the frightful Irish fever was epidemic in all the lower parts of the town. It was a dreadful time. We then buried all the pauper dead from the parish church, and I well remember that on one afternoon twenty-three bodies were lying side by side as I entered the church to read that part of the burial service which is there said. The low howls of the women were terrible. They sat by the gravesides, crouching in their peculiar way, and rocking themselves to and fro, as they looked down into the dark cavities where the dead were lowered, five and six deep, one upon another.

"'Do go with me and see a part of my district,' Mr. Monk, the new curate, said to me one day. I went with him. It was frightful indeed. Here, in this district, which was one of an especially Irish character, it was simply horrible. Every place above ground, and underground, was crammed with miserable, famished wretches, scarcely looking like human beings. In one cellar we counted thirty-one men, women, and children, all lying on the damp, filthy floor, with only a few handfuls of straw under them; while the frightened neighbours, who would not venture inside the pestilential depths, were lowering water in buckets to allay the intolerable thirst of the miserable people. Our young curate would himself go down to them in their cellars, or climb up into their close, choking chamber, raise their heads, put fresh straw under them, and give them gruel with his own hands."

The young curate, the Rev. W. S. Monk, a member of a noble family, fell a victim to his devotion, caught the fever, and died on July 11, 1847.

This is a graphic picture of what took place in the district of S. James's. It was precisely the same in that of S. Saviour's, and there also the clergy laboured with incessant energy and the utmost devotion. This Irish fever was but a prelude to another epidemic—the cholera.

Efforts had been made for some time past to obtain from the Board of Works the drainage of the worst portions of the town,

but the measure was doggedly resisted by one of the wealthiest mill-owners in the S. Saviour's district, on account of the necessary outlay. When the cholera did come, this man was stricken and died. The mill was closed for the half-day when he was buried, the work-people were dismissed with half a day's wages. Not till more of the rich had died did the Board of Works move in the matter ; then, when the worst of the mortality from the typhus was over, there fell on England the awful scourge of cholera in 1849. It was more severe in the parish of S. Saviour than in any other part of Leeds. The disease spread rapidly, and there were deaths in every house. It struck people at all times, and lasted in each case an average of ten hours. The greater number died. Curiously enough, it was mainly those in the prime of life who were struck down. Whole families were swept away. The clergy were soon in the thick of it ; night and day were they at the bedsides of the sick and the dying, ministering both to body and soul. Where no one else would go to render assistance, for fear of infection, there were the clergy. It was through this self-sacrificing devotion that they won the love and respect of the entire parish.

Mr. Pollen, knowing how hard pressed the clergy were, volunteered to come to S. Saviour's to help. The people swarmed out of their houses and burnt tar-barrels in the streets. As many as ten persons, on the average, died every day in the parish. The church was open all day, and the Litany said regularly at 12.40 p.m. A daily celebration was also instituted. The Vicarage as well was kept open all day, and all available funds were invested in blankets and medicines. The people naturally leaned on the clergy in their distress, and always obtained the help they needed. The priests went about in their cassocks, carrying in their girdles calomel, cayenne pepper, camphor, etc. The days and nights were passed by them in hastening from one sick-bed to another, speaking words of comfort here, praying with the sufferers there, rubbing the men's cold extremities, laying out that person's dead body.

Mr. Pollen has recorded in his notes many sad cases—too many in which there was little spiritual consolation and hope, but not all.

" By twelve o'clock each of us had seen his patients. Some were, perhaps, past motion or speech ; these were to be watched, and commended, as they sank into death, to the hands of the Creator. Some hopeful case there might be—but usually after

twenty-four hours the sick were *a fresh set*; that of yesterday needed but the mercy of burial.

"The priest often stayed to lay out the body and burn disinfectants round the bed; soon after came the undertakers with a cart and went in; at the sight of them every one stopped short in the street, and went off by another way. The windows were opened, and the bedding and clothes of the dead were thrown out. Then, from five till after dark, the workhouse single-horse hearses went round to convey the coffins to a distant burial-ground. The worst of the cholera lay close round the Vicarage, not thirty feet from its walls; eight houses continuously, close at the gate, were shut and tenantless. Above the low wall nodded the black feathers, in a slow, perpetual stream.

"There was no long interval of rest. By half-past one or two, all were out again upon their various stations, until half-past seven, the hour for evening service. At five o'clock, I know not why, the plot usually thickened. The clergy were stopped in the street—'A young woman next door'—'A young man in the house opposite.' Thus passed the afternoon. After a day of such anxiety, the choral service was refreshing, the seemly white of the choir-boys, the rough Gregorian chant, the spirited hymn, brought home the thoughts and invigorated the spirits for the night work. More than once a quiet step stole up to the bench of clergy, to communicate some message in a whisper; one of the number would set down his book and step out."

Among the many cases that occurred, I have room for two only:

"Sad was the case of a young girl left dying in the hospital. She had run away from her grandfather to another girl, a friend in Leeds, who told her of large wages. . . . A night she resisted, then she fell; a few days after she was taken with the cholera.

"Between three and four one night came a summons. The priest found on her deathbed a beautiful girl of fourteen, suffering much, but perfectly conscious. Her father, a very tall and fine man, in his dyer's dress stained with indigo, had just been summoned from his work. He had left her perfectly well the preceding afternoon. She was his eldest daughter, he said, and kept house for him; her mother was dead. He put strong restraint upon himself, and spoke at times cheerfully; but every now and then he gave way to passionate bursts of tears, and kissed his poor child again and again. The bystanders tried to

prevent him, fearing lest he should take the infection ; but in vain. She was very devout ; she asked her father to be good to her brothers and sisters ; in the evening she was dead." [1]

Mr. Minster was seized with the epidemic. " If I am taken," said he to one of his brother clergy, " treat me in our approved way." An hour later, a young man came to the cottage where his friend was, and said : " Mr. Minster is very ill." The two hastened to him, and loaded blankets upon him to keep in the vital heat ; calomel was administered, and the Office for the Visitation of the Sick said over him. Before midnight all danger was happily over.

There was not an hour of the night at which a summons did not come. The clergy that were in went in turn. The Vicar lay on the ground floor, but sleep left his eyes, and night after night he would lie hearing the knocks and cries at the door, but himself unable to rise. Two small hospitals in the town were devoted to the cholera patients, and one of the S. Saviour's clergy visited them daily.

Dr. Hook had not been in Leeds during the greater part of the time of the visitation, but he returned when it was abating. As he strode one day through the hospital wards, he encountered Mr. Pollen, who had been ministering to a dying man, and roughly asked him how he came there, and whether he had the Bishop's licence. He had not the licence, he had come in haste to help in an emergency. Dr. Hook at once delated him to Dr. Longley.

When Alexandria was swept by plague, the patriarch S. Dionysius was in the midst, exhorting and encouraging priests and people. Who does not remember the graphic account by Manzoni of Frederick Borromeo, Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, and his heroic devotion to the sick and dying when the city was smitten with plague in 1576 ? During the Plague of London, 1666, Archbishop Sheldon remained at Lambeth and used his vast influence to provide aid for the sufferers, and preserved numbers who but for him would have perished. So also Tillotson, Bishop of London, stuck to his post, and was indefatigable in his labours on behalf of the stricken. When, in 1720, the plague raged in Marseilles, Bishop Belzunce was there, seated by the dying, bowed over them, hearing their confessions, and stimulating the clergy by his example to self-sacrifice. And so, at the present day, I have not the smallest doubt that most of our

[1] *John Hungerford Pollen* (London, 1912), p. 155.

English bishops would be foremost in encouraging their clergy and ministering to the plague-stricken. But such was not the conception of his office entertained by Dr. Longley. His function was, from his well-padded arm-chair in the palace by Ripon, to criticize and chide. He wrote to Mr. Minster: "I am exceedingly concerned to hear the report, confirmed by yourself, that you had invited Mr. Pollen to become an inmate of S. Saviour's during the autumn. It is a matter of the deepest regret that you should have identified yourself with him."

Mr. Minster replied: "I am sorry Mr. Pollen's assistance during the time of cholera should have met with your Lordship's disapprobation. He volunteered to assist me. At the time, I myself was nearly disabled, and soon after completely so, by an attack of cholera; when, too, Mr. Rooke was confined to his bed by an attack of low fever, and Mr. Beckett, from overwork and exhaustion, was scarcely able to keep on his legs. At this time my people were being literally decimated. I could not see my people die in numbers daily, and no one to assist them and comfort them."

The Bishop coldly replied: "I can only hope that Mr. Pollen will not again offer his services at S. Saviour's, and that you will not be tempted to accept them."

Mr. Minster's health was never restored, and he had to ask of the Bishop a year's non-residence, which was granted, with leave to seek a temporary substitute, but none could or would now come to help. Mr. Rooke was ordained priest, with a decided order from the Bishop that he was not to teach or hear private confessions.

The Bishop himself had called on Mr. Minster, and during a long conversation on Confession, told him how strongly he objected to the practice. Mr. Minster asked what could he do but receive such as had been invited in the exhortation in the Communion service to come—and who came in response. He inquired what his Lordship would do in like cases. "I should ask them to sit down and beg them to begin their story," replied Dr. Longley.

"And how, my Lord, if they desired Absolution?"

"I think I should read out to them the Comfortable Words."

When the cholera had raged for three months and ceased, then some of the poor people who had lost their dear ones put up stones to their memory, inscribed "Jesu, mercy!"

"Lord, remember me!" "Of your charity pray for the soul of," etc., and the Bishop uttered his indignant protest.

Troubles began anew in 1850.

In the January of that year, the schoolmistress and her assistant joined the Church of Rome, their reason being the want of fixity of teaching in the English Church and the persistent and systematic persecution exercised on all those who taught the Faith.

The Bishop was very angry, and wrote cruel letters on the subject to Mr. Minster. He also ordered the taking down of a plain wooden cross that was on the screen, and the discontinuance of the recitation of the Morning and Evening Prayers from a returned stall in the chancel.

The Vicar answered Dr. Longley on the matter of the secession of the schoolmistress: "I am sorry that your Lordship should still attribute to S. Saviour's, and to the system carried on there, those effects which have arisen from another cause, even on the confession of the persons themselves implicated. On the contrary, they themselves assured me that had they not been at S. Saviour's, they should, years since, have left the Church of England, and that I alone had held them back so long."

In the spring of 1850 came the Gorham Judgment, shaking men's convictions as to the orthodoxy of the English Church. And directly after appeared a published letter from Dr. Hook, containing severe allusions to S. Saviour's. Not a Sunday nor a Festival passed without spies being sent to take notes of what was done and preached in the Church, and these were sent to Dr. Hook, and through him to the Bishop, without any opportunity being offered to the clergy to explain and state that what had been reported was a garbled version of what had been done or said. Not a complaint came from any parishioner. Those who were religious were heart and soul with the clergy.

At the Dedication this year, 1850, Mr. Ward, the first vicar of S. Saviour's, preached to his old parishioners. The sermon was published, whereupon Bagot, Bishop of Bath and Wells, his diocesan, suspended him from work in his diocese, and the Bishop of Ripon inhibited him from preaching in the diocese as well.

Mr. Pollen preached on "The unity of the Faith," whereupon Bishop Longley thought proper to complain to the Bishop of Oxford. The passage complained of was: "This island was

called the Island of the Saints (in reference to the Ancient British Church); then bishops and priests, monks and hermits went forth from our shores and carried the Faith," etc. It was a statement of fact that the great missions throughout Germany, Switzerland, and Gaul had been the work of Irish and British missionaries. But as far as I can judge because of the reference to monks and hermits, as casting a slight on the Reformation, he also was inhibited by the Bishop of Oxford from further duty in the diocese.

And now the clouds grew darker. The storm arose and burst over S. Saviour's, to leave her little better than a stranded wreck.

On December 2, 1850, the clergy of S. Saviour's were summoned to appear at Ripon before the Bishop at twenty-four hours' notice, to answer charges with respect to the doctrines and practices prevalent at S. Saviour's, not knowing what was coming, what the charges were. In their simple souls, they went as to a Father in God and expected paternal treatment. They found the Bishop in his palace, provided with both legal adviser and secretary to take down depositions. They were introduced into the library, and there the proceedings seem to have been most unfairly conducted. The officials were allowed, and encouraged by the Bishop, to interpose with repeated remarks, and to put leading questions; and the office of judge was merged in that of the prosecutor.

This Commission was made up, beside the lawyers, of certain Low Church clergy of Leeds who had stirred up mob agitation against S. Saviour's, with Dr. Hook at their head, and the Bishop in the chair. The accusers had got together six or seven witnesses, among them two pupil-teachers who had been dismissed for their immoral conduct, and two women of infamous character whom Mr. Beckett had laboured to reclaim. The object of the accusers was to make out a charge of gross questionings in the Confessional. As the trial proceeded, cross-examination by Mr. Minster revealed plainly the true character of the accusing "witnesses," and convicted them of falsehood. Some withdrew in confusion, others were withdrawn for their own sakes. The Bishop's lawyer expressed himself as feeling that there was no evidence to justify the accusations brought against the clergy. Nevertheless the Low Church clergyman who had produced these scandalous and unsubstantiated charges was allowed to leave the court without a

word of reprimand from his diocesan. The inquiry was again pursued by the Bishop on December 14 and 15, in the vestry of the parish church of Leeds. The facts elicited were that the clergy inculcated the duty of Confession before the reception of the Holy Communion; that they taught that in Absolution was given pardon for mortal sins; and that sin after baptism must end in spiritual death, unless resort was had to Sacramental Confession as the remedy appointed by the Church for the restoration of the transgressor; that after Consecration the elements in Holy Communion were no more mere bread and wine.

It is well to bear in mind that the S. Saviour's people were thoroughly satisfied with their clergy. They clung to them with love, they placed implicit confidence in them, and not a word of complaint came from them. The complainers were outsiders. There were especially three or four Leeds clergy, men conspicuous for their idleness and inefficiency in their parishes, who were the fuglemen in the assault against S. Saviour's.

The main inquiry before the Bishop had been into the practice of Confession; and although the charges of improper questioning had been entirely disproved, the Bishop inhibited Messrs. Beckett and Rooke, and Crawley, another curate, in January 1851. Mr. Beckett's inhibition, however, on a technical objection, was afterwards quashed. Just two years before, the Bishop had sanctioned Confession provided it preceded Communion; and, forgetting this, he punished the curates for doing what he himself had authorized, for they were, at the time, as a matter of fact, preparing people for their first Communion.

Mr. Minster was ill, and could do little single-handed. The people drew up an address of condolence to the Vicar. They had been so coldly, so unsympathizingly met by the Bishop before, that they did not venture to address his Lordship.

It was a touching letter, sad yet calm, and breathing nothing but affection for their clergy, and absolute confidence in them. A feeling of deep sorrow seemed to pervade it, despair at the thought of losing one whom they had so loved and revered, combined with a fear of having taken from them those privileges which they valued.

The address was signed by 660 of the congregation, of whom 250 were communicants. It was forwarded to the Bishop, but

as it was addressed to their Vicar, he loftily put it aside and took no notice of it.

The Vicar being ill of his incurable internal malady, and deprived of his curates, was forced to notify his resignation to his Lordship, and thus S. Saviour's was again without clergy to serve at her altar. The Bishop had paralyzed the whole spiritual life of the parish.

And now comes the saddest episode in the story. In the following April, Mr. Ward, the first vicar, inhibited by his Bishop and shaken in his confidence in the English Church through the Gorham Judgment, was, together with Mr. Crawley, received into the Roman Communion at Oscott, near Birmingham.

It was not the S. Saviour's system that sent them over to Rome. They had been absolutely loyal in heart to the English Church, but the cruel, unfatherly conduct of their Bishop, and the vagaries of the Privy Council, had demolished their confidence in the Church of England.

The week following they came to Leeds, with Dr. Newman, and at S. Anne's Roman Catholic Church was witnessed the reception of several persons connected with S. Saviour's.

These were the Rev. M. Lewthwaite of Clifford, the Rev. Mr. Combes, curate of S. Saviour's, the almoner, a chorister, the matron, assistant matron, some children of the Orphanage, and half a dozen of the congregation, male and female. The Vicar and the Rev. S. Rooke were received privately. When in 1851 the Rev. J. H. Pollen wrote his *Recollections of Five Years at S. Saviour's, Leeds*, he had no thought of joining the Roman Communion, but episcopal bullying at length drove him also over the border. It was not given to all to say and act with Dr. Pusey: "If the labours of years will not persuade men that we are faithful to the Church of England, words will not. . . . But death in her bosom WILL."

Thus, within the short space of six years from the opening of the church, it had collapsed as a manifestation of the Church movement. Bishop Longley was rewarded for the wreckage he had wrought. Shortly afterwards he was promoted to the Bishopric of Durham (1856), thence to the Archbishopric of York, and further to that of Canterbury.

He bore thenceforth the character of an urbane and suave prelate, and I am not aware of any further mischief done by him, but the steps to his promotion were on the hearts of earnest men who would have spent their lives for the Church of Eng-

land, but out of which he had trodden faith, zeal, and confidence in her.

"How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell in the earth?" might the suffering, the spurned, the maligned Churchmen cry out, in supplication against the prelates, State-appointed, for their blindness to the needs of the Church. If these had acted with greater gentleness and forbearance much might have been effected. The incessant "badgering" to which the clergy were subjected drove them into extremes, and they did unwarrantable things and taught much that was indefensible. They felt themselves isolated, regarded as spiritual lepers, to be avoided; no helping hand was held out to them, no sympathy was shown to them by those of their own cloth. Like a horse that for a slight trip is thrashed and thrashed, not with the lash only but with the butt end of the scourge, they were taken with madness, and flung ahead, regardless whither they went, if only they could escape the blows that stung them.

No thought of disloyalty for long entered the heads of these clergy: the very fulness with which they taught the power of the Keys, and the Real Presence, showed that they believed thoroughly in their Orders and the validity of the sacraments they administered.

Out of the fifteen clergy who had been connected with S. Saviour's since its consecration in 1845, nine had seceded.

Immediately after this terrible collapse, Dr. Pusey arrived, in company with the Rev. C. Marriott, to see what could be done. All the clergy had deserted their posts except Mr. Beckett, the senior curate; among the faithless, faithful only he, to fight for the Church of which he was put in charge. He went calmly on his way, working for his people with grave resolution. I met him, and felt awe and reverence for him almost unsurpassed. All the reward he had for his steadfastness was a prompt suspension from the Bishop. He went out to South Africa, where he founded a small brotherhood under Bishop Twells. He lived mostly in a cave, and there he died.

Some of the seceding clergy and laymen took up their residence at a house five minutes' walk from the church. A Roman priest came to live with them, and they tried by argument, cajolery, and in some cases by bribery, to make as many converts as possible. But, perhaps to their surprise, certainly to their disappointment, their efforts were unavailing. Mr. Beckett's

influence kept back the greater number of those who were tempted to follow their late teachers. Only two entire families seceded, and a few stragglers.

On Palm Sunday of this memorable year, April 13, Dr. Pusey was announced to preach on the great collapse that had taken place; but just before the sermon he was so overcome by emotion that he fainted in the church, and had to be carried into the sacristy, whereupon Mr. Marriott ascended the pulpit and preached.

It was a memorable occasion, and every one was looking forward, and wondering what was to be the future of that unhappy church, so relentlessly and so ruthlessly persecuted from without, and so enfeebled within. The Vicarage was offered to the Rev. J. W. Knott, Fellow of Brasenose, and tutor of Shoreham College. He was a man of a peculiar temperament, earnest, devout, but one who had never assimilated Catholic doctrine, and when at S. Saviour's he was restless and ever wanting to get away, for at heart he was imbued with the Wesleyan doctrine of Instantaneous Conversion. In laying hold of this he was largely influenced by the Rev. R. Aitken, of Cornwall, who jumbled up in a remarkable manner a certain amount of High Churchism with Wesleyanism. Prayer-meetings and revivals were now in vogue under Mr. Knott, till he found that his position was untenable, and he left, to become eventually a missionary under the C.M.S., and died in India. I met him when I was in Yorkshire, and he struck me as an unhappy man, ill-at-ease with himself and with those with whom he was brought into contact, one into whose soul the sunshine had never entered, and whose brain was somewhat unbalanced.

He left in 1859, and was succeeded by the Rev. Richard Collins, when the Eucharistic vestments were introduced. Collins was an inert individual, casual and somewhat slovenly, and during his tenure of S. Saviour's everything went dead. But perhaps it was as well for the parish, after the excitement it had gone through, that a period of repose should succeed.

Collins was not in good health, and he died suddenly at the Church Institute in 1877, of heart disease. He was succeeded by the Rev. J. Wylde, who is still vicar, and now S. Saviour's is the centre of vigorous and flourishing church life. There have been no more débâcles.

Some lines were circulated by Mr. Chatterton Dix, a parody on *Little Bo-Peep*, applicable here:

Bishops, asleep, once lost their sheep
And could not tell where to find them;
Some few went to Rome, the rest stopped at home,
With the P.W.R.[1] behind them.

Bishops, asleep, dreamt of their sheep
And thought they heard them bleating;
When they awoke, the silly sheep spoke,
And the shepherds gave them a beating.

Looking back upon the tragic history of S. Saviour's, one can feel the appropriateness of the words of Newman as addressed to the English Church: "O my mother, whence is this unto thee, to be strange to thine own flesh, and thine eye cruel towards thy little ones? Thine own offspring, the fruit of thy womb, who love thee and would toil for thee, thou dost gaze upon with fear, as though a portent, or thou dost loathe as an offence—at best, thou dost but endure, as if they had no claims, but on thy patience, self-possession, and vigilance, to be rid of them as easily as thou mayest. Thou makest them 'stand all the day idle' as the very condition of thy bearing with them, or thou biddest them begone where they will be more welcome, or thou sellest them for naught to the stranger that passes by."

[1] Public Worship Regulation Act.

CHAPTER XII

S. JUDE'S, BRADFORD

IN sharp contrast to the tragic story of S. Saviour's, Leeds, I will give that of S. Jude's, Bradford, which encountered none of those disasters that befell the other church. Harassed and interfered with it was, but it never broke down through the desertion of its pastors for another communion. The story is instructive, for it is that of a thousand other churches throughout the land. I give it as a sample of what has been going on elsewhere; moreover it shows what S. Saviour's did not show — a solidity and caution in advance, and patience, which were lacking in the clergy of the Leeds church. If all God's waves and storms went over this latter, S. Jude's rode in quieter waters, and though buffeted never had her decks swept, nor sprung a leak.

The town of Bradford in the early half of the last century presented a dreary aspect both materially and spiritually. A dense cloud of smoke, issuing from its numerous and constantly increasing factories, hid the sun from the eye; a toiling multitude, ever growing, taxed the energies of the Church to prevent its falling into heathenism. In 1860, although several districts had been cut off and provided with churches and schools, the Parish Church of S. Peter was left with a population of something like 30,000 souls who were under the nominal care of the Vicar and four curates. The living was held by the Rev. Dr. Burnet, an able preacher, kind-hearted and genial in manner, but lacking in moral firmness. He had risen considerably above the theological standard of the patrons, the Simeonite Trustees, incurring thereby their marked displeasure. He posed as a moderate High Churchman who would gladly have followed in the steps of his neighbour, Dr. Hook, the Vicar of Leeds, could he have done so without provoking opposition.

About 1860, a number of devoted, earnest laymen, worshippers at the parish church, struck with the inadequacy of the existing parochial machinery, formed themselves into a society, the members of which were pledged to undertake some definite

religious work, and to unite in prayer, intercession, and Holy Communion. It adopted the harmless title of the S. Peter's Union for Church Work. The vicar became its president, approved its rules, and appointed one of his curates to be its chaplain. The works to which the Union devoted itself were teaching in the Sunday and night schools, visiting the whole and sick in their homes, and distributing Church literature, collecting funds in support of home and foreign missions, and arranging periodical meetings in their aid, managing Savings Banks and provident societies; in fact, all the ordinary machinery of a well-worked parish. In addition to the members (who were communicants) there were associates, who were mostly young men and women too old for the usual Sunday school class. For their benefit a monthly meeting was held, when instruction on Church doctrine was given by one of the curates.

After four years this organization was arbitrarily dissolved by the Vicar on the ground that its members had indulged in "practices, tendencies, and an appetite for ritualism." He steadfastly refused, although respectfully requested to do so, to specify what these practices were, or to name the persons who yielded to this appetite (an appetite, by the by, which could never be gratified without the concurrence of the clergy). He was asked to investigate the proceedings of the Union, the members pledging themselves to abide by his decision and to modify all that he objected to. But to no purpose. The fact was that the prejudices of Orangemen and rabid Protestants were stirred up by the distinctness and thoroughness of the work, and so the Vicar, in a moment of weakness, thought to conciliate them by casting his loyal fellow workers out of the boat. Some fifty or sixty Churchmen and Churchwomen were by this piece of folly dismissed from their posts as teachers and visitors, the weekly early celebration was for a time abandoned, and the chaplain's services as one of the staff of curates dispensed with. An appeal of this last to the Bishop (Bickersteth) produced no result beyond the expression of opinion that the charges brought against him and his fellow workers were frivolous in the extreme, but that for the sake of peace it would be better for him to resign. A licence to another curacy in the diocese was granted, coupled, however, with the intimation that he must never expect preferment at the Bishop's hands. "Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant," but in this case the victory proved a barren one. For the district church of S. Jude was at

this time in sore need of help. It had been built about twenty years before, to serve a large and mixed population consisting of dwellers on the outskirts of the town, and also of factory hands and other operatives living in the adjoining narrow streets and courts. For a time the excellence of the music attracted congregations, but after a while these fell off, and the reign of deadness seemed to have set in. The first incumbent exchanged with the Rev. John Eddowes, who set himself to the task of reviving the work. The first need, in his opinion, was to make all sittings perfectly free. There were at the time no less than *seventeen* different rates paid for pews, according to their position and eligibility. After a considerable amount of opposition he carried his point, and also substituted the weekly offertory for pew rents. Daily prayers and weekly celebrations were started at the same time.

Then it was that the members of the S. Peter's Union, expelled from their own parish, felt themselves free to offer their services to the Vicar of S. Jude's. Needless to say, the offer was gratefully accepted. New life was infused. A second Evensong at eight on Sundays was provided, at which the Church's Plain Song was used. After a time, when appropriation of seats was finally abolished, this was dropped as no longer necessary. A Guild was established; attendance at the day and Sunday schools was increased; above all, the number of communicants grew year by year. Various structural alterations were made in the church: a new vestry was built; a new altar was raised, with the proper ornaments; a massive brass cross, the gift of the Guild of S. Alban, took the place of the plain wooden one formerly in use. These were material improvements, but there were also signs of more important progress—that of a spiritual character. Missions were held which had the effect of stirring up spiritual life. The first was conducted by Canon Body in 1872; in 1876, S. Jude's took part in the general Bradford Mission, when Canon Body again conducted.

With regard to the former of these, the following words, written by one who was an active worker at S. Jude's, will prove interesting: "Some who read these lines will recall with thankfulness silent moments of earnest prayer in church, and perhaps also a few minutes spent in faithful converse with the missioner, leaving an impress on all their after-life. The crowd, too, of men standing wherever they could find standing-room at the special services for men on the Sunday afternoon (such services

being far less common than they are now) was a sight too impressive to be easily forgotten. But the most marked effect of that mission, and that not the least blessed, was probably the clearing away of much prejudice. A mountain of suspicion —suspicion of lurking Popery—was rolled away, and thus one hindrance to God's work in the parish was greatly lessened. As an expression of the gratitude of the people to the missioner, a service of altar plate, in silver gilt, for the church at Kirkby Misperton, was presented to Mr. Body. The oaken box enclosing it bore the following inscription: "For the service of the altar in the parish of Kirkby Misperton, a thankoffering from the worshippers at S. Jude's, Bradford, for much blessing received, through the ministry of the Rev. George Body, Easter 1872." [1]

The Rev. A. H. Mackonochie had preached and held services with a view to a mission as early as 1869, but his intention to hold one was frustrated by the Bishop of Ripon inhibiting him from officiating in the diocese. This, by the way, proved a blunder on the part of the anti-Ritualists, for it aroused popular sympathy with the persecuted Vicar of S. Alban's, Holborn; the congregation of S. Jude's showing theirs in a practical way by collecting £24 towards the Mackonochie Defence Fund on the Sunday after the inhibition had been served. Other missions were from time to time held, the results of which were increased attendance at the altar, and resort to Confession, as well as deepened spiritual life of very many. The following statistics supplied by the work already mentioned, and for which, as well as for other information, we are greatly indebted to the author, show how marked was the material growth of the parish at this time:

Numbers of Communicants at the Greater Festivals

Year.	Easter Day.	Whit-Sunday.	Christmas Day.
1858 [2]	27	17	13
1863	75	47	26
1868	288	176	131
1872 [3]	306	155	173
1876 [4]	436	228	261
1883	475	297	335
1888	441	189	290
1893	488	183	

[1] *Fifty Years at St. Jude's, Bradford*, pp. 29, 30.
[2] The first year of Rev. J. Eddowes's incumbency.
[3] The first mission by Canon Body held this year.
[4] The General Bradford Mission held this year.

WEEKLY OFFERTORIES

Year	£	s.	d.	Year	£	s.	d.
1862	257	0	8	1884	951	3	7
1867	517	2	9	1889	653	18	9
1872	819	4	9	1892	790	14	1
1877	968	3	6				

In 1875 and 1876, when special appeals were made for the building of new vestries, the amounts were £1,155 17*s.* 11*d.* and £1,136 19*s.* 3*d.*

The introduction of a branch of the All Saints' Sisterhood in 1873 was attended with the happiest results. The work of the Sisters lay chiefly among the poorer classes, but those above them were not neglected. The sick were visited and their wants relieved, the children taught, and adults instructed. Ragged schools were carried on, the Guilds multiplied so as to include all classes and ages, and a middle-class school, for the daughters of professional men, supplied a great need. One house was sufficient at first to hold the Sisters and provide room for such good works as could be managed indoors. It soon became necessary, however, to look out for larger quarters, and three adjoining houses were taken and thrown into one, into which the Sisters removed. The daily Celebration now became possible, for the clerical staff was increased. A retreat for ladies was held annually by Canon Body ; in 1877 a parochial retreat was conducted by Father Simeon.

In the course of years the work developed in another direction. The spiritual needs of the poorer part of the parish had long been a source of anxiety to the Vicar ; their relief formed a problem which for some years he was unable to solve. But in 1871 some cottages were acquired by him, and, by being thrown into one, made a mission room capable of holding 100 persons. The Rev. G. E. Redhead was put in charge of this mission, which was ultimately cut off from the Mother Church and became the parish of S. Mary Magdalene. The permanent church was consecrated in 1878, after endless difficulties had been surmounted. It was a memorial to a devout layman, Mr. W. W. Harris, one of a well-known Bradford family, who entered into rest in 1875. Some months elapsed before the priest in charge was instituted to the incumbency, the delay being caused by the Archdeacon (Bishop Ryan)[1] objecting to the

[1] Ryan was a "returned empty." He had been consecrated to Mauritius in 1855 and gave it up in 1867. During the time he held the see, he was

reredos, an objection which was overruled on appeal by the Chancellor of the diocese. Mr. Redhead continued his work at S. Mary Magdalene's for more than twenty-five years, refusing all offers of preferment and only resigning when obliged to do so by ill-health in 1905. The Vicar of S. Jude's, Mr. Eddowes, was obliged by the same cause to accept a less arduous post in 1886. He was succeeded by the Rev. Edward Brice. His health, too, broke down in 1893. His death, after seven years' ministry, took place in the autumn of 1893. He was succeeded, to the great joy of the parishioners, by the old vicar, Canon Eddowes, who returned to the scene of his early labours and retained the living until his death in 1905, after having held it first and last for all but fifty years. It will have been noticed that such a long and faithful ministry received towards its close a slight recognition on the part of the diocesan, for he was made an honorary canon of the Cathedral, a tardy tribute to Mr. Eddowes's worth and self-denying labours.

It is not to be supposed that all this work was carried on without opposition. There was the dead weight of the respectable Churchmanship of the town to be contended with; a vast mass of unreasoning prejudice to be encountered, as well as the virulent attacks of the Orangemen. No one at the present day can have any idea of the bitterness of feeling which the simple ceremonial of S. Jude's stirred up. Things which are now accepted as a matter of course everywhere were then regarded as badges of Popery; those who taught the doctrine of the Prayer Book were looked upon as Jesuits in disguise. "Popery was suspected in everything. It was found to lurk even amidst the flowers in the Easter decorations; although, by a curious inconsistency, *Christmas* decorations were deemed quite innocent, and were indeed approved of. The sign or figure of the Cross, in any place or position, gave great offence. The reverent bowing of the head at the Holy Name was not to be tolerated."[1] Not a single incumbent in the town ventured to stand by the clergy of S. Jude's. More than once Mr. Eddowes was delated to the Bishop, and only by making a firm stand was he able to ward off episcopal interference. Sympathizers with popular Protestantism were elected churchwardens; these

twice back in England, and made an expedition to Madagascar. He was made Vicar of Bradford in 1870, and Archdeacon of Craven in 1873. A very ultra Evangelical.

[1] *Fifty Years at S. Jude's*, p. 18.

either did nothing during their year of office, or else, instead of hindering the work, became its most active supporters. They took the independent line of judging for themselves. But in spite of an unsympathizing bishop, lukewarm, if not hostile clergy, ignorant Puritan opposition, and general indifference on the part of the public, the work prospered. Why? Because, as Mr. Eddowes said in his sermon on the fiftieth anniversary of the Consecration, God was with them. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" And, secondly, because priest and people worked together. The priest was always conscious that he had at his back earnest Churchmen who fully trusted him and supported him through thick and thin. And this is the main reason why S. Jude's has had a chapter devoted to it in this work; the movement there was so essentially one of laymen. It shows what can be done if only the laity are taught and then trusted; and we may be sure, if we read the signs of the times aright, this must be the policy of the Church in the future—to throw itself on the mass of the people for support, not so much pecuniary, although this will not be withheld, as personal.

CHAPTER XIII

AGITATION AGAINST CONFESSION

IN 1858 occurred what at the time was known as the "Boyne Hill Case." The Rector of Boyne Hill was the Rev. W. Gresley, and he had a curate named Temple West. In the neighbourhood resided an Evangelical clergyman, the Rev. John Shaw, who was one of those men who listen to any tittle-tattle, especially if malicious, and believe it without investigation as to its truth. He heard a great many stories against Mr. West, and took them so entirely for Gospel that he sent an account of them as facts to Bishop Wilberforce, who, as was his invariable custom, passed them on to the rector of the parish for explanation. Mr. Gresley was able easily to satisfy Bishop Wilberforce that the complaints made against Mr. West were untrue. Mr. Shaw's next proceeding was to send the correspondence between himself and the Bishop to the *Times*. That journal, as credulous as Mr. Shaw had shown himself to be, led off an attack on the Bishop upon the statement of one woman, and she a person of notoriously bad life, ignoring the absolute contradiction of her statements made by the Rector and his curate, and passing over in silence the fact that the Bishop of the diocese had promised to issue a Commission to inquire into the case. Bishop Wilberforce wrote in a letter: "The *Times* took the matter up as if I had stifled all inquiry, and represented me as shuffling because I maintained the true Church of England doctrine against the popular cry. Upon this *Punch* and all the infidel and Low Church papers have set upon me with full venom."

The Bishop issued his Commission, consisting of the Chancellor of the diocese, two clergymen, and two laymen, and on September 28 they delivered their judgment, entirely exculpating Mr. West from all the charges which had been made against him.

Shortly after this, and whilst the ferment throughout England was in full boil, the Bishop went to Bradford to speak at

a meeting on behalf of the S.P.G. Placards were posted about the streets: "Men and women of Bradford! Come in your thousands to S. George's Hall, and in a voice of thunder resist the Tractarian Confessionals." Long before the time fixed for the meeting the hall was crowded to overflow; at least 4,000 persons were present. The Bishop, on rising to speak, was greeted with hisses and hootings and some cheers. He stood calm in his dignity and began: "Brother Yorkshiremen!" There was a lull—and then he spoke, and with the wondrous charm of his manner, his absolute sincerity, and his eloquence, he dominated the whole concourse. When he sat down the hisses that had greeted him on rising were replaced by thunderous cheers. My friend, Canon Fowler, was present at this meeting.

Even the *Times* was obliged to admit: "There is no human quality that English people honour more than pluck, whether in a soldier, statesman, fox-hunter, or bishop, and it was acting on this that the Bishop of Oxford went straight from the Boyne Hill inquiry to meet a Yorkshire mob."

The reference to *Punch* in the letter of the Bishop referred to a cartoon, entitled *Dangerous Flirtation*, that appeared on August 28, 1858, and to some lines, too long to be quoted.

In the year 1860 there occurred at Road, in Somerset, a horrible murder of a little boy aged five, on the night of June 29–30. He had been taken from his crib and from the house, and the body was found in the garden. Efforts were made to discover the murderer, but in vain. It was obvious that the guilty person was an inmate of the house, and general suspicion attached to the father, who was supposed, without a shadow of reason, to have had an intrigue with the nurse, and it was thought that the child was made away with lest it should betray awkward secrets. The little fellow was buried, and on the tombstone was cut "God will bring to light the hidden things of darkness."

Time passed, and the incident was falling out of recollection, when the truth was brought to light in an unexpected manner. In 1865 the public was startled by the appearance of Constance Kent, the half-sister of the murdered child, before the magistrate at Bow Street. She had surrendered herself as having killed her step-brother out of jealousy and spite. She said that she had been to Confession to Mr. Wagner of S. Paul's, Brighton, and that he had told her that she was morally bound to surrender herself to justice, and so clear the dark cloud of suspicion that hung over her father's head. She was tried the same year at

DANGEROUS FLIRTATION, OR SAM AND THE SCARLET LADY.

the summer assizes at Salisbury. Mr. Wagner was summoned, and a vain attempt was made to induce him to divulge what had been confessed to him. He resolutely refused to say a word. Constance Kent had capital sentence passed on her, but this was commuted to penal servitude for life. She was released on ticket of leave, July 18, 1885. The fact that the mystery had been solved through the Confessional raised a storm of indignation. Mr. Wagner was attacked for not telling what had been said to him in the confidence of the Confessional. He was abused for requiring his penitent to give herself up to justice. It was said that if persons did that sort of thing no one would trust to them any secrets. In general a great agitation was provoked against the practice of Confession.

We have seen that this was not the first outbreak of the agitation, which began at Plymouth in 1852, but it had simmered on, with occasional explosions of anger.

In the latter part of the year 1873 ensued one of the periodical outbursts of English prejudice against the practice of Confession. On this occasion it was unusually prolonged.

It opened with a memorial on the subject addressed to the Bishop of London by the vestry of S. George's, Hanover Square. To this his Lordship replied, deprecating the practice, and advising laymen not to send their children to schools, however good the education, where Confession was practised.

The Bishop and the majority of the clergy in the Victorian period were like old-fashioned country doctors, who diagnosed every disorder by a look at the tongue and a finger on the pulse, who never used a stethoscope and had never heard of the X-ray, whose only remedies consisted in James's Powder and Friar's Balsam.

I have known surgeons who could not detect a dislocation, and when this was discovered by a hospital nurse, or a bone-setter, the doctors have been lashed to fury.

It was so with regard to broken and wounded souls. The old spiritual practitioners meddled and muddled and did nothing. And when priests did appear on the scene, experienced in the care of souls, knowing what remedies to apply, they foamed with rage against them.

A project for revising the Prayer Book being then in hand, a number of clergy, 403 in all, petitioned Convocation to limit the number of Confessors by issuing licences to approved and wise priests, who alone would be justified to direct souls. It was

thought that much prejudice would be overcome if penitents were allowed only to go to men of experience and age. But the proposal worked Lord Shaftesbury to fury, and he spoke in such outrageous terms that even the admiring *Times* was shocked at the paroxysms of rage into which the proposal threw him. "What," asked his Lordship in a meeting at Exeter Hall, "have members of the Church of England to do with rubrics?" He might as well have asked, "What has a cricketer to do with the rules of the game?"

At S. Alban's, Holborn, were narrow curtains hung against the side wall to screen off the penitent from the inquisitive gaze of persons in the church. It was a distraction to the penitent to see people watching and commenting on the proceedings, but the Bishop of London ordered their removal, and his order was obeyed. It was obviously advisable that Confession should not be made in the vestry, but in the church, and yet that there should be some protection to the penitent from impertinent gazers.

In the mediæval English Church, Confessions were heard in the body of the church, without any curtains; in Lent a chancel veil hung from the roof, and in the sight of every one, all through Shrove-time and Lent, confessions—of women especially—were heard through this veil. Dr. Rock[1] gives an illustration, from a MS. Flemish Book of Hours, of a priest with his furred amice on, sitting against the wall, hearing a man's Confession, in open view of everybody, not enclosed in anything like a modern confessional, which is of very recent introduction.

On December 12, in the same year, an important declaration, signed by Dr. Pusey and twenty-eight other priests of good standing, set forth the doctrine and practice of Confession and Absolution as authorized in the Church of England.

On the following Ash Wednesday, Dean Goulburn of Norwich is reported to have preached a sermon in the cathedral weakly submitting to the popular clamour, and at the same time he withdrew from publication his previous writings on the subject, in which he had admitted the value of the practice where souls were burdened with sin.

The public were again stirred up, in June 1877, by a book issued, only privately, to Confessors, by the Society of the Holy Cross, entitled *The Priest in Absolution*, intended as a guide to Confessors how to deal with their penitents. A surgical

[1] *Church of our Fathers*, 1853, iii. p. 224.

"A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING."

MR. BULL (*to* BRITANNIA). "WHENEVER YOU SEE ANY OF THESE SNEAKING SCOUNDRELS ABOUT, MA'AM, JUST SEND FOR ME. *I'LL* DEAL WITH 'EM, NEVER FEAR!!"

treatise is not intended for public reading, and treatises there are on special diseases that are only for the eye of medical practitioners; and the priest in the Confessional has to deal with sins of a terrible degree of criminality, and without direction, if inexperienced, he can hardly know how to treat those who have perpetrated them. By some means a copy got into the hands of Lord Redesdale, who read extracts in the House of Lords. It would have been more judicious had not the book been printed. But, without it, Confessors would have been driven to employ Roman books to the same effect: these, being printed in Latin, were not meant for general perusal. The Confessor sounds the depths of human depravity, but does so only when the sinner is conscious of his sin, and is turning earnestly to the source of healing. Those who condemned the practice had never let down their plummet ten inches below the surface.

The saddest fact connected with this attack by Lord Redesdale was that the Archbishop thanked him in the House for the exposure, and for bringing the matter before the notice of his fellow peers.

The commotion produced a bad effect generally. The English Church Union suffered, as there ensued some resignations of membership, but the agitation drew attention to the fact that the English Church did open a fountain for all uncleanness, and the result was, in the experience of the Catholic clergy, that the number of Confessions greatly increased, especially among those who had been grievous sinners, and were, and had been for some time, "wearied with the burden of their sins." What is not sufficiently understood is that Direction and Confession do not necessarily go together. A man goes to Confession to obtain release from the burden of his transgression, as Christ has committed to His priesthood the power of the Keys. But for Direction he goes for counsel to a prudent adviser. In the Eastern Church, every parish priest can hear Confessions and pronounce Absolution, but the penitent does not dream of applying to him for Direction unless he be experienced to give advice. And in the Roman Church it is much the same. The penitent chooses his own Director, and does not by any means always lay his perplexities before his Confessor.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* could find no way of suppressing the Catholic Movement but "to run a short Act through Parliament prohibiting the laying on of hands and so bringing the Anglican Succession to an end."

It was discouraging that whenever there was a fresh outflare of hostility, the Bishops were found on the wrong side. This had not been the case at Plymouth with the disturbance there about Confession in 1852; then Bishop Phillpotts stood firmly by Mr. Prynne. But the prelates of 1870–80 (saving Bishops Wilberforce and Hamilton) were of other stuff. Of all men they ought to have taken the side of those against whom the press and politicians were clamouring; they were bound by every consideration to uphold those whose one object was to win souls for Christ, and against whom not a single definite charge of abuse of their office had been brought. A man in difficulties connected with his estate consults his lawyer. A man who is sick consults his physician. And those in trouble and doubt, and in anguish over past sins, have a right to seek advice from the spiritual guides set over them as physicians of the soul.

Instead of supporting the clergy, the Bishops preserved a discreet silence, or deprecated (this was the correct episcopal word) —aye, deprecated the use of this means of grace. Occasionally, when the Confessor was a licensed curate, the episcopal displeasure vented itself in the withdrawal of his licence, withdrawing from him therewith the means of livelihood.

McNeile, preaching at St. Paul's, Liverpool, on December 8, 1880, used the following words with regard to the use of private Confession and Absolution, which the Prayer Book, that he had sworn to accept and use, enjoined. He said: "I would make it a *capital* offence to administer Confession in this country. Transportation would not satisfy me, for that would merely transfer the evil from our part of the world to another. Capital punishment alone would satisfy me. Death alone would prevent the evil."

What gave special cogency to the attack on the Confessional was that it was secret, or, to use the favourite term, auricular. Is not the intimate disclosure of his difficulties to a solicitor auricular? Is not that of a patient to a surgeon private? And what would be thought of either of these confidants, to whom difficulties or pains are confided, if lawyer or physician were to blurt out what had been told him? A priest knows that to divulge what is told him in Confession is a sacrilege and a mortal sin. Dr. Sanday reminds us that "it does not follow that everything which is innocent in itself will bear to be proclaimed from the house-tops, or that all that cannot be proclaimed must

therefore in itself be mischievous." An end to all confidence in the ordinary transactions of life, whether legal, medical, commercial, or religious, would follow, unless it were understood that a certain amount of secrecy, varying of course according to circumstances, were observed. " Nearly a dozen years ago," says Dr. Littledale in his lecture on *Secessions to Rome*, " I was travelling in Switzerland, and I fell in with an English family, consisting of a mother, two daughters, and a son. The elder lady was, I believe, a chieftainness in Puritan circles, and she had brought up her children in the strictest Calvinistic views. I fell to talk with the young man, and somehow we began speaking about mental distress and anxiety, especially in religious matters. He put a case to me, and said : ' What would you do under such circumstances ? ' ' Well,' I replied, ' I would go to some clergyman in whom I had confidence, tell him of it, and ask his advice ; or, plainly speaking, I would go to Confession.' ' But,' urged he, ' how would you guard against a breach of confidence ? ' I answered that clergymen of my way of thinking regarded the disclosure of anything entrusted to them as a grave offence. ' Well,' said he, ' I was just in that distress some time back, and I spoke to A and B, who are frequently at mother's house '—and here he named two well-known Evangelical clergymen, both of whom were subsequently raised to high rank. ' A would not listen to me, and treated the matter lightly, though I was in real trouble ; and B, who did listen, brought out the whole story as a good joke at dinner that day before the assembled company.' The young man's whole feeling of trust was shaken, and his religious feelings rudely checked, just when they needed gentle and wise encouragement ; and if a clever Roman Catholic or a clever infidel had taken him in hand just then, I think either would have found an easy convert."

Observe, in the above story, A and B were of the stuff of which bishops were made. Such men, of course, deprecated Confession, because incapable of diagnosing the distresses of the soul. It was just the longing to unburden the conscience in the ears of one capable of advising, and pledged to inviolable secrecy, that drove men to private Confession—Confession to Catholic-minded priests, and not to Evangelicals whose tongues are not always under control.

How it was that Jackson, who could preach and publish about " the sinfulness of little sins," should put any obstacle

in the way of those who were moved, not only to confess little sins, but to pour out a shameful tale of gross immoralities, by ordering, as already said, the curtains to be removed at S. Alban's, which would screen them from the eyes of curious busybodies, is a marvel.

In town churches, no doubt, the proper place for hearing Confessions is the body of the church, for there no one knows his next-door neighbour; but every eye is open to all that is going on, and every action liable to comment, in country places. There the vestry is the only place available for the purpose.

Bishop Festing of S. Alban's, who belonged to a higher and wiser type of prelate than those generally of the Victorian age, made a point of recommending the newly ordained priests to make the vestry, supposing the body of the church could not be used, the place for all spiritual intercourse with members of their flocks. Very often now the penitent kneels at the Communion rails, and the priest sits on the chair within. But in this case there arises the difficulty of the penitent being exposed to the impertinent observation of any one entering the church.

That which led many right-minded men to speak against Confession was the dread lest it should be made compulsory. A little inquiry would have shown them that this fear was groundless. Any one who has lived abroad in Roman Catholic countries will have learned how mischievous, how perilous to souls is the Roman insistence on private Confession before Communion, and the Anglican rule is so clearly defined that no doubt can exist as to what the mind of the Church is—that Confession is to be made in private only when the conscience is stirred with remorse, but that otherwise public Confession and Absolution suffice. Doubters might have learned from common sense that Confession can only be a voluntary act, and, in fact, it is only as such that it is ever urged.

In our towns or in country parishes, the vast number of clergy who do not hear Confessions know nothing of what is going on below the surface. They skim about their parishes like water-spiders, dashing here and there, making great show of activity, but effecting nothing, because they know nothing of what is in the deeps beneath their skipping feet.

The doctrine of the Church relative to Confession of sin is this. As the Church is One Body, the sin of any one member is

a lesion that affects the whole. The faculty of pardoning transgression resides in the Church, having been given to her by Christ in express words. No man is justified in absolving himself, the sentence of pardon must be delivered by those authorized by the whole Church, and therefore by Christ.

It is the same in a State. No criminal may acquit himself; he must be sentenced or acquitted by an authorized judge or magistrate receiving power to do so from the King or the State.

In the Early Church, Confession was in public and Absolution was granted in public to the penitent. But not infrequently the sins publicly confessed were of so horrible a nature that it was deemed advisable to allow the Confession to be made privately, but Absolution was accorded in full congregation, and at last the concession was made that both were to be private.

At the Reformation, the English reformers desired to recur as far as might be to the primitive rule, and accordingly introduced the Confession and Absolution into Morning and Evening Prayer and the Holy Communion, to be public, but without specification of individual sins. Such Confessions are sufficient, and such Absolutions complete. But where the conscience is burdened and distressed, there private Confession and Absolution are recommended. Nothing can be more reasonable and effective. The Romanist practice of compulsory Confession before the Holy Communion can be given is notoriously mischievous. I was at Säckingen, a manufacturing town of 4,000 inhabitants, on the Rhine, in 1880. The immense Abbey Church had been handed over to the Old Catholics, and the Romanists had built a "Noth-Kirche," a barrack-like structure of wood, for their service. In the Abbey Church on the Sunday morning the congregation numbered four beside myself, and of these four one was the sacristan; whereas the Roman Catholic church was packed throughout, galleries as well as nave, and men stood outside under umbrellas in the rain, forming part of the congregation.

I spoke to the sacristan in the Abbey Church, and asked him how it was that there was no congregation. "Oh, we have none. The people will not come to us. But"—brightening up—"you should see us at Easter. They come not only from the town but from the villages round to make their Easter Communion—to escape having to confess to their parish priests."

The Church exacts of a penitent, as token of sincere repent-

ance, that there shall be Contrition, Confession, and Purpose of Amendment, and Restitution where that is possible. No Absolution is of any value unless there be sorrow for sin committed and determinate resolve to avoid commission in the future.

That private Confession and Absolution are open to abuse is quite certain. It is this which rouses the anti-clericalism of France, as it is felt that the priest may, and too often does, intermeddle unwarrantably in affairs of the family, as also that he endeavours to obtain a control over the penitent that he has no right to exercise. It further enfeebles the moral fibre, and makes weak natures become weaker, because releasing them from bracing up their force for contest against besetting sins. I have often enough heard young Romanists talk of being "whitewashed," and I do not think that in the Roman Confessional sufficient insistence is made on the duty of Amendment.

Feeble and feminine characters are particularly fond of resort to Confession when no serious burden of sin rests on them. John Mason Neale was one day in Amiens Cathedral, when he observed a woman in a Confessional box, but the priest was not in his compartment, but at a little distance, behind a pillar, reciting his office from the Breviary. Neale went up to him, and told him of the woman making her *Confiteor*. "Oh, I know all about her," said the priest. "She comes every week, and it is always the same sort of story. She overslept herself on Monday, she let the soup boil over three times, neglected to cross herself at table twice, omitted the Angelus four times, and so on—I know how long she will take, and by that time I shall be back and give her Absolution."

But till private Confession of serious, deadly sin is more practised, we shall never thoroughly understand the trials and needs of our people.

I was at a conference of Leeds clergy many years ago—and the late Rev. N. Greenwell, of S. Barnabas, spoke of the importance of the practice among factory lads and lasses; and how it was in his opinion the one means of keeping some straight and saving those who had made a single lapse. An Evangelical parson was present; the tears came into his eyes, and he put his hand across the table to Mr. Greenwell and said with a choke in his voice, "You are dealing with your factory folk in a way I never knew, and doing what I never have been able to do."

The *Church Times* of June 22, 1877, had an article on the anti-Confessional agitation of the day. "As to the Seventh Commandment, one would suppose that Lord Redesdale classes it with obsolete or expired Acts of Parliament. If he thinks there is no need for the clergy to concern themselves with it, he knows as little as his own black moldiwarps [1] about what is going on in the world about him."

We live now in a different world from that of 1877. The old suspicions have disappeared, the old bugbears have been revealed as scarecrows. But I am not confident that there is now, especially among the cultured classes, the same sense of shortcoming, of neglect of duties, of tampering with evil, that existed from thirty to forty years ago. It is often as dangerous for a human soul to treat itself as it is for a sick body to have recourse to advertised nostrums, or neglect symptoms. It is not they that are whole that need the physician, but they that are sick. But the first and essential condition before recovery is—that they should know that they are sick.

The parochial missions which have become so general amongst us have done much towards breaking down the dread of private Confession. The intimate connection which the parish priest has with his flock in this country, together with the fact that he is usually a married man, deters many from making use of this means of grace. Although the English clergyman who would receive a penitent is too honourable a man to dream of divulging what has been told him in confidence, yet there is always the haunting fear that the wife of his bosom may glean from him some hints as to what are the failings of her female friends. This has no doubt proved a hindrance in the way of many who would have been glad to have unburdened their consciences to their parish priests. But the mission has removed this obstacle, at all events as far as a first Confession is concerned. It begins by rousing the conscience to a sense of sin or unworthiness, it gives instruction as to how forgiveness may be obtained, and then it provides, in the person of the missioner, one well qualified to deal with souls. For the training of the clergy is lamentably deficient in many respects, and in none more so than in moral theology, and a penitent is justified in availing himself of the permission accorded in the Prayer Book to resort, if need be, to some other "discreet and learned" priest. Only it should be remembered that "discreet

[1] The arms of the Mitfords are three black moles.

and learned" are technical terms, denoting trained men, authorized by the bishop to undertake this duty. Such are the priests whom the Cowley Community and that of the Resurrection at Mirfield send round, and by those who wish to avail themselves of the ministry of Absolution full confidence in their fitness for their office may be entertained.

That Confession may be abused, both by Confessor and penitent, cannot be denied. But this is no argument against the proper use of the institution, and anything which will help to remove prejudice and dispel ignorance as to its character is to be valued. One feels sure that many of those terrible disclosures made public in the Divorce Court would never have occurred had the parties been accustomed from their earliest years to open their griefs to God's minister, and thus obtain not only "the benefit of Absolution," but also "ghostly counsel and advice." No one can read *Fifty Years at S. Alban's*, or *Father Dolling's Life*, without seeing how greatly this means of grace has been blessed in reclaiming the fallen and strengthening the weak. But after all, the main thing is to arouse the sinner to a sense and conviction of sin. Then, as Dr. Liddon says, "people will ask to come, just as they will for medicine when they are sick or in pain. And this is better than the Roman system, which, by enforcing Confession mechanically, often makes it sacrilegious." [1]

[1] *Life*, p. 191.

CHAPTER XIV

SECESSIONS

MUCH allowance must be made for those who in the early period of the Tractarian movement seceded to Rome. The condition of the English Church seemed hopeless, beyond the power of man to recover her out of the depth to which she had fallen.

Earl Grey had warned the Bishops to set their house in order, or it would be plucked down over their heads; but he, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, and Lord John Russell did much to prevent the Church from setting her house in order, by appointing to the vacant thrones prelates incapable of doing what was needed, men, with a very few exceptions, without initiative, energy, practical experience. If the house was to be set in order, this was to be done not by those who were its masters and were responsible, but by the underlings. It was much as though a domestic mansion possessed master and mistress who cared nothing for the habitation, its disorder, its dirt, its ruin; and only the scullery maid, the housemaid, and the stable-boy entertained any solicitude for the decencies, to keep it clean, dust the furniture, polish the windows, rub the rust from the fire-irons, and put sweet hay in the horse-racks. But that similitude would be incomplete, unless we added that the owners of the house were disposed to chide the faithful domestics, "deprecate" their energy, and protest that they liked to see the rust, they savoured the smell of mildew, they admired the curtains riddled with holes, they preferred to scrawl their initials with fingers in the dust upon the sideboards, and they wished the horses in the stables to be kept half-starved. In such a case would it be wonderful if the faithful domestics should throw up their charge in despair?

This was the state of affairs in the Anglican Church. Every attempt to produce decency in worship and to elevate the religious tone was discouraged. Those who were true were

browbeaten and inhibited from doing any more. Is it, then, any wonder that, sick at heart and in despair, they quitted the Church? The Roman communion was by no means attractive, but there was in her vigorous life, and they fled from what they thought was moribund to a body in which at least there was vitality.

The Early Tractarians lost heart too soon. They should have remembered those Roman citizens who, when the Gauls surrounded the walls, bought the farms that had been devastated by the barbarians—not despairing of the Republic.[1]

They should have looked across the North Sea to Germany and taken a lesson thence. The parallel is so instructive that I venture here to draw it out, as briefly as I may. The lethargy that hung over the Catholic Church in Germany after the Thirty Years' War, for nearly a century, was not broken by any signs of awaking. The Bishops were princes of the Empire, and left the discharge of their episcopal functions to their vicars and choir-bishops. Several bishoprics were held by the same man, and his duties in none were personally discharged. But that was not all. They encouraged the most advanced Rationalism.

The ecclesiastical electorates had been amongst the most slavish followers and imitators of the luxury, licentiousness, and extravagance of the French Court. Naturally, therefore, Voltaire and his school, being in fashion in France, were also in fashion in these ecclesiastical principalities, and paved the way to an easy admission of the unbelieving tendencies of the day.

The Electorate of Trèves was the first affected. In 1778 Clemens Wenceslaus succeeded to the see, and was possessed of about as much knowledge as might be expected from a cavalry officer, which had been his previous position. In the University of Trèves, one of the canons and professors taught that the doctrine of the Trinity was an invention of the schoolmen—he received no censure.

The archiepiscopal throne of Cologne was held in the latter part of the eighteenth century by Maximilian Frederick, and after him by Maximilian Francis. Both of them introduced rationalism into the diocese. The University of Bonn was the

[1] miserum est opus,
Igitur demum fodere puteum, ubi sitio fauces tenet.
PLAUT., *Mostellaria*, ii. 1.

focus of such teaching. It taught that the expressions, Word, Light, Life, used of our Lord in S. John's Gospel, were borrowed from the Gnostics.

At Mainz, the Archbishop Emmerich Joseph was gained over to the same school, but his successor, the last Elector of Mainz, did most towards fostering rationalism in the diocese. In his university efforts were made to obtain the annexation of the Protestants, by the suppression of doctrines and rites obnoxious to them and the abolition of the Religious Orders.

To be brief—in these prince-bishoprics every encouragement was held out to laxity in the Faith. The Bishops were temporal princes, and could stop the promulgation of false doctrines if they chose, but instead of doing so they encouraged them. Thus it was that disbelief was spreading throughout Catholic Germany, favoured by the Bishops, till the Revolution came and these ecclesiastical States were swept away.

And now—go into all these dioceses and you will find the churches crowded, the Faith kept, hymn and psalm go up in thunder to God—and the retention of all religion there is due, not to the Bishops, but to humble parish priests, whose names are forgotten here below, who did their duty and taught the Faith, but whose names are written in the Book of Life, from which those of the prince-bishops set over them have been scored out with a pen dipped in the blackest ink.[1]

I have dwelt on this phase of Church history in Germany because the parallel is instructive to us. As in Germany the true faith was maintained, so that it lives and flourishes to the present day, through the earnestness and loyalty of the parish priests, and not through the prelates, so was it with the English Church. The Faith and the Worship of the Sanctuary were saved by them in defiance of the Bishops and the State.

The mistake made by the Early Tractarians consisted in this, that they looked upon the Bishops as the conservators of the Faith; they invested them with an ideal halo, as if they had borne any resemblance to the prelates of ancient days. They regarded them as divinely constituted guides and rulers, whereas they were incompetent to be either. If they attempted to rule, they ruled crooked lines; if they essayed to act as guides, they were Jacks-o'-lantern leading into miry places.

The Bishops had accorded to them the faculty of keeping up the breed, and that was about all that they did. They were

[1] See an article in the *Union Review* for 1869.

qualified to ordain priests, and give mission; to continue the succession by consecrating bishops. That was the limit of their capabilities.

The Early Tractarians looked for what was not to be found, and were staggered not to find it. They supposed that bishops would be as war-horses rushing into the battle, and when, instead, they found them halter-led along the high road by a Prime Minister, they reeled back, bit their thumbs, and jumped over the hedge.

In the Ancient Welsh and Irish Churches, the Bishops were without jurisdiction. They were kept in every abbey and convent to consecrate bishops and ordain priests. Bridget of Kildare had her tame prelate whom she ordered about as she might her bootboy. But the Tractarians did not realize that in the nineteenth century there might be a reversion to the condition of affairs that existed in the Celtic Church. Bishops have accorded to them by God three faculties, powers, and duties to perform: to maintain the Apostolic Succession and give mission, to rule the Church in their dioceses, and to be guardians of the Faith. Now the prelates appointed by Whig Prime Ministers, and by others nearly as bad, were not guardians of the Faith by any means. As rulers they did all in their power to prevent the spiritual work that was stirring in the Church, and they were good for nothing save to ordain and keep up the succession.

It was not merely the failure of the Bishops to take the lead in the movement that discouraged the Tractarians. It was their combined, prolonged, and persistent opposition that discouraged and sent so many over. At the rebuilding of the wall of Jerusalem we are told that "the rulers were behind all the house of Judah." But it was not that the Bishops lagged behind that was so disheartening, but that they were in league with Sanballat and Tobiah in obstructing the work of the Lord.

There occurred several events which served to shake the confidence of the Tractarians in the Catholicity of the English Church. The first of these was a blow that led eventually to the secession of John Henry Newman. This was the institution of the Jerusalem Bishopric in 1841. The project began with Frederick William IV of Prussia, who was desirous of introducing episcopacy by a side-door into the "Evangelical Church" that had been created by Frederick William III, who had swept Lutheranism and Calvinism aside and instituted a new

sect as an Established Church in his own dominions. It reposed, solidly on no Confession of Faith, but rested on the Bible as any man chose to interpret it.

Baron Bunsen was sent to England to negotiate a union between Prussia and the English Church in the establishment of a Jerusalem Bishopric, the appointment to the bishopric to be alternately in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the King of Prussia, but the nominee of the latter was to receive episcopal consecration in England. The English Government favoured the scheme, as did also Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Blomfield, Bishop of London. These two prelates acted in good faith ; they thought that by this means the Evangelical " Church " of Prussia might be enabled to obtain that wherein it was deficient, episcopal mission and the Apostolic Succession. But neither of them knew or understood what an emasculated and worthless creature of the State the Evangelische Kirche actually was. Bunsen gained the help of Lord Palmerston and Lord Ashley (afterwards Shaftesbury), and the treaty between the Governments was signed July 15, 1841. A Bill to constitute this bishopric was introduced into the House of Lords and became law on October 5, 1841.

By this Act the Bishop was to be given jurisdiction over all Protestant congregations in the East, beside such Anglicans as were there. The Bishop was to ordain German pastors on their signing the Confession of Augsburg. In public worship, the English would use the Prayer Book, foreign Protestants their own formularies. The Evangelicals applauded the scheme with both hands, the Liberal Churchmen as well, as a first step towards broadening the basis of Church membership.

But voices were raised in protest. The Bishop of Exeter spoke out in remonstrance, and John Henry Newman issued his protest as well. It was felt, and felt extensively, that this was a compromise of Church principles, an unequal yoking together of dogmatic and undogmatic Christianity ; the linking in unholy union of a Church with traditions going back to Augustine and Gregory, with one dating from 1817 alone ; of a Church founded on Apostles and Prophets, with Jesus Christ as chief corner-stone, and one reposing on no surer basis than a Prussian king.

If there had been purpose to obtain an Episcopate with Apostolic mission for the Lutheran Communion, that would have been another matter, for the Lutherans had definite beliefs, and the old heresy of Luther was practically discarded ; they

were, on the whole, orthodox, and they had retained the externals of Catholic worship. But it was quite another matter with the "Evangelical Church," which had hardly any definite beliefs, no service book in the smallest degree filiating from the ancient liturgies.

The first bishop appointed was a Polish converted Jew, named Alexander, who was consecrated by Archbishop Howley and sent to Jaffa in an English man-of-war with great flourish of trumpets, attended by his suite. He drew his stipend for some years, did little else, and died in 1845. To him succeeded a Swiss, Gobat, and again Bishop Phillpotts issued his protest. Gobat was consecrated by Archbishop Howley in 1846. Gobat made himself extremely objectionable in his attempts to proselytize among the native Christians. This roused great indignation among English Churchmen, and a protest couched in Greek was drawn up and signed by over a thousand English priests and sent to the eastern Patriarchs. Gobat, who was involved in quarrels with both the English residents at Jerusalem and with the authorities, died in 1879, and was succeeded by Joseph Barclay, the first native of Great Britain to occupy the see. The King of Prussia made no attempt to exercise his right to nominate a successor, and the treaty of 1841 was torn up in 1886. "I never heard of any good or harm the Jerusalem Bishopric has ever done," wrote Newman in 1865, "except what it has done to me. . . . It brought me on to the beginning of the end."

The bishopric was reconstructed on totally different lines by Archbishop Benson in 1887; on this occasion it was the Evangelicals who objected, because it was distinctly understood that no attempts were to be made to proselytize, but that friendly intercourse was to be maintained with the Greek and Syrian Churches.

A much severer blow was dealt to Churchmen by the Gorham Judgment in 1850. Although in the Baptismal Service, after the child has been christened, the priests declare, "Seeing now that this child is regenerate," the Privy Council decided that denial of Baptismal Regeneration did not disqualify a priest from ministering in the Church and holding a benefice in the same.

These points came then to be considered by every priest in the English Church:

(1) The Judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy

Council asserts that the Church of England allows formal heresy to be taught by her priests.

(2) If the decision of the Judicial Committee be the voice of the English Church, she is *actively* committed to heresy.

(3) If the decision of the Judicial Committee, which claims to be the voice of the Church, be not protested against by that Church, she is *passively* committed to heresy.

(4) On either of these two latter suppositions, it is the bounden duty of all the members of the English Church, as they value the salvation of their souls, to go out of her.

But against this it was urged that the Privy Council did not profess to define doctrine and be the voice of the Church at all, but merely to point out within what limits, in the eye of the law, teaching might be allowed which would enable the teacher to enjoy the pounds, shillings, and pence of a benefice in the Church. The Judgment could not and did not compromise the Church, any more than the Catholic Church was compromised when Constantius forced Arian prelates into the sees of orthodoxy.

Eventually Archdeacon Manning and a good many more did secede to Rome on account of the Gorham Judgment; but such men as Pusey, Keble, Samuel Wilberforce, and Gladstone realized that this was purely a State decision.

The Judgment was not without effecting some good: it cleared men's minds as to the nature of the Privy Council and the value of its decisions, and further, it led to the revival of Convocation.

Subsequent decisions in cases of ecclesiastical appeals were regarded without trepidation. In Ritual cases they produced inconvenience and were disregarded. It had become clear that they carried with them no moral obligation.

But the inconvenience—the prohibition of vestments, lights, and the Eastward position—irritated, and men went over to Rome rather than be engaged in incessant conflict with the law and bear the taunts of Broad Churchmen and Evangelicals, who called them law-breakers because they would not submit to the rulings of courts which encroached on the rights and liberties of the Church.

That which, more than anything else, drove hard-working clergy over, was the attitude taken up by the Bishops against Confession. These men knew by experience that they were rescuing souls from the clutches of the devil, rousing them to

newness of life; and they were denounced for so doing. The Bishops and the press called them by evil names—what could they think, but that the Church of England was so committed to the world and the devil that it was hopeless for them, poor isolated and contemned priests, to strive any longer in such a Communion for the saving of perishing souls? In a thousand cases, there was no question as to their Orders, none as to the validity of the Sacraments; there was no great attraction exercised by the Papacy: it was simply the hunger after the salvation of souls that led them to desert the Anglican Communion, in which every possible impediment was put in the way of doing this work, a work in which frankly and cheerfully it was recognized lay the highest duty of a priest of God.

In the early days of the Oxford Movement, the beautiful chapel on Wakefield Bridge that had been erected by Edward IV had long been used as a lumber room, containing empty casks. It was restored under the care of the incumbent of the parish, and reopened for Divine worship. He had furnished the chapel with an altar, and had placed on it a cross of carved oak, with a sunk panel at the intersection of the arms, containing a representation of the Sacred Lamb. Popular Protestantism took alarm; a fanatical mob invaded the chapel and threw the cross from the altar, and in so doing split the pedestal. Discouraged by the outbreak, and despairing of the English Church, the vicar seceded to Rome, and sent back the cross to the wood-carver in Cambridge from whom he had purchased it. From this man I bought it in 1853; and, singularly enough, it returned in 1864 to the neighbourhood of Wakefield, where, in 1865, it found a place in a mission started in an outlying factory district of Horbury. There the cross stood on the mantelshelf of the upper chamber in a two-roomed cottage. Before the fireplace was a narrow footpace for the missioner. The congregation not only occupied the chapel-chamber, but also the stairs and the kitchen below. When a favourite hymn was being sung, the strain rippled down the staircase, and came up laggingly from the nether chamber, through the chinks in the floor, like the voice of "Old Mole," Hamlet's father's ghost.

In course of a few years a commodious school-chapel was erected, and the cross was transferred thither. But a certain young and wealthy layman, recently awakened to the things of God, presented to the mission-chapel a brass altar-cross, and that of wood was displaced. The donor, however, did not

remain in the Anglican Communion. He also seceded. The Wakefield Bridge cross eventually found a home on the altar of a parish church in Devonshire, where it remained for twenty years, till the parishioners—not thinking it grand enough—subscribed their sixpences and pennies for one of brass. Now the old cross has taken a back place in a window. What experiences it has gone through! If it could talk, what a tale it would unfold of buoyant hopes and cruel disappointments, what a story of the progress of the Catholic Revival in the English Church!

The movement has been like the flow of a stream of molten iron from a furnace, at first throwing off a shower of scintillations, that flashed out as stars, and fell down slag—a flow surmounting all obstacles, burning up all obstructions. As these sparks arrested and dazzled the eye when they flashed into sight, so did the secessions attract much notice and create alarm. There were many at first, then they became progressively fewer, with only spasmodic outbursts.

It is well to consider what were the motives inducing men to "go over" to Rome, in addition to those already mentioned, and which occurred at the outset, before Churchmen had found their feet: motives, rather than convictions—for, at least to my mind, it seems hard to suppose that any persons could be convinced of the claims of the Papacy who knew the history of the Latin Church, unless blindly predisposed thereto. In fact, the history of the Papacy is the most complete refutation of its claims to be a Divine institution.

I do not for a moment pretend to give all the motives for "'verting." I give only such as have been most common, and have come under my own notice. There have been others, certainly, and there have been sincere convictions, but the desire to be convinced almost invariably precedes conviction. When a man wants to believe that the moon is a cheese, he easily assures himself that it is so. He sees in it the bubbles of Gruyère with the naked eye.

One motive for "'verting" was discouragement at the slowness of the progress of the revival. Men were disappointed that they did not obtain at once the success they had anticipated. They lost patience because their efforts did not meet with immediate response. Grass does not spring up in a night after a shower. It is Jonah's gourd that leaps to fullness in a night, and in a night withers away. It is the toadstool only that attains completeness in a few hours.

In fact, these men were influenced by the Wesleyan doctrine of sudden conversion—that a man who is a child of Satan at twenty minutes to six, by a sudden internal commotion of the ganglions becomes an elect saint at six o'clock. They conceived that those who, in their past life, had been steeped in Protestant negations, should make a *volte-face* at their words, and become in a day convinced Anglo-Catholics. Why, even a snake, to get rid of its old skin, has to wedge itself between two stones and writhe till it can shed the enamelled hide that has become too strait for its expanding life.

In the early days of the Oxford Movement, the secessions caused by the Gobat and Gorham troubles, and the antagonism of the Bishops, produced widespread mistrust and alarm, and checked the movement, paralysed it almost. At the present day they produce almost no effect. Men curl their lips and shrug their shoulders, and put the change down to some mental or moral taint in the individual. The judgment passed is usually partial, but all agree that the loss is of no serious consequence. The newspapers teem with accounts of suicides, and the general verdict is that it is sad for those who have put an end to their own existence, but that the world rubs along very well without them. And so, in religious matters, the Church of England need not concern herself greatly over a dozen or a couple of dozen seceders ; she is sorry for them, but their defect is hardly felt. We get rid of our cranks when we install electric bell-wires.

I myself very greatly doubt whether the balance is not made up by those who migrate from the Roman Communion to the English Church, and these are far more than is generally supposed. One of these said to me not long ago: "Wait a bit. When you have further shaken off your Protestantism, there will be a landslide, and masses of the old Romans, who abominate Vaticanism, will come over to the English Church."

Meanwhile the Roman Catholic papers publish reports of conversions that I doubt have been really made. Here is one of these (1911):

"The Irish papers publish, on the basis of an episcopal statement, an interesting collection of statistics with regard to conversions to the Catholic Church in England during the last five years. These collected statistics contain the names of 572 members of the clergy of the Anglican Church, 22 of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and 12 clergymen of the Nonconformist

Dissenters. During the same period 29 male and 53 female members of noble families, and 63 members of the highest orders of the State (in all 577), came over to the Catholic Church. Of officers in the Army 306, and of the Navy 63 are given as converts, and more than 1,000 persons with academical degrees, of whom 586 were of the University of Oxford. Of the converts 612 became clergymen, and 100 members of the Order of Jesuits."

"The wish, Harry, is father to the thought." The whole paragraph is absurd. In the last thirty years I have known personally only four seceders, and two of these were women. One was a priest, who set up a chapel near where he had been curate, hoping to draw after him a number of the faithful, and secured none. A second lapsed into—I cannot say what.

Now we have the columns of the principal Roman organ, the *Tablet*, that chronicles all secessions. The Rev. Percy Dearmer has carefully examined the files of the *Tablet* for the five years under consideration, with the following results:

"The *Tablet* gives 19 clergy of the Church of England instead of 572; 2 of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, instead of 22; none of Ireland; only about 6 persons who can be brought under the head of noble families or higher orders in the State, instead of 577; two officers of the Army and Navy instead of 369; 11 graduates from the Universities instead of 1,000. This makes in all 40 persons instead of a minimum of 2,352."

Then, again, no record is kept of those who leave the Roman Communion, and either join the English Church or, what is more common, lapse into indifference to all religion. I have known not a few of these latter, and some of the former. Let any of my readers muster those whom he has known who have seceded in the last quarter of a century, and he will recognize how scant are the numbers. As the Catholic faith is taught and the Sacraments are more frequently and more reverently celebrated, those raised in the Anglican Church feel no disposition to leave her. They obtain in her all that their souls desire, and they are not cumbered with the superstitions, frauds, and falsehoods which are the curse of Latin Christianity, that shock and repel the healthy mind. The Papacy cannot get rid of its past, its false Decretals, its Inquisition and *autos-da-fé*, the massacres in the Albigensian Crusade, its indulgenced dolls and privileged altars.

The Bishop of Bristol, for his Visitation Charge of 1912, took steps to explode the statements which from time to time appear

in Roman Catholic journals as to the number of English clergy who join the Roman Church. He made inquiries in the several dioceses, and found that during the last five years the "number of Roman clergy who have approached our diocesan bishops with a view to admission to minister in the National Church is larger, absolutely, not merely relatively, than the number of our clergy who have joined the Church of Rome, and the number actually admitted is relatively considerable." He added that "during his own experience as a bishop several Roman priests have come to him, chiefly when he was Bishop of Stepney, and he had not been able to recommend one of them to the Archbishop for admission." The Bishop continued: "The result of our conversations was that I quite saw the force of their desire to leave their ministry, but I could not see why they should come to us."

"I think," said Mrs. Gossett, "that this Brussels carpet is becoming threadbare near the table and by the door. I will have it turned, and it will be as good as new." A very potent motive, especially among the clergy, for secession, was that they, like Mrs. Gossett's carpet, would be better for being turned. They were becoming threadbare. In their first enthusiasm they had set themselves a higher standard of life than they felt themselves capable of permanently maintaining. The first ardour of zeal had cooled. The nap was gone, and the threads had become exposed. Their self-inflicted obligations and mortifications were more onerous than they could endure in the long run. The severe fasts, the incessant prayer, the ecstatic spiritual exaltation were what flesh and blood could not continuously support. Aeroplanes cannot always remain above the clouds, they must come down to earth at some time. These men, when they began to realize that they could not maintain themselves at the high spiritual elevation to which they had mounted, looked out for a convenient place to which to descend, and found it in Rome. They caught at an easy method of starting afresh on a lower plane in another Communion.

Now conceive the temptation to a man who has lived on badly cooked meat, tough beefsteak, much cheese and swipes, to abandon all this, and by a change of religion to be able to dine at Frascati's and go to a music-hall.

That the desire for emancipation from burdensome obligations and high spiritual tension was a cause of some secessions could not be doubted when one observed the much lower

spiritual tone acquired by those who had "'verted." I recall a case some while ago when a clergyman who had been a zealous worker for God was seen, a few weeks after his reception into the Roman Church, sauntering on the esplanade in a shooting-coat, check pants, a coloured tie, and a cigar in his mouth, ostentatiously flaunting his freedom in the face of his former congregation as they were leaving church. This was an extreme and exceptional instance of bad taste, but "'verts" were rather proud of extolling the easy time they had since their secession. It was by no means rare that such as "went over" were not improved morally or spiritually by their change.

Converts have very generally an ostentatious way about them of obtruding their change upon our notice, much as little boys straddle and display their legs when first breeched.

The Rev. E. S. Ffoulkes, himself a "'vert," wrote in 1868: "What people say of those generally who have become Roman Catholics in England of late years, is that they have deteriorated as a body rather than advanced. The foremost of them have not progressed in any perceptible degree—perceptible, that is, to others—beyond the high standard which they had attained before. . . . Others, every allowance being made for the peculiar trials to which they have been subjected, have notoriously descended to a lower level of Christianity since they became Roman Catholics, from that in which they had been working previously; and some have been driven from their moorings—in appearance at least—altogether." [1]

From a distance the Roman Church exercises a great fascination over some. It is like the loadstone mountain in the voyage of Sindbad, that attracts to it ships that have in them iron nails, only, alas! to draw out the rivets and wreck the vessel. And these nails are the vigorous principles, the strong sense of honour and value for truth that were in them when in the English Communion—all too often extracted, and the moral nature left to go to pieces.

Those who have seceded often find speedy disillusioning. Many then remain, sadly looking back, afraid of the gibes they would encounter if they were to retrace their steps.

It was precisely those who, from their early training, never had realized the Church as a living reality, that lost their balance and began the Roman secession. These early converts went, thinking that it was all up with the Anglican Communion. With

[1] *The Church's Creed and the Crown's Creed* (1868).

what amazement must such have watched the advance made all along the line by the Church of England since they abandoned her! In not a few cases there has ensued an aching of heart, and a longing to be back in the lap of their mother. I knew the case of a vicar in London who had seceded. Years after, when he thought he would be unobserved, he stole back to his abandoned parish church, and there, kneeling, burst into uncontrollable sobs and tears.

Out of the number who at one time left the Anglican priesthood for that of Rome, what a small percentage has made a mark in the Church of their adoption! Newman and Manning indeed became Cardinals, Faber and "Ideal" Ward obtained some eminence, and perhaps there may have been a few more. But, *pace* Mrs. Gossett, a turned carpet is never as good as one that is new.

On the other hand, consider those Dissenting ministers who have been received into the Church and have been ordained—how, almost invariably, they have been not only themselves spiritually raised, but have become a power in the Anglican Communion.

One thing that is felt by many and leads them to Rome is the lack of an authoritative voice in the Church of England, and this is what they can obtain in that of Rome. It is supposed that our Communion lacks a feature of capital importance, which is emphasized strongly in the other. The doubtful cry out for guidance in the problems of life, for a hand to help them among the complexities of the twentieth century. They say, "Old moorings are broken. Sanctions which had been unquestioned for centuries are being set aside. There are alarm and confusion, and many are crying out for a living *Ecclesia docens*. The wilderness seems getting darker and more perilous, and the sheep look for guidance. They must have a living voice. It is of little use referring them to the Apostolic age, or to the Church of the first six centuries, or to the united voice of East and West before the schism, or even to the voice of the Western Church before the catastrophes of the sixteenth century. All these affected other times, other circumstances; we want a voice that will speak to us now, and will help us in the difficulties of the twentieth century. Can the Church of England do this?"

But before adopting the Papacy as a guide to be trusted, before accepting the voice of the Pope as authoritative, there are certain points to be considered:

(1) Whether Christ gave to S. Peter the prerogative of infallibility as authorized exponent of the truth, and supremacy as well.

(2) Whether S. Peter founded the Church of Rome, and if so whether he was authorized to transmit his supremacy and infallibility to his successors.

(3) Whether, when the voice has been used authoritatively, it has always proved reliable.

I. The Papacy relies practically for its religious sanction on one special passage: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church . . . and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven" (Matt. xvi. 18, 19). This was not a grant, but the promise of a future grant. The same promise was made to all the Apostles (xviii. 18), and the promise was fulfilled after the Resurrection, when the same power was granted to all the Apostles equally (John xx. 22, 23). The other Gospels beside S. Matthew's record the fall of Peter, but only that of S. Matthew the saying about the Rock. Had this involved a doctrine of first importance, it would surely have been recorded in the other three. If this saying were the giving to Peter and his successors a primatial authority, with infallibility and supremacy, then we may conclude that what follows soon after—"Get thee behind Me, Satan: thou art an offence unto Me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men"—applied not to him only, but to the successors of Peter as well.

The words of Christ as to Peter and the Rock would never have conveyed to the believing Hebrews the idea that it constituted Peter supreme over the Church.[1] Wherever in the Old Testament the work Rock is spiritually used to denote the basis and strength of the Hebrew Church, or the refuge of believers, it invariably means none save God Himself, and it has the same signification in the New Testament in other passages where used.[2]

The Creed of Pope Pius IV, binding on all Romanists, requires this: "Neither will I take and interpret them (the Scriptures) otherwise than according to the unanimous consent of the

[1] All ancient authorities on the subject are agreed that the original Matthew's Gospel was written in Aramaic, and only later—perhaps about A.D. 100—translated into Greek.

[2] See "Legal Evidence of Scripture on the Petrine Claims" (*Church Quarterly*, vol. xi. 38).

Fathers." This cuts away the received Roman interpretation of *Tu es Petrus*, etc., for the Fathers were by no means unanimous in so interpreting the passage. Twenty-four of them make the Rock to be the Faith Peter professed. Sixteen make Christ Himself the Rock, eight make the Church to be founded equally on all the Apostles; and although seventeen do understand the text as applying to Peter, it is as starting the gathering into the Church of Jew and Gentile by his preaching (Acts ii. and x.). Consequently Romanists are precluded from relying on this text.

Had the Church looked to S. Peter and his successors as the authorized exponents of the Truth, there would have been no need for Œcumenical Councils. Whenever doubt arose, prelates would have appealed direct to the Apostolic See and not have met to debate.

II. Again, we have sufficient evidence that S. Peter as well as S. Paul died a martyr's death at Rome; but evidence that he founded the Church there, as he did that at Antioch, is far from certain. It is possible that he may have preached to the Jewish converts and organized them into a community—if so, it was a Church that dwindled and finally disappeared.[1] That he did found the Church at Antioch we know from tradition,[2] and might have expected, had Peter possessed the prerogative of infallibility and the power of transmitting it to his successors, that the Patriarchs of Antioch would have spoken with authoritative voice. Supposing that S. Peter did found the Church of Rome, why should his successor there arrogate to himself a privilege to which the successors of the Apostle at Antioch had as just a claim?

One would have supposed that the Church of Antioch, instead of becoming notorious for its lapses into heresy, would have maintained its orthodoxy unshaken, as founded on the Rock of Peter. As it did not, we have no guarantee that the Church of Rome, supposing it to have been based on Peter, should be the infallible exponent of the truth.

[1] S. Epiphanius tells us that there was this double origin of the Roman Church, and so only can be solved the confusion that exists as to the succession of the Bishops of Rome in the early period: some authorities make Linus the first after the Apostle, and others make Clement first. Irenaeus puts Clement in the third place, with Anencletus or Anacletus as his predecessor.

[2] S. John Chrysostom speaks in glowing terms of S. Peter, but as the founder of the Church of Antioch. Rome, he says, may have his body, but we Antiochenes possess his faith.

As a matter of fact all we learn from the Epistles is that the Roman Church was founded by S. Paul among the Gentiles, and that Church grew and lived, whereas we find that the Judæo-Christian community died. It was to the Church in Rome that S. Paul addressed his apostolic Epistle, and from the Epistles of S. Paul we learn nothing about Peter, save the interesting fact that he always travelled about with his wife, and that, whilst Paul arrogated to himself "the care of all the Churches," he limits Peter's province to the "Apostleship of the Circumcision" (Gal. ii. 8). "So ordain I in all the Churches," said S. Paul. How could he have said that, had Peter been supreme? How could S. James have presided at the first Council of Jerusalem instead of S. Peter? How could S. Paul have rebuked S. Peter for harking back at Antioch to Jewish tradition, had Peter been supreme? The testimony of Scripture is dead against the claims of the Papacy. Irenæus (d. *c.* 202) and Clement of Alexandria (d. *c.* 217) state that Peter and Paul preached together at Rome, and founded the Church there. Caius the Priest (*c.* 200) refers to the trophies of the Apostles, meaning their tombs, near the city, and adds that these two established the Roman Church. Such are the *only* early testimonies. Had it been a matter of faith that the Roman See was founded by S. Peter, and was to be supreme, assuredly we should have been furnished with proper evidence to that effect, as by the "Acts of the Apostles" carrying on the story to the appearance of Peter in Rome, and to his apostleship there.

As to evidence that S. Peter was commissioned and empowered to transmit to his successors the authority to proclaim what was *de fide* and what was not—there is none whatever.

Repeated statement does not make a statement true. We desire evidence—and we are given none. Persistent asseveration convinces only such as have not the minds or the leisure for examining whether the assertion be warranted or the contrary. "The lady (the Roman Catholic Church) doth protest too much, methinks."

With the Church through the Middle Ages, the Pope has played the part of Petruccio with Katherine, breaking the spirit till she repeats all that he says, and has no will of her own:

> Forward, I pray, since we be come so far,
> And be it moon or sun or what you please;
> And if you please to call it a rush candle,
> Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

"They have no support in the Fathers, sir: in the first three centuries, not one word." Thus spoke Dr. Routh, by far the most learned divine of the early Tractarian period, concerning the Ultramontane claims.

The doctrine of S. Peter's apostleship in Rome and the foundation there of the Church by him rests on the Clementine fabrication. The *Recognitions* and the *Homilies* were an early Ebionite-Christian romance, having no foundation in fact. Clement is represented as a young Gentile heathen, who hears and follows S. Peter. The Apostle is disputing with Simon Magus, who, when overcome in argument, flies from place to place, and is pursued by S. Peter, till at last the Apostle confounds him in Rome. When Simon was attempting to fly, Peter prayed; he fell and was killed. Along with this is woven the story that is found in the *Menœchmi* of Plautus, which has been rendered for the English stage in the *Comedy of Errors*. The Clementines, as we have them, are not in their primitive form, they are based on an earlier romance, *The Circuits of Peter*. To one or more of the Clementines is prefixed a spurious epistle purporting to have been addressed by Clement to S. James, Bishop of Jerusalem, after the death of S. Peter, describing how Peter had consecrated him (Clement) to be his successor as Bishop of Rome; the Apostle is said therein to have laid his hands on Clement, and compelled him "to sit in his (Peter's) chair." The original of the Clementines appeared probably in the second century, and on it is based mainly, and out of it grew, the fable of the Petrine origin of the See of Rome.[1]

We might have supposed that the Roman catacombs would have yielded some evidence referable to S. Peter as founder of the Church there. Among the remains in those of the first two centuries there is nothing. It is not till we reach the fourth, when the Clementine romance had become known and popular, and was generally believed as true history, that traces of Peter appear.

In 419 Papal legates to the Church of Carthage claimed for Zosimus, Pope of Rome, appellate jurisdiction, on the ground that it had been accorded to the successors of S. Peter by the Council of Nicæa. The Carthaginian Bishops were surprised. They could find no trace of such a canon in the copies they possessed of the decrees of that Œcumenical Council, and when

[1] Pullen (F. M.), *The Primitive Saints and the See of Rome* (1900), pp. 41–9; Bright (W.), *The Roman See and the Early Church* (1896), pp. 12, 13.

they applied to the Churches of Alexandria and Constantinople, they ascertained that neither in their collections was such a canon to be found. It then appeared that the canon in question was supposed to have been passed in the Council of Sardica, 343, which was never reckoned as Œcumenical, and which, even if genuine, made Julius of Rome personally the referee. Suspicion exists that the canon is not genuine. Yet it was quoted as a canon of Nicæa by other Popes—Boniface I and Cœlestine I, and by Innocent I; and Leo I in 449 again alleged that the Council of Nicæa had passed this canon. Now there is preserved, in a copy of the canons at Rome, the very one from which Innocent quoted, and in this particular canon the name of Silvester, who was contemporary with the Nicæan Council, is fraudulently given in place of Julius. Zonaras in his *Annals*, 1118, speaks of this trick of quoting the canon of Sardica as of Nicæa as a common practice of Rome: "The Bishops of Rome falsely say that this is the canon of the first General Council of Nicæa." [1] The appellate jurisdiction of the Papacy actually rests on a decree of Valentinian III, in a rescript addressed to Ætius, commander-in-chief in Gaul, dictated, there can exist no reasonable doubt, by Pope Leo I, in 446. It simply swarms with falsehoods. "It is impossible to lay too much stress on this nefarious transaction, which was the true beginning of the Papal usurpation over the Church, which fitly appears as the result of no divine grant, but of the reckless edict of a dissolute secular tyrant, who closed his infamous career with murder, by his own hand and sword, of the illustrious general Ætius (the very person to whom the above rescript was addressed), and with the violation of a noble Roman matron, decoyed to his palace by a fraud, whose husband avenged his wrong by shedding the ravisher's blood. This edict of Valentinian III, not the speech of Christ to Peter uttered at Cæsarea Philippi, is the charter of the modern Papacy." [2]

But, as may well be supposed, the Papacy little relished having to allow that its authority reposed on so scandalous a basis. Accordingly the questionable Canon of Sardica was followed by a whole series of fabrications. Epistles, decrees, attributed to many Popes, from the days of S. Peter downwards, were

[1] Hussey (R.), *The Rise of the Papal Power* (1851), pp. 47–52.
[2] "The Dawn of the Papal Monarchy" (*Church Quarterly Review*, xxiii. 199); see also Pullen, *The Primitive Saints and the See of Rome* (1900), pp. 200–2.

systematically forged and passed off as genuine on the unsuspicious Western Church.

Beginning with the fictions in the *Liber Pontificalis* down to 530, "a calculated forgery," there ensued the False Decretals, by the Pseudo-Isidore, compiled at the beginning of the ninth century (about 868 or 869). Pope Nicolas I met the doubts of the Frank Bishops as to their genuineness with the assurance that the Roman Church had long preserved all these documents in her archives with honour; and this was a deliberate lie, for the compilation had but recently been made and put into his hands.[1] It would be difficult to find, in all history, a second instance of so successful and yet so clumsy a forgery. It revolutionized the constitution of the Western Church. Then came Gregory VII, surrounded by a gang of forgers, or collectors of spurious writings, Anselm of Lucca, Gregory of Pavia, Deusdedit, and others who set themselves to build up and amplify the work of the false Isidore. When in the sixteenth century the fact of the Decretals being a fabrication was established by critics, their books were put on the *Index*, and a Cardinal's hat was conferred on the Spaniard Aguirre in reward for his attempt—the last ever made—to rehabilitate the pseudo-Isidore in 1682. A century later, in 1789, Pius VI was compelled to admit that the collection was a fabrication. Based on the forged Decretals, falsified canons of genuine councils, and invented canons of councils that never existed, Gratian, in the middle of the twelfth century, compiled his *Decretum*.[2] No book ever came near it in its influence in the Church; it served to stereotype the revolution that had been effected in the constitution of the Catholic Church in the West. Like the successive courses in a building, one laid on and covering another, so layer after layer of forgeries and falsifications formed the sub-

[1] The letter of Pope Nicolas I, under date 869, may be read in Baronius, *Ann. Eccl.* xii.–xv. He had previously affirmed the authenticity of these forgeries in a letter to the Patriarch Photius (*ibid.* xv.). Forgery was, in fact, practised as a fine art by Churchmen in the Middle Ages. Few abbeys were without sophisticated charters. See Howorth (Sir H.), *Augustine the Missionary* (1913, pp. xxxvi *et seq.*), for numerous instances in England. See the example set by Rome:

In order to obtain from King Pepin territorial sovereignty in Italy, a Donation from Constantine to Pope Silvester was forged, on the strength of which the sovereignty was claimed, not as a grant, but as a restitution. The success of this piece of iniquity encouraged to later falsifications.

[2] The *Decretum* of Gratian quotes 324 times epistles of the early Popes. Of these 313 are from spurious letters, and of the remaining 11 it is not certain that they are genuine.

stance of the Papal claims and gave them their worthless authority.

Then followed the issue of a catena of spurious quotations from Greek Fathers and councils, fabricated in the thirteenth century by a Latin theologian, a Dominican, it is supposed, who had long lived in the East. This catena deceived S. Thomas Aquinas, who unsuspectingly embodied it in his Theology, and since then these quotations have been accepted as genuine and quoted repeatedly as genuine—yet forged they were, and now are grudgingly acknowledged as such.

The Popes have been apologized for in acting upon these spurious decrees, and taking advantage of them for the building up of their power, on the plea that they themselves did not fabricate them; but, as Dr. Salmon has pointed out, the case is much the same as that of a man who has not himself forged a cheque, but who presents one that has been forged by some one else, and pockets the money.

With respect to the New Testament texts quoted by Roman apologists, a signification is put upon them that was not thought of by the Early Church, and such quotations as they produce have to be verified and the context studied before accepting them. It was a custom among Cornish mining captains, when a widely advertised lode was visited by prospective investors, to "salt the mine," that is to say, to blast sufficient tin ore into the sterile rock to make it appear rich and inspire confidence in the visitors. In like manner, Ultramontane writers have dealt with Scripture and the Fathers. They have blasted into them that which was never originally present there.

No fact is more strongly established than that the whole Papal claim to supremacy and infallibility is based on a fiction and built up piecemeal with profligate mendacity.

III. We have next to consider whether the authoritative voice of the Pope has always proved reliable. Innocent III sent a horde of the scum of Europe against the Albigenses to massacre, rob, and outrage these poor, ignorant people, because they would not be converted by his missionaries; and he promised them heaven as their reward. They acted on his exhortations, and committed frightful atrocities, turning the fair fields of Provence into a shambles.

Did not Julius II, by Bull dated October 2, 1507, throw the cloak of infallibility over that preposterous fraud, the Holy House of Loretto? And on the grounds that this house was

translated by angel hands from Bethlehem to Loretto, Bulls were granted to confirm its privileges by Leo X, Adrian VI, and Clement VII. Thousands and tens of thousands of pilgrims visit Loretto to obtain the indulgences accorded to them on so doing, and they go relying on the authority of the Papacy.

Did not Leo XIII authorize a proper office and mass in honour of the Lourdes apparition, babbling ungrammatical nonsense ? And did not Pius X, on November 13, 1907, extend the festival of this apparition as obligatory on the whole Church, to be observed on February 11 ?

At few times did the calumniated more need a protecting hand extended over them, and the Western world more require an authoritative voice controlling and instructing, than in the fifteenth century, when the mad fear of witchcraft fell on the people. And how did the Papacy utter its authoritative voice ? On December 5, 1484, Pope Innocent VIII issued a Bull *Summis desiderantes* that encouraged and systematized the judicial murders of poor ignorant women and men charged with witchcraft, and inaugurated a reign of terror which invaded every country of Europe where the voice of the Pope was heard, left whole principalities mere smoking places of execution, and decimated their inhabitants.

Pope Leo X, in his bull *Exsurge* in 1520, condemned as pestiferous and heretical the declaration of Luther " that to burn heretics is against the will of the Holy Spirit." By this Roman Catholics are bound.

On May 27, 1632, Galileo was condemned, and his doctrine pronounced to be heretical, because he showed that the world moved round the sun.

In 1704, the Sacred Congregation of the Inquisition decided that the Orders in the Abyssinian Church were valid, where the Archbishop ordains only when some eight to ten thousand candidates have been assembled. They stand in rows, and he walks up and down in front of them, imposes his hand on each, and says : " Receive the Holy Ghost ! " Nothing more. But in the case of English Orders the Pope pronounced them invalid through deficiency of form and intent. In 1875 an awkward attempt was made to wriggle out of this contradiction.[1] It

[1] *Church Quarterly Review* (1878), p. 276. Here is another case : Sixtus V undertook to provide a version of S. Jerome's Latin Bible that should be authentic. " His Bull declared that this edition, corrected by his own hand, must be received and used by everybody as the only true and genuine one, under pain of excommunication ; every change, even of

must be remembered that the Congregation of the Inquisition is the official organ of the Pope in all matters connected with the Faith.

Then again, in the domain of morals, is the Pope a sure guide ? It is not difficult to test such a claim. On September 6, 1816, Alfonso Liguori was canonized by Pope Gregory XVI, and on March 23, 1871, Pius IX raised him to the dignity of a Doctor of the Church, on a level with S. Augustine and S. Gregory, on account of the value of his *Moral Theology*, and now this work of Liguori is the accredited guide to Confessors in dealing with souls. His system is one that destroys all sense of truth, and raises equivocation to a fine art. I can but give one specimen. He teaches that if an adulteress be asked by her husband whether she has been faithless, she is justified in answering that she has not, for she can affirm she has not broken the marriage tie, for that bond in the eye of the Church is indissoluble ; or again, if after her transgression she has been to Confession and been absolved, she may deny that she is guilty, because her guilt has been purged by Absolution ; or, thirdly, if charged with adultery, she may repudiate it by giving to the term its metaphorical, Biblical sense of idolatry.

Is it to be wondered at that among Romanists, as compared with Protestants, the standard of truthfulness is low ? The morality of any religious body may be measured by the authorized pronouncements of its teachers, and by the practical results of their teaching. If a hydrangea produce blue flowers instead of pink, you know that it has been watered with liquid impregnated with iron rust. You do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles ; and if a tree is known by its fruit, so also is a Church. We have but to look at the lands and peoples where Romanism is the general religion, and test the results. Is the condition of morality and the appreciation of truth in Spain, Italy, France, Mexico, South America, higher than in Protestant lands ? Are

a single word, being forbidden under anathema. But it soon appeared that it was full of blunders, some two thousand of which had been introduced by the Pope himself. Bellarmine advised that the peril Sixtus had brought the Church into should be hushed up as far as possible, all the copies were to be called in, and the corrected Bible printed anew, under the name of Urban VII, with a statement in the Preface that the errors had crept in through the fault of the compositor. Bellarmine himself was commissioned to give circulation to these lies, to which the Pope gave his name, by composing the Preface." (Janus, *The Pope and the Council* (1869), p. 62.) Sixtus had brought himself under his own sentence of anathema and excommunication by issuing the revised edition.

the gentry and the peasantry there purer in life, more honest in their dealings, less murderous, less licentious than the corresponding classes in England ?

If we cannot trust the voice of the Pope in matters of morality, what guarantee have we that it can be trusted in matters of faith ?

As for those who clamour for an infallible guide, and expect to find one in the Pope, how, one may ask, is it that not till Boniface VIII, in 1303, was any decree of a Pope addressed to the Universal Church ? The gift, if ever possessed, lay dormant when most needed, in the great conflicts of the Faith at the time of the Arian domination, for instance, when Athanasius took the lead, and Liberius, the Pope, fell. For over a thousand years the voice that should have guided Christendom was silent.

In the next place, are we to be babes all our days, needing a nurse's hand to prevent us from stumbling ? The voice of the Church is clear enough in all things necessary for salvation as to what to believe and what to do. The great facts proclaimed in the Creeds and the divine institution of the Sacraments suffice. They are firm enough. Beyond them is a tract on which we are allowed freedom to walk, and must exercise our judgment as to where to go and how to walk. There are problems in life we must work out for ourselves, and not hand them over to a master to solve for us, as a dull boy, too inert to work out a sum, passes over his slate to the schoolmaster.

Reason is given to man to be exercised and not to be atrophied. The Church of Rome confines us within stone walls, in which is not a gate through which we can look out into the open country.

There are, however, persons who love to be helpless, and to be directed as to what they shall read, how they shall think, what they shall hear, what they shall see and taste and smell. Such persons will always take happily to the nursery of the Roman Church ; it saves so much trouble not to have to think for oneself, to have one's mind made up for one.

There will always be those who look over their shoulders at the past, and who idealize what has been and disparage what is. They see the past in a haze of splendour ; they have never looked below this mirage and seen what really was. Such will be inclined to go to Rome, fancying that it was what actually it never was. But the genuine Churchman looks the present in the face and has an eye to the future.

The first danger that the Christian Church encountered was from those who harked back to the more ornate and highly articulated Judaic Church. The Christian Church was in process of organization and development, and the Jewish converts reverted with a sigh to the more strict and narrow regulations of the Mosaic rule, that bade them touch not, taste not, handle not. They craved for limitations, they desired to be ever in a strait waistcoat. The future is not with such. They are with the dead. It is not the strong natures that are ever looking backwards. The past appeals less to the understanding than to an unintelligent sentiment. This inclination is based rather on the perceptible shortcomings of the new than on the fancied merits of the old, which merits, with a little study of history, would be dissipated.

As Jeremy Taylor wisely said in a sermon preached before the University of Dublin, "Let us go to God for Truth; for Truth comes from God only, and His ways are plain, and His sayings are true, and His promises Yea and Amen; and if we miss the Truth, it is because we will not find it; for certain it is, that all *that Truth which God hath made necessarie, He hath also made legible and plain*, and if we will open our eyes, we shall see the sun, and if we will walk in the light, we shall rejoice in the light. Every man must, in his station, do that portion of duty which God requires of him, and then he shall be taught of God all that is fit for him to learn: there is no other way for him but this."

The Romanists may say of the Church of England that it is a City of Confusion, but it is not so. On all essentials we are one. The Universal Church herself has been a city of confusion at several epochs of her career. That there are among us those whose faith is feeble, and who deny the verities of the Catholic religion, is true of every age, is true of the modern Roman Church as well, only in it every effort is made to hush up or "fire out" those who do not submit unintelligibly and without exercise of their reason to matters outside the great verities of the Faith. Throughout Catholic Europe there is surging up a tide of revolt against the Vatican and all its proceedings. Men desire to get out of the atmosphere of the nursery into the pure air of heaven, and to look up to the blue vault above, and not to the depressing dome of S. Peter's; to eat solid food and not to be condemned to draw their nutriment out of feeding-bottles.

Another reason for "'verting" has been that some clergy,

through special circumstances, have found it impossible to continue useful in the sphere in which they were. One had a wife whose example counteracted his teaching; another had contracted debts at the University which he could not hope to discharge as a curate, being without interest, and with no prospect of an incumbency. He trusted that he might be able to clear off his liabilities in a clerkship, or, by disappearance, evade his creditors altogether. A third had quarrelled with his leading parishioners, and in place of recognizing that the fault lay in his own want of tact or temper, flying into a tiff against the English Church, deserted her. In a word, his secession was due to galled vanity.

There are some women and not conspicuously virile men who delight in tinsel and paper flowers, and do not concern themselves to look behind the frippery for the ends of twine and twisted wire; persons who care mainly for what is outside, and regard as less material that which is within. Highly coloured sweets are not invariably wholesome. Larded veal is more palatable, but not more nutritious, than plain roast. Such persons as those mentioned repudiate the latter, because their soul lusts after the strips of bacon. Such are attracted to Rome by its gorgeous ceremonial and ritual elaborations, and will gulp down any amount of superstitious abuses without making wry faces. Paulus Jovius, who wrote the life of his patron, Leo X, tells us that this Pope was wont to serve his guests at table with flesh of monkeys and other unclean beasts, highly spiced, and when those who had partaken of these meats commended their excellence, he chuckled over their credulity.

But, on the other hand, there be earnest souls that have been brought up in a nebulous religion without definite teaching, who crave for distinct, dogmatic truths that they can lay hold of, and without which they languish; when these secede, if it be from the Anglican Communion, it is due to the neglect or ignorance of their clergy who ought to have given bread, but instead supplied gruel. But, as far as my experience goes, it is not from the Church—at all events, not from such as have been brought up in Church principles—that Rome gains her converts, but from Dissent and Evangelicals. And it is for this reason that the Romans look with a peculiarly jealous eye on the Catholic party in the English Church. Souls must have definite truths to grapple. Standard roses will not thrive in a light soil. They must have something solid that their roots may grip. Samuel Wilberforce, when Archdeacon, told the Earl of

Carlisle that the fact of Dr. Arnold having "no defined system on religious subjects" conduced to his pupils becoming Tractarians. He might have added, Romanists also.

Adjoining one of our most popular watering-places is a parish that was rapidly being covered, in the first half of the last century, with villa residences. The squire was a strong Evangelical, and he greatly disliked the Anglicanism of the vicar and the mild ritual of the services. When it came to chanting the Psalms he abandoned his parish church, and drove down every Sunday to an extremely Low church in the town. But after half a year's experience of that, he could endure it no longer, with the continuous denunciations of Rome as Babylon; and by way of curiosity he went to the Roman chapel to see for himself what Popery was. He was so struck and fascinated by what he saw and heard that he was converted and received. Then he set to work and built a convent for Sisters and a Roman Catholic church on his property.

Now, so long as in the parish church the services were of a stiff Anglican character, a great many of the young people of both sexes would go to the Roman chapel, mainly for Vespers and Benediction, being attracted by the beauty and the poetry of the same; and several were by this means lost to the Anglican Communion. But, after a while, at the parish church, full Catholic ritual was adopted, and distinct and emphatic teaching of the Faith. Since then the young folk have ceased to go to the Roman chapel, or, if they go, it is to draw comparisons, and say, "We have more beautiful, more solemn, and better conducted services in our parish church."

As may well be supposed, there is no love entertained for the latter by the members of the Latin Communion.

As said elsewhere, Manning had been brought up as an Evangelical as truly as had Newman. The same may be said of other notable seceders, Sibthorp, Ryder, Simeon, Dodsworth, Hope-Scott, Dikes, Noel, Faber, etc. The three sons of Mr. Wilberforce who "'verted" came from the purest Evangelical source. "These men drew scores, nay hundreds, in their train, and of all the leaders it must be said that, as they proceeded from Oxford (so to speak) to Rome, so they had already marched from Clapham to Oxford."

As already said, conviction generally jumps with inclination. Conviction is much like the divining-rod, that turns and points in the direction a man wishes and expects it to indicate. The

Dowser really believes in the apparatus, is quite honest in purpose. The action of the muscles on the hazel twig is unconscious, but not involuntary. And the individual who is predisposed to join the Church of Rome, or Esoteric Buddhism, or Mormonism, will discover cogent reasons impelling his conscience to pursue the course to which his inclinations lead.

"Out of these Convertites," said Jaques, "there is much matter to be heard and learnt."

We have among our clergy a certain number of priests who are Roman in their sympathies. Whatever is Roman is good, whatever is English is bad. Happily, they are few, and have very little influence. If they go over to Rome, they are no loss to us, and they are no gain to Rome.

Because lazy French people and priests sit for the Psalms, some of those most affected by foreign novelties ostentatiously decline to rise to their feet when the Psalms are said or sung. I have known cases where the choir have been forbidden to turn to the East at the Creed, because this is an English and not a Roman custom.

We lost a good deal at the Reformation that we have reason to regret; we lost more during the dead time of the Hanoverian obsession. But it is one thing to endeavour to recover or to revive what is good, old, and wholesome, that has been let slide, and another thing to introduce novelties that have nothing to recommend them but that they are un-English.

Probably the principal reason why Dissent gained such a hold on the uneducated, especially in country places, is that the Prayer Book was unintelligible to them. Anciently the Mass they could grasp, though in Latin, as an act of worship. But the Book of Common Prayer was not common except among those who could read. The service in the meeting-house was level with their comprehension. This inability to understand it is passing away, but we still need simplification and not elaboration. We should gauge the capacity of our congregations, precisely as a farmer tests the soil of his fields before he resolves what his crops shall be.

The Catholic Faith in its simplicity will always command the belief of devout souls; and Catholic worship appeals to the heart. According to Duchesne, the highest liturgical authority, Matins and Vespers were originally family prayers among the early Christians, then, along with the other Hours, were adopted by the monks, and when cathedral chapters were

formed, passed on to them, and from them finally to parish churches. But the Holy Eucharist, as the one service of divine institution and of apostolic appointment, was the service of Christendom, and is so still everywhere in Catholic and Oriental Christendom. We got into the way of substituting what was supplementary for that which was essential.[1]

But the Eucharist should be rendered dignified and simple. Over-elaboration of ritual was all very well for mediævals, but it does not commend itself to English people of the present day; still less do all the fancy functions that Rome has formulated.

It is a significant fact that where there has been a secession of clergy to Rome from a large town Church, the number of lay-folk who have followed has been insignificant; nay, further, the relief from the presence of unfaithful guides has acted sensibly, the Church has gained in vigour, increased the number of communicants, and has had larger offertories.

If we remain staunch to the Church of England and its formularies, I have no hesitation in saying that we shall carry the people along with us; but if we adopt strange and unintelligible rites we shall repel them.

The foreign plants introduced into England that have rooted and spread have now become English plants. The foreign settlers who have come among us, in the second generation, have become Englishmen. But we English people will never become Italians in our religion—such is foreign to our blood, to our instincts, to our traditions.

I once wanted to plant rhododendrons on limestone rock. My gardener said to me: "You don't feed an 'oss on veal cutlet, and you don't give a cat beans. You must give 'em not what *you* fancy, but what *they* likes. And rhododendrons won't thrive on lime." And so—Romanism may seed itself on English soil, but will never thrive in free English air and flourish on English soil. It will draw out, maybe, a sickly existence for a time, and then finally perish. As Virgil says:

Cura sit
Et quid quæque ferat regio, et quid quæque recuset.

[1] The rubric, "Then shall the priest say to them that come to receive," was objected to by Bucer as acknowledging non-communicating attendance, and he vainly endeavoured to get it expunged. In 1559 an abortive attempt was made to introduce a dismissal of non-communicants after the offertory.

CHAPTER XV

PROGRESS

AS has been already intimated, the Tithe Commutation Act was generally welcomed as a relief by both clergy and tithe-payers, as doing away with much friction. Mr. Mozley mentions calling on an incumbent previous to its passing, and finding that his parishioners had deserted the church and built for themselves a large meeting-house, because he had claimed some disputed tithe.

But there was another grievance besides tithe that created ill-feeling, and that was the imposition of Church rates.

"To them and their collection a determined resistance was offered. It began in an attempt to diminish the amount collected for the purpose of repairing the churches and providing the things that were required for the due and decent celebration of divine service in them. But the opposition to them was carried further. Payment of the rate being deferred, it was enforced by seizure of goods and the imprisonment of recusants. In the great Braintree case, after expensive legislation protracted over many years, it was finally determined, on appeal after appeal, that a rate laid by a minority at a meeting of the parishioners could not be enforced. In Rochdale, the contest was carried to such a pitch that upwards of 13,000 votes were recorded, and the military were called out to preserve order.

"But the victorious party, although they had expended large sums of money on the contest, did not collect a single penny of the rate they had with so much difficulty succeeded in laying. It had become evident that the impost was not worth the trouble and expense incurred in obtaining it, and after the two defeats mentioned above, it was gradually expiring, when Mr. Gladstone's Church Rate Bill (1860) virtually abolished it" [1]

A sore was removed and a way was opened for voluntary contributions, that have more than doubled the amount extorted

[1] Molesworth, *History of the Church in England* (1882), p. 395.

by the rate, to be spent on the sacred edifices and the services. I will now give a few examples of progress such as I have noticed myself—not that there is in them anything extraordinary, but as an instance of how the Church is making way, and the level of her services is rising.

I do not think that a more marked instance of progression can be found than in Cornwall. This, as I remember it, was infected with all kinds of Dissent. It was in the diocese of Exeter, already too large to be worked effectively by a single Bishop. It was separated in 1876, and made into a diocese of Truro. Cornwall possesses now a Bishop of its own and a suffragan.

At present there are two bishops in the Exeter diocese, so that where some years ago there was but one, in Devon and Cornwall, there are now four working, and working hard. Truro possesses a stately cathedral, the first after S. Paul's reared in England since the Reformation. When Bishop Benson became its first head, he is reported to have said, "I shall find more difficulty with the clergy than with the people." And it was so. A great many were torpid, inert, because hopeless, and some because indifferent, but of these last there were not many. I recall going as a boy with my parents to Minster Church, near Boscastle, of a morning on Sunday. We passed meeting-houses in which were many people, and the sound of hymnody poured through the windows. At Minster the sole congregation was composed of our family, that of the parson, and the clerk; and the incumbent preached to us on the evidences for the existence of a God.

The Cornish are an emotional people, and a Catholic service appeals to their hearts, a stirring sermon they especially relish; and where both are provided in the Church, there most certainly congregations gather and are moulded in life, feeling, and practice. Among Dissenters there is a general admission that the numbers are falling off. With the Cornish people I do not think it is, as elsewhere, to indifference, but that they are being drawn to the Church; and they are drawn to the Church because in her they learn what it is to love God, whereas in the chapel they are roused by the fear of God. I will venture to quote Mr. Hudson:

"Last year one day a Truro acquaintance of mine got into a railway carriage in which were five Methodist ministers returning from a conference they had been attending. They

were discussing the decrease of the number of converts and the decline of revivals during the last few years. One of them, a stout, elderly person, said he did not take so pessimistic a view as the others appeared to do. He thought the falling off, if there were any, was perhaps attributable to the ministers themselves, and then added: 'All I have got to do is to preach my Judgment Day sermon to set them howling.' The others were silent for a while, and then one said: 'Do you think it wise to say much about everlasting punishment at the present juncture?' No one replied to the question, and after an uncomfortable interval they changed the subject." [1]

Then, again, at the present day the sense of the beautiful is sedulously cultivated. Even advertisements must now be made artistically attractive. Books must be illustrated with charming pictures. The day of crude colouring and bad delineation is past. And it is impossible for the young people not to draw a contrast between the old granite parish church, with its carved screen, its radiant altar, the beautiful singing, and the tender sermon, with their Bethels in which is the very cult of ugliness; and the result is they desert these latter and flock into the former.

Again I will quote Mr. Hudson, for he is impartial:

"'Any house is good enough to worship God in,' is a treasured saying, and it has been remarked that no place of worship has ever been raised by Nonconformity in England which any person would turn aside from the road to look at. This would be too little to say of the chapels in West Cornwall, where the principle of any-house-good-enough has been carried to an extreme. These naked granite boxes set up in every hamlet and at roadsides, hideous to look at, and a blot and disfigurement to the village and to God's earth, are assuredly an insult to every person endowed with a sense of beauty and fitness.

"The interior of these chapels is on a par with their exterior appearance. A square, naked room, its four dusty walls distempered a crude blue or red or yellow, with a loud-ticking kitchen clock nailed high up on one of them to tell how the time goes. Of the service I can only say that after a good deal of experience of chapel services in many parts of England I have found nothing so unutterably repellent as the services here . . . the intolerable sermon, the rude singing, the prayers of the man who with 'odious familiarity' buttonholes the Deity, and repeats his

[1] Hudson (W. H.), *The Land's End* (London, 1908), p. 199.

'And now, O Lord,' at every second sentence—the whole squalid symbolism!" [1]

In the towns it is otherwise: there, with good music, with sensational advertisements and florid preaching, every effort is made to keep adherents and attract outsiders. The Church has a serious task before her in Cornwall. If Methodism has stirred religious feeling, it has failed entirely to make the Cornish a moral people. Both Wales and Cornwall, alike hotbeds of Dissent, are far from moral, in marked contrast to the Catholic Bretons, who are of absolutely the same mixture of races.

In 1912 there were 190 churches in Cornwall in which the Holy Communion was celebrated weekly, and 51 fortnightly, whereas in 40 it was monthly—where the fag-ends of old usage lingered on. The number of communicants was at Easter 16,000.

There is a certain living in the West of England, with a population of a thousand and a half, that was for three generations in the hands of one family. The grandfather was the first rector of this set; then came his son, who was incumbent for fifty years; lastly the grandson, who held the living for forty. All three neglected their duties, and set by no means a high standard of life before the people. The children of the parish were left in ignorance of the simplest Bible stories. In a word, for a hundred and twenty-five years, or thereabouts, the place remained in practical heathenism.

The few decent Churchmen in it refused to communicate, because the communicants were notoriously bad characters. The church was bepewed and had a three-decker. The altar was a deal table with a moth-eaten red cloth on it.

Now all is changed, and there has been progress. The church has been cleared of pews, the chancel cut off from the nave by a rood-screen; a well-appointed altar has taken the place of the shabby deal table; services are frequent, Holy Communion at the least weekly, and the children are regularly catechized. With every year the roll of communicants increases.

The adjoining parish to mine, Bridestowe, had formerly Sourton annexed to it.

In the church there were but two services on Sunday, and quarterly Communion.

In 1846 the Rev. Hinds Howell became rector. He had been curate-in-charge of Washfield from 1833 to 1839, when there was no resident rector. With a population of 500, he had 120

[1] *Ibid.* pp. 201–3.

regular communicants. I know the church well. It has a magnificant post-Reformation carved oak screen, and till recently —or comparatively recently—a village orchestra performed in the services. When the order came from Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter for the use of the surplice in the pulpit, and that of the Church Militant prayer, a storm of disapproval broke out. On the following Wednesday, being Ash Wednesday, all the farmers of the parish, with the exception of two, absented themselves from the service, which, till then, they had always attended. The malcontents pressed Mr. Howell to give way; they were met by a resolute refusal. But by his assiduity in visiting the sick amongst those who had rebelled, he broke down their prejudice. The ensuing Good Friday and Easter Day saw every farmer, with the members of his family, in their seats in church. At the annual dinner, given on Easter Monday, after the parish meeting, the farmer who had led the opposition first moved that Mr. Howell should take the chair, and then delivered himself as follows: "Sir, you have conquered us. We did object to your reading the prayer for the Church Militant every Sunday, and to your public christenings, but we have talked it over, and we have come to the conclusion that your way is right; and now not one of us will go against you." More than twenty years later, at a Church Conference, his hand was grasped by a West Country Archdeacon, who said: "I must shake your hand, Mr. Hinds Howell. How you helped us by standing firm on the surplice question!"

The surplice riots that broke out in Exeter shook the iron nerve of Bishop Phillpotts, and he sent for Mr. Howell, showed him a letter he had written, and asked his opinion on it. After a short silence, he returned the letter to his diocesan. "You do not tell me what you think of my letter," said the Bishop. "My Lord, I would rather have cut off my right hand than written it." That letter abandoned the whole position, and left the wearing of the surplice to the option of the clergy.

This was the man who in 1846 became Rector of Bridestowe. He was staunchly orthodox, but not in any degree a ritualist.

Indeed, among the old Tractarians there were no ritualists. They conceived it their duty to state the Faith, to proclaim the mission of the Church, and the grace in the Sacraments. Mr. Howell's views had been largely identical with those of Bishop Phillpotts, and to these he remained faithful to the day of his death.

In Bridestowe he soon proved a power. He opened his school daily at nine o'clock with prayer and a Bible lesson. After teaching in the school he visited in the parish; and it was one teeming with dissent. There were Baptists, Wesleyans, and Plymouth Brethren. With the former he acquired so much influence that before long he had baptized every one of their children and closed their chapel.

With Bridestowe went the daughter church of Sourton, on the edge of Dartmoor, and this, which was in a dilapidated condition, he restored, and rebuilt the chancel.

Mr. Howell rose every morning at five o'clock, and as soon as his family came down, the psalms and lessons and prayer for the day were gone through, after which came breakfast.[1] In 1855 he was succeeded in the Rectory of Bridestowe by Rev. Alexander Watson, previously of S. Mary's Church, Torquay, where he had raised a noble chancel, well appointed, but was unable to rebuild the nave. He instituted daily choral service. His successor "restored" the church by calling to his aid a common builder, who put up ugly deal benches in place of the pews, demolished the beautiful carved-oak screen, with its painted post-Reformation tympanum, and lined the chancel with yellow pitched deal boarding, varnished, making it look like a ship's cabin.

In 1889 the Rev. J. Loveday Frances became rector, and nearly all that which Alexander Watson had instituted, and which had been allowed to lapse, was restored. There is now daily service and weekly Celebration, as also on Saints' and other Holy Days.

At Mary Tavy was Antony Buller (1833–77): Mr. Mozley has given a brief notice of him in his *Reminiscences*. His parish was one very difficult to deal with, as the population was largely made up of miners, congregated at a considerable distance from the parish church, on Black Down. Mr. Buller was a scholar—a modest, shy man—and one of more force was needed to deal with very rough men and their equally rough wives and children. The church was pewed to the ears, the altar was a deal table covered with a flowing red cloth. He had daily service, but only monthly Communion, and the number of communicants, out of a population of considerably over a thousand, was twenty. Then ensued a change, and now the church has a beautiful screen and rood-loft, a high altar, a side-altar in the Lady Chapel, and a daily celebration.

[1] *Hinds Howell: a Memoir* (Norwich, 1899).

The parish of Bratton Clovelly, that adjoins mine on the north, comprised 8,316 acres; the tithe commutation or rent charge was fixed at £460, and there is a glebe of 159 acres. From 1822 to 1844 the rector was a Mr. Birdwood, and the story is told of him that he was wont to visit the parish twice only in the year, to collect his tithes, on which occasions he remained over the Sunday and always preached the same sermon from the same text: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that be God's"—which the parishioners altered into: "and unto Birdwood the things that be God's."

The Rectory originally stood near the church, but it had been burnt down, and the curate was put to live in a small farmhouse furnished with cob walls, on the glebe, at a considerable distance from the church and village, to which he had to ascend 150 feet of steep hill, by a road that in winter was sometimes a torrent bed and at others a sheet of ice.

The curate who served the church under Mr. Birdwood had quarterly Celebrations. Then came a Mr. Budge, a scholar and able man, and he instituted monthly Eucharists. When the Rev. E. Seymour succeeded he had them at first fortnightly, in 1833 they became weekly, and so they have continued since. The altar has candles and vases, and a reredos of carved alabaster; every window is filled with stained glass; in the chancel is a surpliced choir, and in lieu of the old deal pews the church is fitted throughout with richly carved oak benches.

At Plymouth both S. Andrew's and Charles Church are in the hands of very-Protestant trustees. At S. Andrew's on "Christening Sunday" a crowd of low characters was wont to gather round the doors of the church, eagerly offering to stand sponsors in return for sixpence or a pint of beer. The church was bepewed and was furnished with a three-decker. Even in S. Andrew's there has been advance. The three-decker has disappeared, and a surpliced choir occupies the chancel, precisely one of the things that was objected to as Popish at S. Peter's. Now the florid musical service is the great attraction. As the supply of Evangelical clergy is running short in England, the trustees have had to import Irishmen for the last two incumbents.

S. Peter's, as already related, was opened in November 1848. At the present date there are in Plymouth and Devonport seven churches in which the Eucharistic vestments are worn,

and lights are used at Holy Communion. In five incense is burned.

A great friend of our family was the Rev. Christopher Bartholomew, incumbent of S. David's, Exeter. This was a peculiarly ugly church in debased Italian style, with a tower surmounted by a foolscap. Internally it was smothered in pews and choked with galleries. A few hard free seats at the back were the sole provision made for the poor parishioners. Christopher Bartholomew altered nothing in the fittings of the church, used the three-decker to the end, with a table behind it in flaming red drapery for an altar. He did, however, have daily prayer and frequent Communions. He taught definite doctrine, and was considered an able preacher. The congregation comprised fashionables from the handsome villa residences of rich merchant families, but also from the country came carriages with liveried servants on the box and heraldic decorations blazing on the harness, that deposited county families at the church gate, driven in to hear the popular preacher.

Old S. David's has vanished as a bad dream, and its place is now occupied by one of the finest and most skilfully designed of modern churches. It is larger than the old building, and when I have attended it has been crowded, not with county and merchant families, but with tradesfolk, shopmen, and girls. The altar is adorned with a superb reredos of carved oak. The service is fully choral, with surpliced choir and candles burning on the altar. But that is not all. Out of S. David's has grown a second parish, that of S. Michael, with another fine church and a tower and spire that are an ornament to the city. Here also Divine worship is conducted much as in the mother church, and S. Michael's is in a poor district and is the church of the poor, who were wont in old days to be thrust away at the back under a gallery in "free seats."

In the cathedral, in which there was formerly but a monthly Celebration, there is now one daily.

At S. Sidwell's, in the "forties," the Rev. Edward Harold Browne was rector. He introduced daily service and weekly celebration. His successor was Francis Courtenay, and it was under him that the storm burst, described in another chapter, and the disturbances continued throughout his short tenure (he died in 1849) and during the early days of John Lincoln Galton, who was the next incumbent. He discontinued the surplice for a time, but continued everything else. In 1870 he

was able to restore the church with the addition of a chancel, have a surpliced choir and choral services. Since then lights have been used at all celebrations, also the singing of the *Benedictus* and *Agnus Dei* at the choral Celebration has been adopted, and Eucharistic vestments.

At the cathedral lights are used at the early Celebration, also at S. Stephen's and S. Laurence's and S. John's. There are lights at all Celebrations at eight parish churches, vestments worn in six, vestments, lights and incense at one.

Now let us turn to Cambridge, that has ever been a breeding-ground of Puritanism.

When I was there as an undergraduate, in 1853–7, there was but one church in the town in which was a weekly Celebration, and that was late. This church was S. Giles, a curious octagonal structure with the seats so arranged as to radiate from the pulpit as a centre. That pulpit was a huge structure with a sounding-board above it, and the acoustic properties were such that not only could every word of the preacher be heard by every individual in the congregation, but the faintest whispered remark of one of these latter was audible in the pulpit.

The incumbent was under sentence of suspension for three years by Turton, Bishop of Ely, because he had refused to read the Burial Service over a notoriously bad character in the parish who, when drunk, had fallen into the Cam and been drowned.

Mr. Dodd, the vicar, sat in a pew in cassock and gown, and the curate celebrated in surplice and funereal stole. No other ritual than what was then general was observed. The altar was muffled in white linen, and the chalice, paten, and wine-jug were, if I remember rightly, on the altar, not on a credence, and were covered with a napkin. Such undergraduates as desired to make their weekly Communion used to go to the church, and wait outside till the sermon was over, and the non-communicants trooped out at 12 o'clock. This hideous church was demolished in 1870, and the present S. Giles's Church was built. On the other side of the street has been erected a stately new church, S. Peter's, and the two—S. Giles's and S. Peter's—are served by one vicar with three curates. There is a daily celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 7.30 a.m. at S. Peter's, and daily also at S. Giles's, at 7.45 a.m. There is at least one weekly Celebration in seven other churches in Cambridge; in all, there are five in which the lights and vestments are in use.

Twenty-five years ago there were but two churches in Liverpool in which vestments were worn; there are now eleven. And this means far more than ritual advance, it signifies advance as well in definite Church teaching.

The Church revival in England has passed through three marked phases or stages that must not be overlooked.

The appeal made by the Tractarians, for a restoration of doctrine forgotten or in abeyance, was made to the ears of scholars and clerics, and to men and women of culture generally, and it reached and influenced them. Scott's novels had awakened an interest in what was mediæval; and there was a revulsion against the debased taste in architecture everywhere manifest, and a desire to recur to the purer types of the Middle Ages. But this was among the noble and gentle and refined alone. And it was among the noble and cultured that the Tracts met with ready reception. This generation passed away. The sons and grandsons did not care to tread in the footsteps of their forebears: they were animated with other enthusiasms, if not too blasé to have any at all; some were immersed in politics, others in pleasure, went with their rifles stalking tigers, or with butterfly nets pursuing American heiresses. I can recall how, in the first period, so many spiritual faces were to be seen—faces of men and women that seemed to see God; such as I have noticed nowhere else, save in convents and monasteries, and among the Brittany peasants and peasantesses. I do not see quite so many of these now.

As Walter Pater says in *Marius the Epicurean*, the beauty of their faith was irradiated in the faces of the Christians, "as if some profound correction and regeneration of the body by the Spirit had been begun and already gone a great way; the countenances of these men, women, and children had a brightness upon them which he could fancy reflected upon himself." Pater in these words described what he saw in the faces of the old Tractarians; faces still to be seen among saintly Romanists, and among ourselves.

The movement presently entered on a second stage. Hitherto the middle classes had been wholly given over as a prey to the teeth of Dissent, but now the Oxford Movement began to affect them. It was like the descent of the angel into the pool of Bethesda to trouble the waters and make them wholesome and healing. Men who had been formal Churchmen became such now by conviction, because they had learned what the Church

was: the kingdom of God on earth, not a mere State creation. Many who had been bred in the negations and emotionalism of Nonconformity came over to the Church and embraced Catholic teaching with avidity. Others craved for a broader outlook and a freer air than they could gain in Evangelicalism.

The Evangelicals had had their day and had not known how to use it. Almost all benefices and positions of authority that the State could give had been shovelled out to them, as a banker shovels out gold. They had laboured as individuals to advance personal religion, without any concerted plan of action. They met and shouted in Exeter Hall, they denounced High doctrine and practice in shrill cries from their pulpits. The bishops of this faction started up like the leather-topped hammers of a piano, twanged a string, dropped out of sight, and the note they had sounded died away without an echo.

And now came the third phase.

In Yorkshire and in the East of London, and in places that appeared most unpromising, the High Church clergy cast themselves amidst a teeming artisan population, among mill-hands, colliers, dock labourers. Since then this field has been specially their own. Wherever there were men and women earning their bread with the sweat of their brow, there zealous, enthusiastic Church men and women are to be found.

The movement has not by any means captured the class, any more than as a whole it has mastered the middle class, but it has effected a breach in the walls of ignorance and prejudice, and every year shows progress. As to the upper class—the nobility, the gentry, the plutocrats—they are pretty well left to stew in their own fat, to ride their polo ponies, play bridge, race over the country on Sundays in their motors, and eat and drink of the best. It is with the shopkeeper and the operative that the Church will do most.

Mr. Robert Lowe, when the franchise was extended, said: "Now we must teach our masters." The future of England—of the Empire—is in the hands of the working man: he has a vote as well as the squire, the factory hand as well as his employer. The future of the English branch of the Catholic Church depends now, and will depend to an increasing degree, on the horny and begrimed hands of ploughmen and artisans, and into these the Church must commit her cause, will she nill she. It is the working man who will be called on to decide whether she is to be cast forth naked, despoiled, disinherited;

whether she is to be accorded full liberty to control her own actions, direct her own course; or whether she is to be further crippled and manacled. There must be no blinking of facts. The power to decide her future resides in these scarred but stout and iron hands, and the work set before the Church is to Christianize, to cleanse, to direct aright the masters of the future.

On Saturday afternoon, June 21, 1913, was held in London a demonstration, by nearly a thousand parishes of the metropolis and its suburbs, against the Disendowment, Disestablishment, and Disruption of the Welsh Church. There were sixteen processions from divers quarters of London converging on Hyde Park. I was down on the Embankment to see the gathering and march-past of the contingent from the East of London, of poor clerks, dock labourers, seamstresses, artisans, and factory hands. Each parish was preceded by its banner, and each was provided with scrolls inscribed with significant sentences, as "S. George stands by S. David," "Fight for the Faith," "For God and the Church." Those forming the procession walked some four, some eight abreast, and took an hour in passing. As they moved on they sang "The Church's one foundation," "O God, our help in ages past," "Onward, Christian soldiers," etc. There was no mistaking the fact that these demonstrators belonged to the labouring class, that they were in thorough earnest. It was variously computed that in Hyde Park they numbered from 120,000 to 150,000.

What this great gathering of the clans revealed to me, and to many others, was the great progress the Church had made in the affections of the people. Could such a demonstration have been attempted fifty years ago? I trow not.

Nor was this all: similar processions for the same purpose had been organized all over England; at Leeds from 8,000 to 10,000 men, and men only, walked in the procession; at Plymouth there was at the smallest computation 30,000; in Nottingham they numbered 11,000; there were at Swansea 20,850 in procession. One thing shown by this demonstration was the fact that the Church of England was a living force, and that it had taken deep and enduring root in the hearts of tens of thousands everywhere, and *especially* in those of the working class, men and women.

René Bazin, in his touching story *Le Blé qui lève*, has shown how that in France, notwithstanding the repeated mowing down

of the Church, religion being trampled under foot, buried and smothered under layers of Materialism and Socialism, the blade of Faith is beginning to show above the surface. This is true as well of England. Gilbert Cloquet, in Bazin's story, after long godless years of friendlessness, desertion, disappointment, at the age of fifty recovers his faith. Kneeling up in his bed he tries to pray, but has forgotten the words of prayer. Only he recalls how once, as a little lad, when his mother had sent him to church, and he had returned late, he said: "Mother, I have been long absent, but I have come back at last!" And Gilbert, stretching out his arms, now cried the same words.

Out of the well-to-do and leisured class, the blade of living faith springs but sparsely; but in the low and rugged plain of labour, there the green points show on every side.

From the coalmine and the factory, from the shop-counter and the clerk's desk, from behind the sowing machine and from the plough, from the barracks and the trawler and the iron-plated battleship, goes up the cry to-day, "Mother, we have been long absent, but we have come back at last!"

The Societies which had so great a share in the work of the Revival, such as the English Church Union and the Guild of S. Alban, were founded by laymen and managed by them.

The Revival was sporadic, starting here and there, without any indication of concerted action, yet everywhere animated by the same spirit, and aiming in the same direction. It was like the bursting forth of a thousand springs from every side, but all flowing together into one bed. The only Church paper, and that one of which Newman was a founder and shareholder, was the *Record*, and that became the organ of the Low Church party. The *Guardian* and the *Church Times* were results of the Revival, and not contributing causes. Before they appeared, Church Literature consisted of pamphlets that circulated only among the clergy and the leisured classes.

The breath of life had passed over the land, and the thrill of a resurrection was felt everywhere.

There is a striking tale by Mr. A. E. W. Mason, entitled *The Broken Road*. It tells how an Indian official was set to construct an important highway, how he spent his life upon it; how, when he died, his nephew took up and continued the task; how, after landslides and storms carrying the road away, hostility shown by natives, indifference displayed by Government, he fell a victim to assassination; how next the son, as to a solemn

duty, devoted himself to repair and continue the road, according to the original design. This, I take it, is the story of the Church, especially in England. There have been disastrous cataclysms, there has been bad material used; torrents have swept over the highway, avalanches have buried the track in detritus; there have been riots provoked by it, and Government has interfered to stop the work; but happily the milestones have never been displaced. So soon as the period of devastation or of hindrance has been overpassed, the work of restoration was begun. From the very first start, men have laboured, at one time strenuously, at another slackly, upon God's Royal Road. At the present date, I am confident, from the priest holding the chalice to the crossing-sweeper with his broom, there exists in the hearts of thousands in every class, and in all parts, fervent zeal to toil at the Highway of the Lord, that leads from the mountain in Galilee, where the Risen Saviour commissioned His Apostles, to the hill of Zion and the palace of the Great King, paved and hedged in with the Catholic Faith, Apostolic Order, and the divinely appointed Sacraments. One particular class of clerics may stand aside, shrugging their shoulders, and pursing up their lips, jingling in their pockets the sovereigns received from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Impediments may and will arise; but the work will go on. As Sybil Lindforth says in the book from which I take my illustration: "The Power of the Road is beyond the Power of Governments," aye, and of the whole world. Not among the road-menders will be found those just alluded to. But lo! before the arduous and earnest workers gleams a glorious Presence, leading, encouraging, strengthening, and promising achievement.

Let us give a hasty glance at the increase of our Colonial and other foreign bishoprics.

Immediately on the termination of the War of Independence, the members of the Church in the United States of America realized that it was a condition of life or death to the Church to have a bishop or bishops of their own. The clergy of Connecticut elected Samuel Seabury, and he sailed for England in 1783. Dr. Moore, then Archbishop of Canterbury, hesitated about consecrating him, and he applied to the Scottish bishops. On November 14, 1781, he was consecrated Bishop of Connecticut by three of them in Aberdeen.

In 1785 a convention of Church clergy and laymen met at Philadelphia and desired the Archbishop of Canterbury to con-

secrate for the Church in the United States two clergy whom they sent over. This request was complied with on February 4, 1787, and they were consecrated to the Sees of Pennsylvania and New York, by the two Archbishops, and the Bishops of Bath and Wells and Peterborough. On August 12, 1787, Dr. Charles Inglis was consecrated Bishop of Nova Scotia, the first English Colonial bishop. In 1793 the See of Quebec was founded, and in 1839 that of Newfoundland. In 1814 the first English bishop was sent to Calcutta, and in 1824 two bishoprics—those of Jamaica and Barbados—were founded in the West Indies. And now in the Colonies and foreign parts we have 118 bishops, the United States has 95.

At home there were great difficulties encountered in the forming of fresh dioceses out of those that were old. The multiplication of duties, along with the rapid increase of the population, constituted an overwhelming burden to the English bishops, not felt when they but little understood what the work of a bishop should be, but realized more and more as time went on. Two only had been formed since the period of the Reformation, and this increase had been reduced by the union of Gloucester and Bristol. At the time of the passing of the Manchester Bishopric Bill in 1847, it was proposed to found three new sees, but this had fallen through. The Cathedral Commission in its report of 1855 had recommended the establishment of ten new sees, but this had been equally disregarded. In 1870, however, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, bethought him of an Act passed in the reign of Henry VIII, authorizing the appointment of suffragan bishops, but the Act had fallen into abeyance. Proceeding upon this, he obtained the appointment of a bishop to Nottingham, the see being afterwards transferred to Southwell. Suffragans now number thirty-four.

But the appointment of suffragan bishops did not altogether meet the existing want, and a special Act of Parliament was passed to constitute S. Alban's a see. Truro was also founded out of the huge diocese of Exeter. Then came Liverpool, Newcastle, Southwell, and Wakefield. There are now thirty-
40 seven dioceses in England and Wales, and more would be created but for the obstruction of the Dissenting and Orange members of the House of Commons, who oppose every attempt made to improve the condition of the Church and perfect her organization.

In 1717 Convocation was prorogued by the Government of the day in order to prevent its passing a formal condemnation

of Hoadly, Bishop of Bangor, for heresy in his sermon *On the Kingdom of Christ.* The Lower House had passed a declaration to this effect, which was presented to the Upper House on May 10, 1717, whereupon Convocation was summarily prorogued against its will by the exercise of the Royal Supremacy. For all practical purposes it was silenced for one hundred and thirty-five years. But the prorogation was on all occasions the act of a subservient Archbishop and Primate, and, as it appeared eventually, he had no power to act in this matter without the consent of his suffragans.

After the Gorham Judgment it was felt by all Churchmen save the Evangelicals and Latitudinarians that the Church must be allowed to voice her own opinions. Several bishops were opposed to its revival; Lord Shaftesbury, at Fishmongers' Hall, used violent language against it, protesting that it would be sure to encourage Confession.

Eminent lawyers were consulted, and the opinion given was that Convocation had a right to discuss ecclesiastical matters; and it was generally resolved by the clergy that the next Convocation, in November 1852, should act. The *Times* and other papers either denounced the assembly or sneered at it. In the summer of that year came the election of proctors, concurrently with the elections for the new Parliament.

"The Synod of the province of Canterbury met in full force at S. Paul's Cathedral on the day appointed, November 5, 1852. The cathedral was in a state of the greatest confusion, through the preparations for the Duke of Wellington's funeral, but the first glance at the assembled party, when standing under the dome, was enough to show that Convocation had mustered in large force. Deans, archdeacons, and proctors glided about full of mutual recognition and inquiries; and this whole group, set off by the picturesque effect of full canonical costume, presented a curious and suggestive scene. We saw a highly educated and ecclesiastical-looking collection of men. They looked like what they were, and the sight gave strength and reality to our convictions that Convocation had met for business. From the dome a movement was made towards the morning chapel at the north-west corner of the Cathedral. Here the Bishops assembled in their red chimeres, and were shortly summoned to the west door to receive the Archbishop of Canterbury. The procession which forthwith commenced towards the choir of the cathedral was a wonderful phenomenon. Here was the

Church of England by representation, in its most stately costume. There followed in the rear, as the climax of honour, the Archbishop himself, with his long scarlet train borne by an attendant. All marked to a thoughtful eye the ecclesiastical majesty of Lambeth, which enjoys a longer pedigree and a more uninterrupted history than any temporal throne or dynasty in Europe." [1] After the Latin Service and the election of a prolocutor by the Lower House, the Convocation was prorogued to November 12, in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster.

In the northern province the opposition of Archbishop Musgrave prevented the assembly of the Northern Synod from following the example of that in the south during his life, but obstructives do not live for ever, and the Northern Convocation met under his successor in 1861. Since then, both Convocations have continued to meet, and have done good work, passing canons under royal licence; and in 1885 both Houses of Convocation agreed to a scheme for the constitution of a House of Laymen, to be appointed by the lay members of the diocesan conferences and by the archbishop, to act as a consultative adjunct to Convocation on all subjects except the definition and interpretation of doctrine.

"The revival of the active life of Convocation is distinctly due to Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. It was extorted from an unwilling primate (Sumner), an amiable prelate whose sympathies were not with Church action, and who had not emancipated himself from the fear of the high and low factions, such as those which squabbled through the reign of Queen Anne. His apprehensions were shared by many. Most of the public prints were divided in their comments between expressions of the most utter contempt and prophecies of the most terrible mischief from the mass of contentious bigots. These prophecies have been utterly falsified." [2]

The Church had found her voice once more. But Convocation is composed of too many dignitaries, and the parochial clergy are not sufficiently represented. Difficulties have stood in the way of reform, and impatience has been felt at the lack of united assemblies in which pressing difficulties might be considered, and men differing in opinion might meet and ventilate their views. In 1861 the Cambridge Church Defence Association invited about three hundred delegates from similar associa-

[1] *Convocation of November* 1852, p. 158.

[2] Perry (G. G.), *A History of the English Church* (1887), iii. 308.

tions to assemble at Cambridge and take counsel together over the difficulties of the day. The Second Church Congress met at Oxford in the ensuing year, and since then it has become an annual institution. Any member of the Church, cleric or layman, may attend, and is invited to speak. It passes no resolutions, but merely discusses. It has proved of conspicuous value in removing asperities, and in getting men of divergent views to appreciate the goodness there is in those with whom they do not agree, and to make allowance for them.

Of far greater importance, and a more conspicuous sign of progress, has been the summoning of Pan-Anglican Conferences. In 1865 the Provincial Synod of Canada entreated Archbishop Longley of Canterbury to summon a General Council of the Anglican Communion to counteract the disturbing cases of Bishop Colenso and the *Essays and Reviews*. The Convocation of Canterbury approved of the proposal, and Archbishop Longley, after some hesitation, issued an invitation to all bishops of the Anglican Communion to meet in 1867. A large proportion of the American and Colonial bishops were most anxious to give formal approbation to the excommunication launched at Bishop Colenso by his metropolitan, the Bishop of Cape Town. But some English prelates—notably Thirlwall of S. David's—dreaded nothing so much as a sort of synodal confirmation of the condemnation. It was purposed to meet for a Common Communion at Westminster in the Abbey, but Stanley, the Dean, had the bad taste—to use the least offensive term—to refuse admission to them, and the Bishops, to the number of seventy-six, met for intercommunion at Lambeth. The slight put on the American and Colonial bishops by Stanley was deeply resented. In December the Conference issued an *Address to the Faithful*, characteristically vague, but the Bishop of Cape Town carried a resolution which was condemnatory of Dr. Colenso, and declared the deposition right, by 40 to 3. The three who through thick and thin had backed up Colenso were Tait of London, Thirlwall of S. David's, and Sumner of Winchester.

But the most important result of the Conference was that, by uniting the bishops of the United States of America, the Colonial bishops, and the Scotch as well, on equal terms with the English as members of a world-wide Communion, it supplied a refutation of the favourite theory of the Latitudinarians that the Church of England was a State establishment, and nothing more.

A second Conference was convened, much against the liking of Archbishop Tait, in 1878, and was attended by bishops from all parts of the world, to the number of 100. The Pan-Anglican Conference of 1888 saw 145 bishops gathered together.

Another was held in 1897, which coincided with the thirteen-hundredth anniversary of the landing of S. Augustine, and a pilgrimage was made to the spot and a commemorative cross was erected. To this conference 197 bishops came. That of 1908 was attended by 242 bishops, and preceded a Pan-Anglican Congress attended by 7,000 clerical and lay delegates from all countries under the sun.

There are other indications of progress that might be noted. The first Sisterhood was that of Miss Sellon at Plymouth, in 1841; then, in or about 1851, Mrs. Tennant, a widow, and a Spaniard by race, began rescue work for fallen women at Clewer. At her death a Sisterhood was established to carry on the good work. About 1855 the East Grinstead Sisterhood was formed for the nursing of sick people in their homes, and the education of orphan girls. Another Sisterhood was that of Wantage, founded in 1848; that of S. Thomas's, Oxford, was started a year earlier. They became very numerous, and have their branches all over England, India, and the Colonies. At the time of the Dissolution there were but 745 Sisters in England; at the present date there are over 1,300.

There are now in London alone nine Sisterhoods, and each has its branch establishments. There are also eighteen other Sisterhoods in England and Wales. This does not include sixty-eight Orphanages for girls, mostly under the care of Sisters.

The growth of Religious Orders among men has been slower. One following the Benedictine rule was attempted by "Brother Ignatius," the Rev. J. Leycester Lyne, in 1863; but he was impulsive, self-willed, and lacking in judgment. I met him several times, and he did not at all attract me to him and inspire confidence: with a beautiful face, with a magnificent voice and flowing oratory, he had no gift as an organizer, and he committed extraordinary acts of folly. His abbey at Llanthony came to naught. The most famous of all Brotherhoods is that of the Cowley Fathers, founded by the Rev. R. M. Benson in 1865, which has supplied a Bishop to America. Beside the mother house of Cowley it has branch houses in London, at Bombay and Poona in India, at Cape Town in South Africa, in Kaffraria, and at Boston in the United States

The Community of the Resurrection is one of celibate clergy living under a Rule with a common purse. It originated in 1890, its mother house is at Mirfield in Yorkshire, and it has a branch at Johannesburg. Its great work is the training of candidates for Holy Orders.

The Society of the Sacred Mission at Kelham, Newark-on-Trent, also trains for Holy Orders; it has branches in South Africa, Central Africa, and in Korea.

I can but briefly mention the Guilds. The first to be founded was that of S. Alban in 1851. It is an association of laymen who profess themselves ready, by the grace and under the providence of God, as loyal members of the Church of England, to do all that they can in answer to the call of the Divine Master. The objects are: to assist in spreading a knowledge of the Catholic Faith and the doctrines of the Church, also to support the Church's independence in spiritual matters. Beside Parochial Guilds, which are very numerous, there are some twenty-six others whose headquarters are either in London or in the several dioceses in which their work is specialized. "The growth of the Religious Orders in the English Church in the period 1845–1900 is almost without parallel in Christian history."[1] The Bishops, Archbishops, and Convocation have all approved and welcomed these institutions.

Fourteen years ago, in 1898, was founded the Church of England Men's Society; it consists of men in every department of life, but mainly artisans. In 1908 it numbered 60,000 members, in 1912 it reached 126,625. There are in England and Wales 3,730 branches. It is already a power, and is destined to become a very much greater power.

What is its work? In every direction it is extending, and it embraces men in earnest for God and the Catholic Church. The two fundamental pledges of this Men's Society are prayer and personal service. Under the first heading is grouped all that is intended to help the spiritual life of the members, and to bring them in contact with the Life of the Lord Jesus Christ. Many of the branches arrange that their members shall meet from time to time at Holy Communion, and especially in the season of Ascensiontide; all over the world branches of the Men's Society are asked to join in the great Sacrament of Loyalty and Brotherhood, and to lay their common petitions before Almighty God, for the progress of the movement to which they belong. On

[1] *Dictionary of the English Church* (1913).

the side of personal service, new ways of "doing something to help forward the work of the Church" are continually presenting themselves. I may instance two or three. At Barnstaple a branch of the Men's Society is attached to the principal parish church. That church had become dingy and dirty. The C.E.M.S. set to work, erected scaffolding, cleaned, washed, scraped, renovated the interior; and all the work was done voluntarily, at hours when the members were off their regular work. At S. Stephen's, near Launceston, a parish club-room was needed. The C.E.M.S. set to work and built one. Except for the material, it cost not a penny. If it be rumoured that the Kensit preachers are coming to create a disturbance, the Men's Society members are ready for them. They look after one another in the Colonies and at home, and are of vast service to the clergy in smoothing difficulties in parish and mission work. It has its members in the ranks of the Army, in the Navy, in shops, in mines, in factories, and aboard fishing smacks, abroad as well as at home. There are as many as 351 branches in Australia, and in New Zealand 134. In the Army are 86 branches, and the Seaman's Guild numbers 71 branches. A member of the C.E.M.S. endeavours to be a "handy man" for all sorts of Church work. I quote from the *Men's Magazine* of October 1912: "Even summer reports show that our members are responding nobly to the ideal, and in addition to the various definitely religious work, such as Sunday school teaching (one secretary writes: 'All our members are connected with our Sunday school'), members are ready to do anything and everything that needs to be done. One branch is providing the labour for building a new mission hall; others are beautifying and fencing off the churchyard, painting the railings, or assisting to raise funds at bazaars, either for clearing off debts or extension of work. One is trying to get a note of promise. Another says: 'We had a small stall, and realized nearly thirty pounds;' or yet again: 'We find it practically impossible to get a *full* branch meeting, as the members, one or other, are doing Church work every night in the week.'"

A few words must be said about the English Church Union. There had existed Unions of Churchmen in Bristol, Exeter, Chester, Manchester, Leeds, Coventry, Gloucester, Norwich, Yorkshire, and a South Church Union. These had all done active work for the maintenance of the Faith and had striven to press on the restoration of action to Convocation. But they had no

outward link binding them together, till the outbreak of the S. George's-in-the-East riots in 1859, when it was felt to be advisable to unite all these local associations in one Union. Accordingly on February 8, 1859, a Conference of sixteen earnest Churchmen met under the chairmanship of Sir Stephen Glynne, and this assembled again on May 15 and founded the Church of England Protection Society. All the dispersed Church Unions were invited to join, and to this all agreed, and in 1860 the Society changed its name to the "English Church Union."

The objects it sets before it are:

To defend and maintain unimpaired the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England.

To afford counsel, protection, and assistance to all persons, lay or clerical, suffering under unjust aggression or hindrance in spiritual matters.

In general, so to promote the interests of religion as to be, by God's help, a lasting witness for the advancement of the glory and the good of the Church.

Membership is strictly confined to communicants of the English Church.

At present—in 1913—it numbers 40,000 laymen, 26 bishops, and 4,000 clergy.

The number of churches built or rebuilt during the first seven years of the nineteenth century were twenty-four. In 1875 a return was made to Parliament as to the amount of money that had been spent on church-building or church-restoration, and it was found that the sum expended amounted between 1840 and 1874 to £25,548,703. In 1884 the amount spent in one year on the building and restoring of churches, the building of parsonage-houses, and enlargement of churchyards, amounted to £1,455,839, or, in round numbers, about a million and a half. Between 1884 and 1910 it reached the prodigious sum of £38,219,374. In the year 1910 it amounted to £1,436,776. In 1913 in S. Paul's Cathedral the jubilee of the Bishop of London's Fund for church-building in his diocese was observed by a solemn service. In the fifty years as many as 240 churches have been built in London, with districts appointed for them, and endowments provided. It may well be questioned whether in two thousand years of Church history anything quite so remarkable has taken place.

In Germany, for the building of a church the town finds the money, or the major part of it, and in France till of late years

the State contributed to the building or restoration. But in England the State does not give a penny. All the sums come from freewill offerings, either made personally or through one of the church-building societies. This certainly does not look as though the Anglican Communion were *in extremis*.

But if there has been progress, and unmistakeable progress, there has been a cooling down of enthusiasm, and a sad invasion of worldliness into the Church and among the clergy. The early Evangelicals glowed with a holy and fervent zeal that warmed and stimulated such as were brought into contact with them. But after a while the heat passed away and was succeeded by an affectation of what had been real, and became formal, much as a bar of iron dipped in vermilion may look like one at red heat. It was something the same with the Tractarians. Those of us who are old can recall the enthusiasm with which the first apostles of the movement proclaimed forgotten truths, and their sanguine hopes of bringing the English Communion back to the glories of her Catholic past. They preached a new crusade, like Peter the Hermit and S. Bernard, and expected that their burning words would thrill all hearts, and that all English mouths would acclaim "Dieu le volt." But they discovered that the regeneration of the English Church was not to be effected suddenly. The English mind is slow to accept new ideas, and slow to shake off old prejudices. In their impatience some threw up the sponge and abandoned the English Communion. Many another plodded on through discouragement, "ægro in corde senescit," saying with the poet:

> Nos hoc agimus tenuique in pulvere sulcos
> Ducimus et litus sterili versamur aratro.

Others, again, sank into indifference, and abandoned the struggle. Any white-haired man who knew the first Tractarians and was carried forward by the rush of their confidence, must have noticed that at the present day there is little enthusiasm remaining among the upper classes. Fifty years ago young men and young women of the gentle class caught the fire and burned with zeal. I do not see many such now. In a Russian church on Easter Eve, at the boom of midnight, the new fire is struck, the flame runs from candle to candle of the vast congregation, till the whole interior of the building blazes with a thousand lights. The people disperse, some blow out their candles, some of the flames are extinguished by the wind

or falling snow, a few—only a few—carry it home to their hearths.

The enthusiasm that filled the first Tractarians has been replaced by a less fiery spirit. Immediate results are no longer expected; the successors of the old Tractarians are content now to endure discouragement and leave results in higher Hands. The novelty of the movement brought with it perhaps extravagant enthusiasm, and some objectionable exaggerations in doctrine and in practice. Sydney Smith had pointed out to him one day a man with exaggeratedly wide trousers below the knee. "Is that a sailor?" he asked. "No, he is a Highlander, lately bare-legged." "Ah," said the humorist, "converts are always enthusiasts."

There has been, to my mind, a sad deterioration in the character of the clergy.

In early days there was a reaction against fox-hunting and amusements of that kind; both the Evangelicals and the High Churchmen were opposed to the sinking of the clerical character into that of the mere sportsman.

The *laudatores temporis acti* said, in defence of these hunting and dancing parsons, that it brought the Church, innocently enough, into touch with manly men—the farmer and the squire and the yeoman.

Evangelicals and High Churchmen set their faces against the clergy making themselves "cheap" in that way. Then ensued a calm time, when a good deal of genuine spiritual work was done, and the Church and the Power of the Keys seemed upon the point of prevailing. But about thirty years ago came another reaction. It was supposed that the clergy were becoming too spiritual, and were withdrawing too much into their shells; and it was desirable that they should get into closer touch with men and women, their business and their pleasures. So the long coats were abandoned, and short-cut jackets adopted. Moustaches were worn, mostly by the feeblest of curates. Many priests acted as accountants, impresarios, sang comic songs on a stage, became ardent tennis-players, golfers, hockeyers, etc., always with the same plea that they were bringing the Church into touch with the people. It was bringing it under their feet. Look at the result! The clergy of the Church of England, take them as a whole, are less in touch with the people than was the case fifty to eighty years ago. The laity laugh at the idea that this course brings the Church closer to them: it

degrades the parson; and never were the clergy of this type looked on by the well-to-do with such contempt as at the present day.

Twenty years ago the clergy would not dance, nor go to anything in the shape of the modern music-hall. That is not the position now. They have gone to the other extreme; they smoke with the laity, they drink with them, and, for fear of being thought too starchy, they indulge to excess in athletic and field sports and other less innocent amusement. It provokes no little surprise (to use a mild word), on visiting the houses or lodgings of the clergy who are most anxious about getting into touch with men and boys, to see so many "unexpurgated" editions on their shelves and tables, to show, presumably, how very human they are. What have we to show for this humanizing of the priesthood? Empty churches and neglected Sacraments. These men have made themselves cheap. "Ye are the salt of the earth," said Christ to His apostles, "but if the salt hath lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and to be trodden under the foot of men"—and trodden under the foot of men these moustached, bridge-playing, comic-song-singing, capering parsons are. Was there ever any saltness in them? Never any saline particle in these curtailed clerics, and they have borne a false label—*Salt*—whereas they were only washing soda.

Thank God there are still devoted and earnest men in the ministry of the Church, and these will save her. And among the laity of the middle and lower classes there is growing an eager devotion to the Church, wherever the clergy are doing their duty.

It is where there are men living and expending themselves for God and human souls that the Church makes way—and that marvellously. The other day I was in a large church in the extreme east of London. It was crowded on Sunday, both morning and evening. And—as the Vicar said to me—there was not a rich family in the place, not a housewife who did not scrub her doorstep every morning.

That there is a steady influx of Dissenters into the Church, and that such is growing in volume, is a fact that can hardly be doubted. It is this, in Wales, that has roused such political animosity. But it is the same also in the United States of America, where the Church started under manifold disadvan-

tages. Far surpassed in numbers and wealth by various sects which occupied the ground before the Church received any bishops, it has steadily gained in the respect of the people, and in the number of its adherents. It does more: it attracts to its ministry, year by year, the very flower of the sectarian pastorate. As far back as 1883 this was noticed, and Professor Hopkins, of the Presbyterian Seminary at Auburn (N.Y.), wrote: "A very large number of the children of Presbyterian families, and many of the cultivated and tasteful of our number, have sought a more cheerful, more varied, more sympathetic service in another Communion. There is not a Presbyterian pastor in the land but can testify to such losses. The Anglican Church has been largely recruited from our ranks. There are many thousands in that Church at present who have been drawn away merely by the superior attractions of its *cultus*. Certainly they have not been enticed by the greater impressiveness or eloquence of the pulpit. . . . The tracks are all one way. Look through any circle of your acquaintanceship and count up the Presbyterian families in which one, two, or more lambs have strayed into the Bishop's fold . . . It is very largely due to this fact, that, of all sects in the United States, the Anglican is growing the most rapidly at the present time. It is forming new congregations and organizing new dioceses with extraordinary rapidity. On the other hand, the Presbyterian Church is almost stationary. It requires a close calculation to show that she is even holding her own." [1] This was written in 1883—and now, in 1913, it is truer still. The Church, like a rolling snowball, gathers substance and size with each succeeding year.

It was wont to be said that well-to-do Dissenters' children joined the Church for social reasons. This hardly is the case now, when knighthoods, baronetcies, and coronets have been showered on Nonconformists by the Radical Government. As far as my experience goes, and with mine coincides that of most clergy with whom I have spoken on the subject, it is the earnest and devout among the sectarians who come over to the Church: their souls crave for worship, and they get only preaching in their chapels; they desire building up in the Faith, and they get only noisy sensationalism in the meeting-house, or venomous political diatribes. That such a phenomenon should manifest itself equally on both sides of the Atlantic, under very different conditions, and in both be due to the rise of High Churchman-

[1] Quoted in *Church Quarterly Review*, No. 32, 1883.

ship, a lifting of the dignity of worship and a strengthening of dogmatic teaching, is significant.

On the other hand, the disestablished Church of Ireland has consistently upheld the Protestant, as opposed to the Catholic interpretation of the formularies, and has toned down its worship to the lowest note of its diapason. Consequently, every cleric who has any Church instincts flees from Ireland, and comes to England to take a curacy and obtain a living where are to be found those things which the Irish Church has repudiated. There was, and exists still, an exodus of the ultra-Evangelical clergy to England for the livings to be had from the Protestant Societies, but there is also this other migration for conscience' sake, because the Catholic-minded man cannot get that in the Irish disestablished Church which he needs, where the worship is rendered in so bald a fashion as to be repugnant to the feelings; why, the very internal appearance of one of the churches strikes a chill to the heart, where the cross of Christ has actually been ejected from them, and only tolerated outside on the apex of a gable. Consequently the Irish Church is suffering like a man bled in both arms.

The teaching of experience is that a body such as is the Anglican Church lives and flourishes by virtue of her Catholicity, by absorbing what agrees with her constitution, by rejecting all that is strange and new-fangled in doctrine. When she pursues her course along the road traced out for her by Christ, His Apostles, and the Ancient Fathers, then she advances from strength to strength; but should she lend an ear to strange counsellors, she loses ground. When a man is half-drowned, and his lungs are full of water, he is flung across a barrel, and the liquid allowed to drain out of him, and then he is pommelled in the chest to expel the last drop, and to restore the play of the lungs to respire again the pure air of heaven. It has been something like this with the English Church. She had inhaled deleterious matter instead of the breath of God, and she has had to get rid of this in order to recover life. The process has been painful. It cannot be asserted that she is already wholly free, and till she is, she must lie across the cask and submit to pommelling.

Something should be said about our Church music—and here, to a large extent, there is progress only into confusion.

In the Early Victorian days there could be no real congregational music in village churches, because the bulk of the con-

gregation could not read. The old orchestra was bad, the instruments were often out of tune, and the performers delighted in playing music beyond their capacity of rendering respectably.

In 1841, at the consecration of Leeds Parish Church, came the first application of the cathedral service. Thence it spread even to small country parishes, and it was held as an axiom that the "cathedral should be the model for the diocese." Then in came surpliced choirs located in the chancel, cut off from the congregation—supposed to lead it, but actually silencing it.

I fear that we are perpetuating an evil by our choral festivals. The choirs of a rural deanery are given intricate and totally uncongregational music to practise, and then are gathered together at the cathedral or in some great parish church to show forth their skill. A bad type of Church music is fostered thereby, and a bad lesson taught—that the choir, composed of men, boys, and girls, is to sing to the congregation, instead of being, as they should be, helps to the congregation.

It was considered the correct thing to have a surpliced choir, and this even in small country parishes. The result has been deplorable. Bad as was the choir perched on high in a west gallery, worse by far is the choir in the chancel, and the organ moved into an eastern side-aisle. The organ and choir are needed to back up the congregation. The best place for the organ is at the west end, and for the choir the seats behind the congregation, though not in a gallery. Moreover, unhappily, but very naturally, choir and organist desire to show themselves off and perform musical gymnastics. They desire to sing florid cathedral music and intricate anthems and "services," all utterly and unredeemedly uncongregational. As Bishop Gore said in his primary charge at Worcester in 1904: "In most parish churches we have fallen, I know not how, under the despotism of choirs." The people come together to worship God, not to listen to elaborate music in which they cannot join. Let the richest music be given in our cathedrals, but in our parish churches let the service be entirely congregational.

In 1844, in Margaret Street Chapel, now replaced by the stately church of All Saints', the old Plain Chant was revived, after a century of disuse. The Anglican Chant grew out of it, and finally superseded the *Faux Bourdon*, which consists in the Plain Song being in the tenor, with the treble and alto superposed. No one who has heard the *Faux Bourdon* in a French church can fail to admit how splendid is the effect, when the first and

third verses, and so on, of the Magnificat or Psalms, are sung to the tone, and the alternate verses in this rich harmony.

The Anglican Chant did not invade our cathedrals till 1730 or 1740, displacing the beautiful music of the Catholic Church. Some of the old Anglicans are actually *Faux Bourdons*, but the tone is no longer sung alternately with the chant, and loses its effect. Moreover, by barring the music, the rhythmic character of the words of the psalm has been lost. Our Church music is now in a condition of anarchy, and what is needed is to standardize it on an old English basis. Till this is done, the course of our progress will not be complete. The subject is so vital that I shall recur to it in another chapter.

Take the matter of hymnals. In early days a prejudice existed among High Churchmen against their use. Even the late Canon Woodard, the founder of so many Church schools, was reluctantly brought to consent to the introduction of a hymn-book. He could not see what need there was to go beyond Tait and Brady. The Evangelicals introduced these hymnals, usually of a washy, mawkish sentimentality in some hymns, and grouped under fanciful headings, not in the order of the Church's seasons. Now *Hymns Ancient and Modern* includes the best of the Evangelical hymns, and they are very good; it is also of a definite Church tone, and is found everywhere. It was launched in 1861, and by the end of 1912 over sixty million copies had been sold.

I have left to the last one of the most important and far-reaching tokens of progress. On September 15, 1896, Leo XIII issued an unqualified condemnation of Anglican Orders, and, with singular indiscretion, gave as his reasons defect of form, in that there was no delivery to the priest of the instruments, and deficiency of intention in the consecration of bishops. The English Archbishops thereupon issued a formal and authoritative reply and declaration as to the status of the Anglican Church. It was a pronouncement *ex cathedra*, not only of the Archbishops, but of the whole Anglican episcopate.

The *Responsio Archiepiscoporum Angliæ* began with a few words of introduction. It addressed the Pope of Rome as "our venerable brother," and treated him as equally with themselves amenable to the Universal Episcopate of the Catholic Church, East and West. They were able to show that the *porrectio instrumentorum* did not exist in the ancient Roman Pontifical; they indicated the uncertainties both of practice

and of formularies: "From these documents so obviously discordant and indefinite, no one, however wise, could extract with certainty what was considered essential and necessary to Holy Orders by the Roman Pontiffs." As to intent, the Archbishops pointed out that what the Church says is the index of her mind, and they demanded that the English Ordinal should be judged by the facts of history and by the requirements of Scripture. They showed that, on the points of priesthood and Sacrifice, it comes up to the standard of the Western Ordinals. They went out of their way to state specifically the Anglican doctrine with regard to the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and they concluded with the words, "The Sacrifice of the Eternal Priest and the Sacrifice of the Church . . . in some ways certainly are one."

The whole document was bold and Catholic, resting on all that was Scriptural, Primitive, and Apostolic, and may safely be said to have established the Anglican position on an impregnable basis.

A German writer describes the Bay of Naples after the abating of the sirocco or tramontana. He says that for a mile out the water of the gulf is charged with dirty paper, rotten oranges, broken corks, scraps of torn nets. For some time this filthy wash remains, but gradually sinks or disappears till again the glad waters are limpid and blue. This is what has taken place, and is still taking place, in the Anglican Church. She has harboured, and been sullied with, a thousand abuses; there has been non-residence, pluralism, neglect of duty to the people and of observance of duty to God; there have been indifference, disbelief, tampering with Dissent, with negations, with false doctrine. Efforts were made, determined efforts, to keep the refuse together, and prevent the waters from purifying themselves; but in vain. All the alien stuff thrown into the Church must gravitate to the bottom. It has rottenness in itself. It is not and never was a part of the Church—an organic portion: it was an importation. God never designed the Church to be a religious cesspool.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BROAD CHURCH

THERE is a passage in Mr. H. G. Wells's story *Marriage* in which is described the condition of modern thought with regard to Christianity.

"The invisible selves of men were never so jumbled, so crowded and complicated and stirred about as they are at the present time. Once, I am told, they had a sort of order, were sphered in religious beliefs, crystal-clear, were arranged in a cosmogony that fitted them as hand fits glove, were separated by definite standards of right and wrong, which presented life as planned in all the essential aspects from the cradle to the grave. Things are so no longer. That sphere is broken for most of us, even if it is tied about and mended again; it is burst like a seed-case; things have fallen out and things have fallen in." This is absolutely true of members of the well-to-do and more or less cultured classes. It is true of old, middle-aged, and young, of women and men. There is no hostility entertained towards Christianity, only indifference. A vague belief in God exists, but is inert, and there is respect for Christ as one higher in quality than Buddha and Mahomet, but belonging to the same category. There is Christian morality, honour, truth, charity, and chastity, very generally hanging on after that which produced these flowers has decayed. Phædrus tells of the old woman who found an empty wine-cask. Applying her nose to the bung-hole, "Ah!" said she, "how good you must have been when full." And what remains of virtue in sceptical social and private life is the aroma of lost Christianity.

That a certain number of the clergy should have been infected with this unrest as to the basis of the Faith is not to be wondered at. "It is very plain," they say, "that Christianity can only influence the age if it looks that age full in the face, and accommodates itself to the prevalent ideas and modes of thought

of those with whom it has to deal. If the age were perfectly stationary, then there would be no need for adaptation. The exposition and defence of Christianity that served in the days of Paley and Berkeley would serve to-day. But such is not the case. So far from remaining stationary, the world is ever on the change, and in such an age as this the changes are momentous." This is what the Broad Churchmen recognize, and they endeavour to adapt the doctrines of Christianity to the notions of the day; but this they can only effect by treating them as boys do eggs, blowing out their contents, but preserving the shells as curiosities for the colour and mottling. The great doctrines of Christianity—the Incarnation, the Resurrection, and the Ascension—cannot be so treated. It is an effort to put the new wine into old bottles, to patch the old garment with new cloth. I quite allow that what the Broad Churchmen aim at is to reconcile the intellect of the present day, which is divorced from Revealed Religion. But can they effect it? Certainly not by eviscerating every Christian doctrine of its life and power. Of what good are these doctrines when robbed of their power? As little as exploded cartridges we come upon in the grass and kick aside.

One may be in possession of a beautiful old house, rich in carved oak, tapestries, and plaster ceilings, but defective in sanitary arrangements, cold and damp, and difficult to light satisfactorily. The owner naturally and reasonably desires to adapt it to the requirements of modern life. But for this purpose he would not rip up the foundations. Even if there were cracks in the walls he would do no more than consolidate them. And so with regard to the Church; we are bound to endeavour to accommodate it to the mentality of the present day, but not to touch the foundations; or, if we touch them, it must be only to run cement about them.

As Mephistopheles, "the Spirit I that evermore denies," says to Faust, so might the Spirit of Negation address one of the clerical Broad Churchmen: "Why dost thou seek our fellowship, if thou canst not go through with it?"

We must, however, distinguish between two classes of Broad Churchism. A very large number of men in the Church, in the Kirk, and in the Chapel, have been influenced by the Higher Criticism; and they see clearly that the old doctrine of verbal inspiration of the Scriptures is no more tenable. That is one thing, but the rejection of the truths enunciated in the Creed

is quite another. There is a legitimate place for the former in the ministry of the Church, but not for the latter.

We should remember the words of S. Jerome relative to the interpretation of Scripture: "It is customary in Scripture for the historian to give the common opinion as generally received in his own day;" and again, "Many things are related in the Scriptures according to the opinion of the day in which the facts occurred, and not according to what in reality took place (et non juxta quod rei veritas continebat)." According to his canon the account of the miracle of Bethoron, as usually understood, would represent the general impression left on the minds of the combatants by a long-protracted day of battle, and not be a statement of what literally occurred.[1] What perplexities of mind, what doubts and distresses would have been avoided, had the canon of S. Jerome been held to be at least permissible!

The Church has never defined how far inspiration goes in Scripture; but what she has done is to lay hold of certain historic facts relative to Our Lord, and dogmas as to the Godhead, and to insist on the acceptance of these by such as pertain to her Communion, above all by such as minister at her altars and preach in her pulpits.

And it is with reference to those who more or less openly disbelieve in these tenets, that what I have to say applies.

I venture to quote from an article on "The Sterile Party" from the *Church Times* of February 7, 1913: "Latitudinarians of the newer sort sit to-day in the high, or at least the profitable places of the Church. Not to mention the five or six bishoprics in the two Provinces which may be regarded as Latitudinarian preserves, we notice that the deaneries especially seem to be regarded as their due. A glance down the list of deans reveals the fact that no fewer than sixteen are members of the party. Canonries also without number fall to them. It can hardly be contended that all these dignitaries are distinguished persons; of some, indeed, no one had ever heard, until their merit was

[1] The difficulty about sun and moon standing still is due to mistranslation. The true rendering of the Hebrew, as has been pointed out by Keil and Delitzsch, is "The sun and moon became silent, or entered into their habitation," *i.e.* became obscured. There had been a hailstorm, and the dense vapours obscured the heavenly bodies; and as the Amorites were sun and moon worshippers, this would increase their panic. The address of Joshua and the answer should run: "Be silent (darkened), O sun, upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon! And silent (darkened) was the sun and silent (invisible) was the moon, till the people avenged them on their enemies."

discovered by acute politicians and they were set in their stalls. Nor will it be maintained that they are the men who make the best use of the cathedral churches."

Long ago Goethe had said (*Israel in der Wüste*): "All those epochs in which belief is supreme, under whatsoever form it may be, are brilliant, elevating, and fruitful for contemporaneous times and for posterity. All those, on the contrary, in which unbelief, be it under whatsoever form it will, maintains a direful supremacy—even if it should shine for a moment with a tinsel brilliancy—vanish before posterity, because no one willingly torments himself with a knowledge of the unfruitful."

At the Reformation a basis was sought whence to fight the doctrine of the Infallibility of the Church. Faith in that infallibility had broken down. The Church, under the domination of the Papacy, had harboured the grossest abuses, thrown her mantle over the most preposterous superstitions. The Reformers required another infallibility to pit against that claimed by the See of Rome, and they found what they wanted in the Bible. It was to them the Word of God, not to be disputed, doubted, or disobeyed. It did not occur to them that Scripture stood on precisely the same footing as the Church. In both there is the human and fallible element united with the divine and infallible. What they wanted was a weapon with which they might smite their foes hip and thigh, and they used it with vigour and success. But there was gross exaggeration, and every exaggeration produces a revulsion.

When those who had been taught that every word of the Bible was inspired came to find, as they thought, that the accounts of the Creation, the Flood, and the Tower of Babel were legends containing an element of truth, but were also stricken with the infirmity that touches all legendary matter, their faith dissolved like snow in summer, and in its dissolution swept away with it all their Christianity.

J. Anthony Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*, published in 1849, illustrates this theme. There is in the book a beautiful and pathetic passage that I must quote, because it expresses exactly the aspect of disbelief of the present age. He is representing an ancient ruin as speaking: "Look at me. Centuries have rolled away; the young conqueror (Christianity) is decrepit now, dying as the old (Pagan) faith died, and lingering where it lingered. The same sad sweet scene is acting over once again. I was the college of the priests, and they are gone, and I am

but a dead ruin where the dead bury their dead. The village church is outliving me for a few generations; there still ring, Sunday after Sunday, its old reverent bells, and there come still the simple peasants in their simple dresses—pastor and flock still in their own beliefs, there beneath the walls and ruins they still gather down into the dust; fathers and children sleeping there together, waiting for immortality; wives and husbands resting side by side in the fond hope that they shall wake and link again the love-chain which death has broken, so simple, so reverend, so beautiful. Yet is not that, too, all passing away, away beyond recall? The fairies dance no more around the charmed forest ring. They are gone. The creed still seems to stand, but the creed is dead in the thoughts of mankind. Its roots are cut away, down where alone it can gather strength for life, and other forms are rising there; and once again, and more and more, as day passes after day, the aged faith of aged centuries will be exiled as the old was, to the simple inhabitants of these simple places. Once, once for all, if you would save your heart from breaking, learn this lesson—once for all you must cease, in this world, to believe in the eternity of any creed and form at all. Whatever grows in time is a child of time, and is born and lives, and dies at the appointed day like ourselves. To be born in pain, and nursed in hardship, a bounding imaginative youth, a strong vigorous manhood, a decline which refuses to believe it is a decline and still asserts its strength to be what it was, a decrepit old age, a hasty impatient heir, and a death-bed made beautiful by the abiding love of some few true-hearted friends; such is the round of fate through nature, through the seasons, through the life of each of us, through the life of families, of States, of forms of government, of creeds. It was so, it is so, it ever will be so. Life is change; to cease to change is to cease to live: yet if you may shed a tear beside the death-bed of an old friend, let not your heart be silent on the dissolving of a faith."

This is beautiful writing. I know few passages more beautiful. Yet I disbelieve entirely in what it insists upon. I do not for one moment hold that Christianity is foredoomed to perish, because those well-off in the world's goods, the readers of novels and magazines, and persistent golf-players, Tango-dancers, scholars, students also, have lost their faith. What Froude and the Latitudinarians fail to understand is that the power of Christianity does not reside in a form of religion, but

in the person of Christ, Who manifests Himself and ever will manifest Himself in the human soul as a Master. What He said to Simon Peter is still true, and men know that it is true. "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but My Father, which is in heaven."

"You make a mistake," said Caleb Bateson; "you go confounding principles with persons. It isn't my love for my wife that lights the fire and cooks the dinner, and makes my little home like heaven to me—it's my wife herself. It isn't my children's faith in their daddy that fed 'em and clothed 'em when they were too little to work for themselves—it was me myself. And it isn't the religion of Christ that keeps us straight in this world and makes us ready for the next—it is Christ Himself." [1] That is just the verity hidden from the wise and prudent Broad Churchman, which is revealed to babes, even in the lowest tabernacles of the rudest Dissent.

I venture to quote from a recent sermon by the Bishop of London at the close of a mission: "I do not think I have ever had in my life such a sensation that Jesus Christ has been personally with us all the time. If it were only a human agency I should feel a certain trepidation lest, by want of preparation or care in myself, the mission might fail in its last effort; but I have no fear, because He who has done such extraordinary things for us can operate without human agency at all. We *know* that that Presence cannot be resisted. Of course the message or the effect can, but nothing can stop the strong spiritual Person working among us in the person of the Spirit."

This is the great mysterious truth to which the devout Churchman and Nonconformist can alike testify—that Christ is present and in power among His people. This it is that has inspired such enthusiastic love and devotion in all ages of the Church.

A visitor once ventured to ask Alfred Tennyson what he thought of our Saviour. They were walking in a garden. The poet was silent for a moment. Then he stopped by a beautiful flower, and pointing to it, said: "What the sun is to that flower, Jesus Christ is to my soul."

But to return to the difficulties which beset man as to the Scriptures. Criticism that has acted as a corrosive acid upon the Old Testament has also assailed the Gospels.

According to the doctrine of the Incarnation, the divine and the human are united. What is divine is infallible truth and

[1] *The Farringdons* (London, 1902), p. 114.

imperishable, what is human is subject to the frailty of humanity and is evanescent. It has been pointed out that in the Gospels there are slight discrepancies. There must be such, because written down by men. The Gospels are the *memorabilia* of the Apostles, and in S. Luke of the Virgin Mother, existing originally in scraps, afterwards pieced together, and eventually put into the form in which we have them, as the first three Gospels. There are in them, possibly, inaccuracies in arrangement of facts, and they do not always accord in minute details. This is due to variations in the reminiscences of the narrators.[1] But substantially they give us a true report, and it is with the substance we are concerned—the great foundation facts. It is the same with the Church: she has her divine inspiration, but the human element is in her very strong. Consequently, whereas substantially she is the *quod semper quod ubique quod ab omnibus* in her teaching and in her order and ministration, she is subject to faults and failings.

The Broad Churchmen of the advanced type more or less openly display their unbelief in the fundamentals of Christianity; not too openly, lest they should be taxed with dishonesty in holding benefices. The dogma of the Incarnation is held but loosely by this school. The tendency is to deny it altogether.

Hence the Sacrifice on Calvary loses in their teaching its atoning efficacy. Its moral lessons are dwelt upon, to the exclusion of issues of far deeper importance. Such teachers are unable to account for the widespread sense of sin and need for forgiveness felt by mankind. They cannot understand the former nor satisfy the latter. To them sin has no real existence; it is a sentiment, a spiritual headache, which the healthy breeze of common sense will dissipate. In the language of modern philosophy, of which they are the expositors, "The higher man of the day is not worrying himself about his sins at all." The

[1] Eusebius quotes from S. Clement of Alexandria: "Peter having publicly preached the Word at Rome, and having spoken the Gospel by the Spirit, many present exhorted Mark to write the things which had been spoken, since he had long accompanied Peter, and remembered what he had said; and that when he had composed the Gospel, he delivered it to them who had asked it of him. Which, when Peter knew, he neither forbad nor encouraged it." (*H.E.* vi. 14.) Now if this be a true tradition, it shows that in the Apostle's eyes—though the details of our Lord's life, the miracles and the parables, might be of extraordinary interest to Christians, the knowledge of them was by no means essential. That which was essential was the recognition of the fundamental verities—the Incarnation, the Atoning Death, the Resurrection, and the Ascension, and the moral and eschatological teaching of Christ.

Atonement is with these men no remedy for the Fall, because the Fall itself is nothing but a fable. The doctrine of original sin is "simply comic." Actual sin, so long as it does not conflict with the social standard of morality, is non-existent, or, at the utmost, is a temporary survival of a former and lower stage of culture. Of guilt attaching to the individual there is none—it is the fault of his surroundings, or due to a hereditary taint.

Such teaching is not only opposed to the doctrine of the Atonement, but it robs the individual of conscience. It makes repentance, which is the first step towards higher and better things, needless, and renders futile all efforts of amendment, since it removes that which alone can make those efforts successful.

The Incarnation is the basis of the Christian Faith. I am well aware that the notion of the virginal birth presents difficulties that must be respected.

In most heathen religions there was a belief in a virginal conception, apart from the ordinary process of nature. There is to the imagination of man something so transcendental, so exquisitely beautiful and clean, in the thought of a pure maiden, and again, something so lovely, so tender and touching in that of the mother with her babe, that there has been an instinctive tendency to combine the two ideas. We find it in the *Popol Vuh*, the sacred book of the Quiches, in the *Kalwiopog* of the Esths, in classic mythology in the stories of the birth of Vulcan from Juno, in those of Cœculus, Erigone, and Hebe.[1] The sun before it rises has foregleams, and flushes the clouds.

But either we must accept the possibility of miracle or not. If not, then the creeds must be revised out of existence, and the whole fabric of historical Christianity falls to the ground. If we do accept the possibility, then there is no greater difficulty about the foundation-miracle of Christianity than about any other. It is simply a matter of the unbroken tradition of the Church corroborated by the evidence of Holy Scripture. In most heathen religions, as said above, there have been a yearning and an aspiration after a virginal birth. But how different are these cases from the Gospel narrative of the birth of Jesus, with the whole superstructure of the Catholic Church built on "Jesus and the Resurrection."

With regard to the Atonement, we suffer from the exaggerations of the doctrine by the Evangelicals who represented a

[1] See, for examples from all parts of the world, from nearly all religions—Sepp, *Das Heidenthum* (Regensburg, 1853), iii. 55, 59.

wrathful God whose anger must be assuaged by sacrifice, and those who doubt it may say with Augustine: "I barked not against Thy truth, but against fictions of carnal men, which I mistook for Thy truth."

When there is a sense of sin, there is a craving for its expiation. With a denial of the existence of sin comes disbelief in the Atonement.

The advanced Broad Churchman of the present day has but a hesitating belief, if he has any at all, in the Incarnation. The Virginal Birth is dubious. Moreover, the Crucifixion is to him an historical fact, nothing further. If in Orders, what message has he to take to his parishioners? He is a messenger without a message, a post-office employé flourishing an orange envelope with no telegram inside. He holds the Christian verities with as tremulous and uncertain a hand as does a partially paralysed man when attempting to put a cup to his lips. And he is spiritually paralysed, for he has lost his Faith.

Of what do the sermons of these men consist? They are lectures on Browning or the housing of the poor and other social subjects, on anything but doctrine, and they are cautiously evasive on Evangelical truths, so that it is not easy to catch their preachers and put salt on their tails. But look at such men as the late Father Stanton, who for fifty years, as a humble curate, could draw weekly crowds of men; look at the present Bishop of London, who can fill a cathedral with attentive listeners, by preaching, not with enticing words, or words of man's wisdom, but the simple Gospel.

When I was a little boy of eight years old, I told my father a lie. I was miserable. I crept into the room where he sat in his arm-chair. I jumped on his knees, put my arms round his neck, sobbed on his breast, and confessed my sin. He embraced and forgave me. So we say to our penitents: Go to the Eternal Father, confess to Him, and trust that the everlasting arms will enfold you, and forgiveness will be freely given. Can the Broad Churchman do this? I doubt it. I doubt it because it is no work of his to rouse souls to the consciousness of sin and need for repentance. I do not think it, for his moral sense must be blunted when he recites the "I believe" without believing—and for what? The quarterage from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the price of equivocation.

Beyond the limits of the English Provinces the party is negligible. It had its Bishop Colonso, and a backing up by the

State in South Africa, and it died of inanition. It has contributed nothing towards the spiritual life of the Church, because it is lacking in spirituality. Questions connected with the higher criticism or abstract theological arguments are out of place in teaching intended for the multitude. This they feel, and so their pulpit utterances are confined to social questions or to mere morality. But this is a state of things fraught with danger to religion.

Broad Churchism appeals mainly to college tutors and schoolmasters—men who have but little knowledge of human nature, its wants and aspirations. It has, as well, its adherents among the social reformers who limit their activities to the improvement of the conditions under which the working classes live; who imagine that all that is needed are education, better domestic arrangements, cheap food and recreation, physical and mental; in a word, material amelioration. They are satisfied if they can make the environment pleasant, never thinking of the higher interests of the organization that it surrounds. Reason is the supplanter of faith. Faith is, in fact, a faculty of the soul they do not seem to possess or understand; never exercised, it becomes atrophied.

In the Atlantic is a tract left undisturbed by the currents—that is, torpid—called the Sargasso Sea. The Gulf Stream pours past, carrying warmth to northern regions of Europe, even to Nova Zembla, and the south equatorial current is streaming past, conveying chilled waters to be heated in the Mexican basin. But in the Sargasso Sea all is still; it breeds a festering mass of vegetation and animalcules. As in the ballad of the "Ancient Mariner":

> Day after day, day after day,
> We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
> As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean.
> Water, water, everywhere,
> And all the boards did shrink;
> Water, water, everywhere,
> Nor any drop to drink.
> The very deep did rot. O Christ,
> That ever this should be!
> Yes, slimy things did crawl with legs
> Upon the slimy sea.

Broad Churchism is the Sargasso Sea of the Church. In London the men of this party have their churches and proprietary chapels,

and these are attended by individuals who have sufficient salt of their youth to lead them to attend worship on Sunday mornings when they cannot conveniently get up a party for a motor excursion. When such clerics get transferred to country livings they do not know what to preach about; how to comfort the sick and sorrowful and how to reclaim the sinful. Christ Jesus is the friend, the dear friend, the hope, the standby of the suffering: but He is only the bowing acquaintance of the Broad Church pastor; they are hardly on speaking terms.

I remember reading of a philosophic agnostic who was visiting his old nurse at an almshouse. She was suffering, crippled, and fading. He spoke to her of one thing after another—how that rheumatism was due to uric acid in the blood; but the thought of uric acid did not comfort her. Just then the chaplain passed, and seeing the aged creature with tears streaming down her cheeks, he held up his finger, pointing heavenwards. The old nurse smiled, her face brightened, and she dried her eyes. "There," remarked the writer who narrated this fact, "I found that we lack something to give which so far only Christian faith can accord."

Many years ago I was at Freiburg in Breisgau, where at that time resided an English governess, who was dying of cancer. Her German Protestant pupils visited her. They were kind souls, and read to her Schiller, Heine, and Goethe; but could afford her no comfort, instil into her no hope. Then she sent for the English chaplain, and he spoke to her of Christ, His Cross and His Resurrection. The sun shone out on that poor sufferer's last days; she had the Gospel of hope, of immortality; she had Jesus Christ, God and man, who had died on the Cross and had conquered death, to cling to in place of Schiller's "Diver," Goethe's "Faust," and Heine's "Atta Troll." "Oh," exclaimed the pupils, "she has gone back to superstition."

I will take another case and submit it to the Broad Church cleric, as one might to a medical man, and ask what treatment he would adopt. And I take it from Miss E. Thorneycroft Fowler's novel *The Farringdons*. I take it because it is an exact reproduction of what has been the experience of thousands of Roman and Anglican priests, and of Wesleyan ministers as well, and each one of them has known at once what medicine to apply.

The authoress is speaking of Jemima Stubbs, whose early years were devoted to attendance upon an ailing mother, and

later on a crippled brother. She is addressed by Caleb Bateson, a class-leader and occasional preacher among the Methodists.

"You don't seem to be enjoying yourself, my lass," he had said in his cheery voice, laying a big hand upon the girl's narrow shoulder.

"'And how should I, Mr. Bateson, not having a beau, nor nobody to talk to?' she replied in her quavering treble. 'What with havin' first mother to nurse when I was a little gell, and then havin' Johnnie to look after, I've never had time to make myself look pretty and to get a beau, like other gells, and now I'm too old for that sort of thing, and yet I've never had my chance, as you may say.'

"'Poor lass! It's a hard life as you've had, and no mistake.'

"'That it is, Mr. Bateson. Men wants gells to look pretty and make 'em laugh. They don't care for the dull, dowdy ones such as me—and yet, how is a gell to be light-hearted and gay, I should like to know, when it's work, work, work all the day; nursing, nursing, nursing all the night? Yet the men don't make no allowance for that, not they. They just see as a gell is plain and stupid, and then they has nothing more to do with her and she can go to Jericho for all they cares.'

"'You've had a bad time of it, my lass,' repeated Bateson in his full, deep voice.

"'Right you are, Mr. Bateson, and it's made my hair grey, and my face all wrinkles, and my hands a sight o' roughness and ugliness. I'm a regular old woman and a fright, and I'm but thirty-five, though no one 'ud believe it to look on me. Lots o' women, them as has had easy times, and their way made smooth for them, look little more than gells when they are thirty-five, and the men run after them as fast as if they was only twenty. But I'm an old woman, I am, and I've never had time to be a young one, and I've never had a beau.'

"'It seems now, Jemima, as if the Lord was dealing a bit hard with you, but never fret yourself, He'll explain it all, and make it all up to you in His own good time. My lass, do you remember how S. Paul said, "From henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus"? Now it seems to me that your grey hair and your wrinkles and the roughness that comes to you, when we are working for others, and doing our duty, are nothing more nor less than the marks of the Lord Jesus. There are lots o' men in this world, Jemima, and still more women, who grow old before their time,

working for other people, and I take it that when folks talk o' their wrinkles, the Lord says, "My Name shall be on their foreheads;" and when folks talk o' their grey hairs, He says, "They shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy." And why do we mark the things that belong to us? Why, so as we may know 'em again and can claim 'em as our own afore the whole world. And that is just why the Lord marks us, so as all the world should know we are His, and so as no man shall ever pluck us out of His hand.'

"Jemima looked gratefully up at the kindly prophet who was trying to comfort her. 'Law! Mr. Bateson. That's a consoling way of looking at things. But all the same, I'd have liked to have a beau of my own just for onst, like other gells.'

"'The Lord made women, and He understands 'em, and He ain't the one to blame 'em for being as He Himself made 'em. Remember, the Book says, "As one whom his mother comforteth," and I hold that means as He understands women and their troubles better than the kindest father ever could. And He won't let His children give up things for His sake, without paying them back some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundredfold, and don't you ever get thinking that He will.'"

This is a long quotation, but I give it as typical of situations in which a clergyman will be placed, conditions he will have to meet.

Now, Messieurs les Modernistes, look round your pharmacopœia and see whether you have any medicine for such a case. If you repeat the old words of consolation, it will be as gramophones grinding out in harsh notes a melody which you do not hold to be true, do not feel to be true, to which you are as insensible as the revolving disc on which the notes are lightly scored.

Where in the mission field are the Broad Churchmen to be found? Low Churchmen are there, with their truncated Gospel; High Churchmen are there; the Wesleyan, the Independent, the Baptist are there—but the Broad Churchman is absent, because he has nothing to give, no glad tidings of great joy to announce to the heathen. In the slums, by the sick-bed, by the starving, he is not found. He has nothing to give them. No Gospel, no glad tidings of great joy. Among the sinful, the fallen, the agonized souls—he is not found. He looks on the sufferer and passes by on the other side. He has no Gospel, no glad tidings of pardon and peace for them.

At a recent Wesleyan Conference held at Plymouth (July 1913), a Mr. Ensor Walters, addressing the assembly, expressed his belief that the future is with the dogmatic Churches. Speaking for London, at all events, he said that sensational evangelizers had gone for ever. The churches in inner East London that were full, if any were full, were those of the Roman Catholic and High Anglican Communions. He was not there to plead that these Communions alone had the truth, but they had said to a weary and restless world, " Thus saith the Lord."

We have but to cross the water and study the Evangelische Kirche of Prussia, of Würtemberg and Baden, to see to what a condition of religious deadness an all-but-creedless Church can sink.[1]

On the stagnation of this Church, which was an invention of King Frederick William III of Prussia in 1817, I might refer to Laing's *Notes of a Traveller* (1842), an impartial evidence, as he was a Scottish Presbyterian ; but I prefer to take a later testimony. It must be understood what this Evangelical Church is—it is a fusion of Lutheranism and Calvinism on an undenominational basis. When this vague religion was imposed on Würtemberg, 1,500 families migrated with the purpose of settling in Georgia. Two-thirds of them perished before reaching Odessa, where the remnant were reinforced by a further body of their countrymen, to the number of 100 families. The Emperor Alexander I established them in colonies about Tiflis and Elizabethopol, where their descendants remain to this day.

As to the condition of religion in this " Church " on an almost creedless basis, I will quote the words of Dr. Brückner: " It must not be concealed that the great part of the Protestant population is at variance with the Protestant Church. Even when outward opposition is not expressed, inward declension is not lacking. If the prevailing disposition of the age is not an irreligious one, it certainly is not on the whole a Church one. I will not inquire whether the Bishop of Paderborn is right

[1] It does retain the Apostles' Creed, but this is only used at Baptisms and Confirmations. Nothing but the personal interference of the Emperor William—a man of eighty—as *Summus Episcopus* prevented the Apostles' Creed from being struck out of the Prussian Liturgy in 1877, by the vote of the Consistories. The same took place at Baden, where it would have been expunged by vote of the pastors, but for the veto of the Grand Duke. Although the Creed stands in the baptismal formulary, an eminent pastor in Baden told me in 1878 that he did not fancy there were half a dozen in the Grand Duchy who used it. It was optional to the parents whether it should be recited or not.

when he affirms that he knows of Protestant towns of 18,000 inhabitants in which only about thirty-two churchgoers are to be found. But it is a fact that, in a town such as Berlin, with its population of 65,000 inhabitants, the existing churches can accommodate 40,000, and that these are said to be seldom filled." [1]

I do not give my own experiences, as I might be considered prejudiced. In the *Sunday Magazine* of 1870 is an article on Tübingen, the University in which are trained those who are to be pastors in the Evangelical Church of Würtemberg. The writer says :

" When we leave the class rooms, which are crowded by earnest and accomplished young men—we seem to have left, not theology only, but religion behind us. In the Stift-Kirche (where almost all the worshippers go) you do not on any Sunday morning see above a hundred and fifty of the eight hundred and odd students who are enrolled in the University. You can count on your fingers all who occupy the seats of the male citizens. That intelligent and courteous man with whom you walked yesterday among the vineyards is not there ; nor any other with whom you had some talk on politics ; nor any of those whose faces are familiar to you in the streets. Stranger still, you will see very few of the professors ; you may go to church for a whole summer and never see Professor Beck. Aye, and stranger still, that good lady with whom it was your privilege to have had Christian conversation, and whose humble and loving trust in Christ impressed you so much, is not there. It was her manly son and his friends whom you saw pass your window very early this morning, setting out for a long walk amongst the hills. If, in your amazement, you devote Monday to inquiries, you will find that public worship is not regarded as their duty by any of the most pious among your friends ; and you will learn that many of the most thoughtful men and most inquiring students have long ceased even to expect any good from churchgoing. You will find, on the whole, that the most

[1] " Never did I behold Sunday so ill-observed as in these Protestant cities of North Germany. From sunrise to sunset, thousands of the people are absorbed in one idea, that of pleasure. Setting all other observances aside, it is neither a day of rest to man nor beast. The churches are ill filled. We attended the Lutheran (Evangelical, actually) service at the Marien-Kirche (Lübeck) this morning, a service I particularly dislike—a standing and sitting congregation—much singing, little praying, and a long-winded sermon." Horace Marryat, *A Residence in Jutland* (1860), i. 5.

pious people on the one hand, and the most intellectual on the other, and those who may be said to belong to both classes, do not attend church in Tübingen. If you proceed to country parishes you will probably find the church well attended, but you will not find that its services have much influence on the daily life of the farmers and cotters ; you will not even find that the minister holds that place spiritually and socially among his people to which he seems so well entitled. You will be struck probably in church itself, certainly out of it, by the lack of sympathy between the pulpit and the pews, the manse and the houses of the parishioners. It is unquestionable that this is due to a want of living religion. If a political revolution were to occur to-morrow, the throne is not so sure to be cast into the mire as is the pulpit ; and be it remembered that we speak of a country where there is no dissenting church—where the contest would not be between Establishment and Nonconformity, but, in the first instance at least, between Church and no-Church.

"To what then is due that strange alienation of the people from the Church ? It seems to me that it comes chiefly from . . . the negative theology which, while it has lost its hold on at the best men and the best thinkers, while as a school it is attempting to make up by extravagance what it has lost in power, has passed down into the heart of the people and chilled it."

This testimony is valuable, for it comes from the pen of a thoroughgoing Protestant. Confirmation may be found in *Religious Thought in Germany* (Tinsley, 1870).

There is, undoubtedly, a sad decline in churchgoing in England, but there is, among us, a large body of enthusiastic worshippers who could not and would not let the Church go, whereas in Protestant Germany only a few women would be found who would care to lift a finger to save the Evangelische Kirche from sinking into the earth ; and professors and students would drink a *bock* with a "Hoch ! Hoch ! Hoch !" above its grave, and the German people would look on with supreme indifference.

Here, then, we have an undogmatic Church, a compromise, before us as an acknowledged failure ; and yet it is to this condition that English Latitudinarians would reduce the Anglican Church. Religion is not dead in Germany, far from it ; but it is like the unsatisfied craving for love in the heart of an aged spinster, and it is not sought in the Evangelical Church ; I do

not think it occurs to any devout minds to suppose that a heart-satisfying religion is to be found there.

There is, unquestionably, great inducement to a Broad Church clergyman to occupy the position he has taken up, because it pays to be vague and vaporous. It ensures advancement. It is worth to him some thousand a year. It is the popular current on which he floats. But assuredly a priest of God should not follow the line of least resistance, and take his religion from the fashion of the day.

There used to be carriages to which was attached a "rumble" behind, in which sat the lady's maid. The Broad Churchman seats himself in the body of the ecclesiastical coach, among soft cushions, and where is the luncheon basket with cold pheasant, jam puffs, and champagne, also pleasant female society. We once drove over Haldon from Exeter to Dawlish, and only on reaching our destination discovered that the rumble had fallen off with the maid in it. I fear that with most Broad Churchmen their religion is consigned to the rumble behind, and that they will not discover their loss till the end of life's journey.

With men of the old Evangelical school, a High Churchman can always have much in common. So can he with an earnest Dissenting minister. They have in their hearts the love of God, and more or less of the Faith. But it is otherwise with the Broad Church parson. Though we can quite realize how great have been his difficulties, still we cannot but feel that he ought not to occupy the place he does. One is separated from him by a wall, because we cannot regard him as an honest man. If scholars desire to investigate the credibility of the Virginal Birth and the Resurrection, let them step outside the Church; but to dispute or disbelieve in them, and to continue to hold a position and pocket its emoluments, whilst definitely protesting twice daily that they do believe in these articles, is to be blind to the dictates of that integrity which is to be expected of gentlemen. The old Broad Churchmen, such as Dr. Arnold and Maurice and Kingsley, were men of different type. Arnold, though bitterly hostile to the Oxford Movement, which he attacked with a pen dipped in gall, was an earnest teacher, and his sermons to the boys at Rugby were marked by devotion to our Blessed Lord. At one time he had strong Unitarian leanings, but these he certainly mastered. In a letter addressed to a Unitarian father who had sent his son to Rugby he protested that such tenets were irreconcilable with the essentials

of Christianity, and expressed his determination as a master to try to impress on this boy, as on all other pupils committed to his charge, belief in these solemn verities; and the father, after such a warning, must resolve whether he would allow the boy to stay. This is what he wrote to Dr. Greenhill: "I believe that any man can make himself an atheist speedily, by breaking off his own personal communion with God in Christ; but if he keep this unimpaired, I believe that no intellectual study, whether of nature or of man, will force him into atheism; but on the contrary, the new creations of our knowledge, so to speak, gather themselves into a fair and harmonious system, ever revolving in their brightness around their proper centre, the throne of God. Prayer and kindly intercourse with the poor are the two great safeguards of spiritual life—its more than food and raiment."

It was on such topics as the Church, Orders, and Sacraments that Arnold laid no stress, if he did not sometimes contravene the Prayer Book.

J. F. Denison Maurice, the son of a Unitarian minister, was also regarded as pertaining to the Broad Church, but he stoutly maintained that the Catholic Church was the Kingdom of Christ upon earth, that the Sacraments were pledges and guarantees of grace; that the ministry had a real commission from God. His teaching was not fully approved by the Tractarians, as he fell short of much on which they insisted. But of his sincerity, of his loyalty to Christ and to the Church, there can be entertained no doubt whatever.

Stanley, Dean of Westminster, was the nearest to the modern Broad Churchman. He was a thorough Erastian, regarding the clergy in no other light than as the moral police force of the State and conservators of her ancient monuments. His theological views were vague, and it is doubtful whether he knew himself how far his belief went, and how far it fell short of Socinianism. I met him at the Alt Katholik Congress at Cologne in 1872, but he played there a very inconspicuous part, as Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln was present, with very definite views, and it became obvious to Stanley that the Old Catholics were determined to adhere to the Creeds and maintain the sacramental teaching of the Church.

Mr. (afterwards Dean) Church wrote of Stanley to Mr. Mozley in 1865: "He seems to me in the position of a prophet and leader, full of eagerness and enthusiasm and brilliant talents,

all heightened by success—but without a creed to preach." In 1881 he wrote: "Stanley had intellectual defects, like his physical defects as to music, or smell, or colour, or capacity for mathematical ideas, which crippled his capacity for the sympathy he wished to spread all round him. One of these defects is indicated in his aversion to metaphysics and dogmatic statements. They were to his mind like the glass which a fly walks on and cannot penetrate; when he came to them his mind 'would not bite.' Another defect seemed to me always his incapacity for the spiritual and unearthly side of religion; the elevations and aspirations after Divine affections, and longings after God, which are above the historic plane which was congenial to him. These were two enormous disqualifications to a religious teacher, and there were others, among them a certain freely indulged contempt for what he did not like, and a disposition to hunt down and find faults where he did not love people."

He offered a gratuitous insult to the Bishops of the Anglican Communion, English, Scottish, Irish, Colonial, and American, when they assembled for the first Pan-Anglican Council, by refusing to allow them to hold the Conciliar Communion in the Abbey. On the other hand, when the revisionists of the English Bible were to begin their labours, though comprising Dissenters and a Unitarian minister, he invited *all* to communion in the Abbey. When Convocation met on July 5, Bishop Wilberforce spoke on what was then called the "Westminster Scandal." "I am bound to say that I deeply lament that any one professing not only to hold, but to be the teacher of, a doctrine so dishonouring to our Lord and Saviour as the denial of His Godhead, joined in that act of Holy Communion of our Church, with the Bishops of that Church. I do most deeply lament that such should have been the case."

If Stanley refused the use of the Abbey to the Bishops of the Anglican Church, he was ready to lend the pulpit for lay lectures. Stanley was at Canterbury for the enthronement of Archbishop Tait (I take the story from the *Church Quarterly Review*). Dean Alford was worried because at the conclusion of the ceremony the Archbishop is enthroned in the Dean's seat, whence he would give the final Benediction, facing East, and the congregation in the nave would see and hear nothing of the blessing. The prospect distressed the Dean, and some one suggested, "Why not ask him to say it twice? Let him

step out of his stall, stand at the top of the steps and bless the multitude outside, papal fashion, *urbi et orbi*." But the Bishop of Oxford started some technical objection of precedent. At this Stanley cut in with the happy quotation, his eyes positively twinkling with mischief, "Hast thou but one blessing, my father? Bless me, even me also, O my father!" "Hark at him," said the Bishop promptly: "on Esau's side, as usual."

The Rev. Canon Fowler, Vice-Principal of Bishop Hatfield's Hall, Durham, many years ago, went to Westminster and asked Dean Stanley to allow him to study some mediæval Hebrew documents; but, seeing his long coat and clerical waistcoat and collar, the Dean treated him with marked coldness. A Jew scholar, who afterwards went for the same purpose, wrote to Dr. Fowler to express how courteous and gracious the Dean had been to him, allowing him to have the documents out of the library. Such was Stanley. He contemplated a Churchman with definite faith, from a distance, and with inveterate dislike; but would receive with open arms, and a face wreathed in smiles, a Dissenter, an agnostic, even a Jew.

In 1910 a book was published called *Confessions of a Clergyman*. It was anonymous, but the author informs his readers that he is a beneficed priest of the Church of England, but that, although he has lost his faith, he has no desire to lose his benefice and its emoluments, and therefore writes anonymously. He wrote: "I am still in the active ministry of the Church. I see no reason why I should sever this connection;" and yet he says, "I recognize Jesus as my Saviour, but I do not recognize Him as my God."

When Mr. Stopford Brooke found that he had ceased to believe in the Apostles' Creed, he resigned his benefice like an honest man.

There can be no manner of doubt as to what the teaching of the Church is, relative to the nature of our Lord Jesus Christ; and to remain in the ministry whilst contravening its teaching on a fundamental doctrine, if not with the lips, yet in the heart, shows how the loss of faith has demoralized the conscience. Yet these are the men that our Prime Ministers are disposed to advance to deaneries and canonries and perhaps to bishoprics. It is much as though dishonest clerks in a bank, who falsified the accounts and purloined the cash, were advanced to be managers.

Mr. (now Dean) Hensley Henson in his *Liberty of Pro-*

phesying has spoken of the acute conflict between the modern intellect and conscience and the Prayer Book. It may be so, but that is no reason why we should make over our treasure to those who would burgle us of it.

Such as hold to the immutability of natural law would restrict the efficacy of prayer to supplication for spiritual graces. Inexorable law governs the world of human affairs, and cannot be deflected to one side or another. The course of nature is rigidly mapped out, and no deviation from it is thinkable; consequently such supplications as occur in the Prayer Book for rain or for fine weather should be deleted. If the Broad Churchmen's conception of the valuelessness of prayer in matters material be carried to its logical conclusion, it is useless to pray for the recovery of the sick, for release from pain, because a malady must take its course, and pain is a necessary concomitant of disorganization of the system. It would also be irrational to pray for cessation of an epidemic "in the Time of any common Plague or Sickness," because these are due to the drinking water being impregnated with sewage, or to some other remediable cause; and the prayer should be addressed to the sanitary authorities or to the local inspector of nuisances, not to the Almighty, in whose hands it is commonly supposed are the issues of life and death.

It is on the same ground they hold it to be quite a mistake to call upon the Lord of Hosts, who maketh wars to cease in all the world, "for peace and deliverance from our enemies;" the application should be made to the Board of Arbitration at the Hague.

These men are like Paddy's steed, which he offered to sell to his squire as "a raale good Protestant horse." "What do you mean, Patrick?" "Sir, sure he's never been down on his knees."

Take the case of one of these men when a loved wife or darling child is in sickness nigh unto death. Though we are meant to use means, yet he leans *all* his trust on a mustard poultice, and flies for succour—not to Him who is the Great Physician, but to Mr. Boots the chemist, for a bottle of mixture, to be shaken before taken three times a day, and which costs him eighteenpence.

The aim of the Liberal Theologians now is to clear the Prayer Book of definite doctrine, rather than to eliminate the objectionable rubrics. A broad comprehensiveness is what they

aim at, so that all should be embraced within the Established Church, whatever they believe or disbelieve. A Church such as this, built not on the living Rock, but on the shifting sands of human opinion, would not be worth a pinch of salt.

In the Gospel parable it is the man that has been faithful over a few things who is made ruler over many things. In England at the present day, in the Church, it is the faithless servant who is exalted to be a rector, a canon, or a dean.

The Liberal Church party would open the doors of their churches and escort to their pulpits the ministers of dissenting bodies. Tarpeia offered to unfold the gates of Rome to the Sabines, if they would give her what they bore on their left arms, meaning their golden bracelets. They accepted, and as they entered the postern, despising the traitress, cast on her their shields and crushed her to death. And these male Tarpeias, what do they expect from the enemies of the Church whom they would let in? Their goodwill, their golden opinions? They will be buried under their contempt.

But it is not only that they would betray the doctrines of the Church. They, or at all events some of them, would betray its morals also. Mr. H. M. Garrod, in *The Religion of all Good Men*, writes: "Criticism of Christianity upon the ethical side has scarcely begun. I do not see how we can escape the necessity of wholly revising our view of Christian ethics." Again: "We cannot abandon Christian dogma and keep Christian ethics—that is true enough. The objection of young men to Christianity is not intellectual, but moral." He says that "the world and the flesh are the things which mankind will never consent to do without. The instinct of the average man is healthy, his cry is ever still, Give us the world and the flesh, or we will smash every window in your palace of painted superstition." So—not only must Christian dogma be revised, but Christian morals as well.

Into the ark of Noah were taken of clean beasts by sevens, male and female, of unclean by pairs. But these reformers would make of the Ark of Christ's Church a receptacle for the unclean by sevens, and for the clean—if they cared to enter so squalid a menagerie—by twos.

There are two distinct conceptions as to what a National Church should be. It is either a body in which exists a definite and living faith, not maybe everywhere in evidence; like pitch-blende, it would contain radium, always giving out light but never exhausting itself, confined necessarily to the few as an

active principle, but permeating the whole body more or less. The other conception was that of Dr. Arnold, and is that of the modern Broad Churchman, a tent spread over a quicksand that engulfs and buries out of sight everything that is real and solid.

We have such a Church in the Evangelische Kirche of Germany, already referred to, and a more unsatisfactory creation of the State can hardly be conceived.

Addison tells the story of an artist who set up his painting in the market-place, with a brush, a pot of black paint at its side, and a request that every passer-by should blot out what he regarded as a blemish. When he revisited his canvas, every portion of the picture was hidden under a dash of tar. And such would be the treatment accorded to the Church by these broad-minded reformers. Every sectarian, every crank, every man who had a prejudice would be invited to daub over and daub out a doctrine, a creed, a psalm, a collect, a sacrament, a rite, a rubric—till all left would be a worthless blank of blackness.

At the battle of Maupertuis (Poitiers) the English archers drew up in line across the King's highway, each provided with a stake, broad enough to cover his person, pointed at the extremity, which extremity he rammed into the ground, thus forming an impregnable rampart by means of which he was able to rout and ruin the chivalry of France. Like these stakes has been the shield of the Faith to every Christian man, a sure protection, unless it be whittled down to the slimness of a fishing-rod.

On the day upon which I corrected these proofs I walked from Bayonne to a village a few miles distant, and, entering the churchyard, saw above a grave a stone cross, on which was inscribed but one word, CREDO. The happy soul whose body lay beneath that cross, in living was sustained and strengthened by grace, and in death was radiant in hope, through the virtue of that same word *Credo*.

CHAPTER XVII

VIA MEDIA

THERE is now almost nothing remaining of the bitterness that once reigned between the Evangelicals and the High Churchmen. Members of the two parties have been brought into contact in diocesan Synods and Church Congresses, and have come to understand one another better, and to modify their opinions. Indeed there has been a continuous levelling up of the Low Church party, both in doctrine and in practice, and among the High Church there has been a deepening of spiritualism, so that the members of the two sections can work harmoniously together, are in point of fact no longer to be regarded as sections, for they melt imperceptibly into one another like the colours in the rainbow. Not only so, but many Low Church parents have children who have gone up higher, and of whose sincerity and godliness they can entertain no doubt. This even applies to the Dissenters. The present Archbishop of York, a man very definite in the Faith, is the son of a Presbyterian minister, and a well-known, highly esteemed Wesleyan preacher in the West of England has a son who is a Cowley Father, and a daughter among the Clewer sisters. Very few of the children of Evangelicals remain on the same platform as their parents. Almost invariably, if they continue earnest and devout, they have become High Church.

In my own neighbourhood there is a lane about a quarter of a mile long, between high banks, and very steep. At the lower end, on ascending it, one can see in April the right-hand bank one mass of primroses, dense as the stars at night in a clear sky. On the left bank, not one. But after mounting some fifty feet, sporadically appear a few primroses on the left bank. They become by degrees more numerous, till at length the banks on both sides of the lane are starred with the beautiful flowers, on each equally abundant. It has been so in the English Church.

The beauty of holiness—by beauty I mean the expression in worship—was for awhile confined to the High Church party, the right. But by degrees it has extended to the Low Church side, till at last we may confidently look to the same loveliness and abundance of the manifestation of Divine Life in worship on one side as on the other.

In the South of France it is not unusual for boys to keep small green frogs in glass pickle-jars as barometers. A little water occupies the bottom of the vessel, and a tiny ladder is inserted, the base of which is in the fluid and the top reaches nearly to the mouth of the jar. In very wet weather the frogs remain submerged, but at a change they ascend the scale, and the degree on which they squat indicates what the weather will be.

On visiting a large town in the North of England, I was talking to my host about the religious condition of the place. He said: "We have here churches of all kinds, from the lowest of the low, through the stages of high and dry, to very high."

That is as it should be, for when Dissenters emerge from their native element, either because they are weary of pulpit politics in their chapels, or because they have quarrelled with the deacons, or because their spiritual condition demands something higher and better, they at first find their way into the seats of the Low Church. Perhaps they may remain there all the rest of their lives, perhaps they may begin to crawl higher; but almost invariably they see their young people advance to churches above their own heads.

This ladder system in the English Church is altogether to be commended. There is a rung for every kind of temperament and spiritual condition. And this is what every Bishop in England and the Colonies, who is wise, recognizes and welcomes.

In France and Germany a great gulf is fixed between the Catholics and Protestants. There is no bridge to connect them, there are no ladders. Every year each community loses members that drop off into indifference or into actual hostility to religion. It is most unusual for the members of one community to leap across the chasm into the other. To the Catholic, Calvinism is absolutely repulsive, and an Evangelical cannot stomach the amount of superstition that goes along with positive truth in the Catholic Church. The statue on a column is sometimes so surrounded with the frippery of decoration as to obscure the figure itself. I was much struck with the impassable gulf when

CLADSTONE'S BUNDLES OF HAY.

Make Up Your Mind Which It Is to Be, Please!

VIA MEDIA

in the Cevennes. At Merueis the population is about equally divided between Calvinists and Catholics. The temple of the former is octagonal. Internally it has a pulpit in the middle, and the seats of the audience are ranged about it. Not a decoration of any sort to relieve the utter barrenness of the place of preaching. Nothing there to attract, everything to repel. In the Catholic parish church an excess of the most trumpery tinsel adornment, the music at High Mass execrable, the service slatternly, the preaching commonplace. Obviously it occurred to neither community that it was worth while trying to attract across the chasm.

It would be fatal in England were there not rungs at regular intervals in the Church ladder. All minds, all souls, are not constituted alike. Some desire a vague sentimentalism in religion; like Ixion, they embrace a cloud and are content to hug a chilly nebulosity; others abhor indefiniteness. I saw in the newspaper the other day that a man on the Thames Embankment had died of the London fog. And souls perish who are given only a vague and vaporous Christianity, with soot in suspension.

It is well, it is essential, that a Church resting on the broad basis of humanity should have provision made for those who have little power of assimilation. This was realized to a certain extent in the Latin Church in the Middle Ages, when in the Cistercian churches the decoration was reduced to a minimum—when even singing was forbidden in the Offices. A dull, grim, and tedious service was provided for dull, grim, and heavy minds; that were able to lay hold of the principles of the Christian Faith, but preferred to have them painted drab.

It is with Faith as with the sight. All are not specially clear-sighted. So long as the men see, we must be content if they see but a little way, and be thankful that we see more; and if some see incorrectly—" men as trees walking "—we must be patient with them, and help them to see accurately, and not be angry at their mistakes. Heresy is really the exaltation of one article of faith at the expense of other truths. Neither Manicheism nor Gnosticism was a heresy, it was a religion apart from Christianity, that had certain shreds and particles of Christianity adhering to it. Mormonism is the same. But the Protestant sects of the present day in England owe their vitality to the truth of one or more articles of belief to which they cling. Where they err is that they fail to grasp the complementary verities. Some,

like Pterilaus, have but one gold hair on their heads—one Truth. Deprive them of that and they perish. Some sects are like the Gorgon sisters, with a single tooth between them; all the rest are useless stumps. There may be but one hair, yet that is gold; one tooth, yet that is sound; one Christian verity, but that is very truth. Anyhow, one is better than none at all.

When a tadpole is about to change into a frog it must have a ledge just within reach, and no more, above water, on which to effect its transformation. Without such a ledge it infallibly dies. I kept tadpoles in a pail when I was a boy, and I could not make out at first how it was that in the morning, after they had given promise of change, their corpses floated on the water. I put in a bit of wood, and the rest mounted that, and lived. Before each changed, it had not developed legs wherewith to leap. And for those whose heads are just above Nonconformity, and are inclined to be transformed into Churchmen, the Churches which are in Evangelical hands are a spiritual necessity.

In most of our towns the ladder system prevails, but there are some, and certain seaside resorts, where it does not—such, for instance, as are pocket boroughs of the Simeonite Trustees. The spiritual condition of the residents suffers, for there are now thousands grown to man's estate, aged and grey-headed, who have been brought up from childhood with full Catholic training and accustomed to Catholic worship, and who cannot endure what they find in these churches. In a good many cases they cease to attend them, and make journeys, when weather permits, to surrounding villages where they can obtain that to which they have been accustomed.

The same thing applies to foreign chaplaincies. Such as are in the hands of the Colonial and Continental Society have too often their services on so low a scale that those who at home have never seen anything like the weird performances in these chapels, withdraw after a single visit, and either move to another place where is an S.P.G. chaplaincy, or else attend the Roman Catholic churches; not that it occurs to them for a moment to quit the Anglican Communion, but that they cannot relish her services carried out in a way to which they are not accustomed and which to them is absolutely repellent. There is, however, this to be said for Colonial and Continental Society chapels, that a good many have been levelled up, provide early Celebrations every Sunday and Holy Day, and are improved on what they were, as I can remember, fifty years ago. Still, they

represent the English service in its basest form. They are a *pis aller*, and nothing more.[1]

In country villages there is no choice given to the parishioners. There is but the one parish church; and the incumbent, if he has any discretion, recognizes this fact, and makes a ladder of his services, so that all spiritual requirements may be met. It is just as foolish to give pap to a healthy man as it is to give salt beef to one with a feeble digestion. I knew the case of a wretched tramp who for a frolic allowed some young men to ram a billiard ball down his throat. It was extracted with extreme difficulty, after the man had spent the worst half-hour in his life. If it had descended into his stomach he could not have digested it. Certain inconsiderate young clergy think to ram full Catholic doctrine down every throat. They do not consider that souls have digestions as well as stomachs, and that some can no more assimilate such teaching, taken in a lump, than the hungry tramp could have digested the billiard ball.

It must be borne in mind that the English people for a long time have been given little solid food in the form of definite instruction. Every sensible man knows that it is fatal to give those who have been starved as much solid food to consume as, perhaps, they would like.

Those at the summit of the Church ladder regard such as are planted on lower perches with sympathy and goodwill, but it is otherwise, too often, with those at the bottom—they contemplate the occupants of a higher rung with suspicion and alarm; for, unlike Jacob's ladder, on which angels descended as well as ascended, there is no down-current on this scale; indeed, hardly ever are there instances of retrogression.

Nebulous matter has condensed into planets, but no planet has ever resolved itself back into a nebula; and it is scarcely conceivable that one who has absorbed and assimilated definite Catholic teaching can eject it and return to amorphous Protestantism.

The ladder system is in conformity with nature. All life is constituted on a scale from the lowest bit of animated proto-

[1] I see that Mr. Athelstan Riley's *A Guide to High Mass Abroad*, "being a manual for the use of English churchmen attending the Celebration of the Holy Eucharist in Roman Catholic countries," has gone into a fifth edition already. What does this show but that a large number of English people on the Continent so dislike the manner in which the Anglican service is performed in Colonial and Continental Society chapels, that they give them a wide berth, and go to towns better served, or to Roman Catholic churches? The same applies to Ireland.

plasm to the most highly organized being. The breath of life, which is the Spirit of God, is in the lichen on the wall as well as in the rose and the palm tree; in the sea-slug as well as in the gold-fish. Why should there not be degrees of spiritual capacity and apprehension in man? And if there be, as assuredly there are, then the Church of England is right in providing for all. Our "unhappy divisions" are only the intervals in the inevitable ladder of progression.

An old friend, when I invited him to accompany me for a walk, replied: "No, thank you. Your legs are long and mine are short. You stride far ahead of me. If you want me to listen to your opinions, gain instruction or amusement from your discourse, you must accommodate your pace to mine." Intelligences, like bodies, have not all the same length of leg, and some lag far behind others. If we desire to convince or persuade the short-legged minds, we with long legs must limit the length of our stride. When one of twain acts as a guide he may keep a foot-length ahead of the other, but he is valueless as a leader if he be a mile in advance.

A friend, now no more—Canon Sowden of Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire—had the very ugliest of the Peel churches I ever saw, pewed high with deal, with a three-decker obscuring the little altar in an alcove behind it. I asked him how he could endure to minister for many years in such a place. He replied, "I must educate the people till *they* can no longer endure it."

He did so, and before he died saw risen in its room a glorious fabric, with dignified chancel and stately altar, such as for long years he had desired—built by the people whom he had trained no longer to tolerate the former unsightly edifice. First the blade, then the ear, afterwards the full corn in the ear. Genuine, consistent advance is made by steps, not by jumps, least of all with a leaping-pole.

If there be truth in the doctrine of Evolution, then in every stage of life there is a prophecy and promise of something higher. The serpent has undeveloped limbs beneath its skin, but they come into existence as members in the lizard. In this upward march there are starts and expansions that are unfulfilled in the higher-developed creatures. We, with our pithy teeth, have to submit them periodically to the dentist; but the snail has them so hard that, like diamonds, they will scratch glass. We have our lungs folded up behind our ribs, and we protect them with flannel and occasionally have to nurse them with a mustard

poultice. But in the butterfly the lungs are drawn forth at the sides, unfurled and feathered with every tint of the rainbow. Is this a prophecy of what may be with us in a higher reach of creation? We cannot say; but we do know that this teaches us not to regard ourselves as the crown and *ne plus ultra* of nature. And so in religion.

There are generally, in phases of religion below the highest, among the Evangelicals, even in the various forms of Dissent, important truths that have been too long neglected in the Church. There is a truth in Congregationalism, that the people should have something to say as to the appointment of their pastors. At one time, the bishops, even the Popes, were elected by people and clergy. That we have lost. There is a truth in Calvinism, there is such a thing as predestination. Are not we who have our Christian and Church privileges predestined to know and serve God in a way denied to the Mussulman and the heathen? Is there not a truth in Mohammedanism itself—the conviction that there is but One God, and that He must be worshipped? And have not our Christians forgotten this, who neglect their private prayers, desert public worship that they may boat on the Thames or motor about the roads on the Lord's own day? There is a truth in the Wesleyan—the truth of necessity for many souls to be converted, and brought to realize the importance of religion, and of a change of life from one of worldliness to that of love of, and obedience to God. There is a truth in Mrs. Eddie's faith-healing, that prayer avails mightily, and above the administration of drugs. We must look down on these manifestations of religious conviction, and learn from them.

Of course liberty of worship and of prophecy have to be restrained within due bounds, otherwise the door is opened to confusion and anarchy. And then, again, we have to remember that individual tastes must be subordinated to general edification and corporate worship. Bacon says in one of his Essays: "It is noted by one of the Fathers, Christ's coat indeed had no seam, but the Church's vesture was of divers colours; whereupon he saith *In veste varietas sit, scissura non sit*; they be two things, unity and uniformity."

Bishop Wilberforce wrote in 1866: "There may be differences of opinion as to the extent to which Ritualistic observances should prevail in public worship. The conformation of men's minds differs. The conformation of my mind leads me to be

satisfied with the simplest form as being the most productive of devotion; but it is not so with others, and I have no right to make what suits me the law for everybody else." In his charge of 1866 he advocated "the revival of old English, not the aping of Roman ways." A development, a growth after long sleep of what had been, not an importation from abroad of what had never been.

Some of the early Tractarians took umbrage at the attitude of Hooker and other Anglican divines because they refused to unchurch the Zwinglian, Calvinist, and Lutheran Communities which had—so they considered—ruptured the spinal cord of Church continuity. But these divines drew a distinction between wilful schism and schism compelled by necessity. There is a man now working on the roads near my home who some years ago fell down a mine-shaft and dislocated his shoulder. This was not at first found out, and when finally it was discovered, the socket had been filled by osseous formation; but a false socket had been formed, so that the man can use his arm and earn his bread with it, though he cannot raise it high. Now what has happened to the Communities in the Protestant world is, that they do a good work, and proclaim certain Christian truths, are zealous and devout; but this is the case only because a false socket has been formed. As in nature, so in spiritual matters, there are recuperative powers, makeshifts, and side-adjustments.

Since Dr. Newman veered about, and in *Via Media of the Anglican Church* (1877) laboured to confute the theory which he had himself broached in earlier years, and pronounced it an unworkable theory, it has fallen somewhat into disrepute. And it is not a tenable theory, if it be held that the English Church was deliberately reformed on the principle of standing between two antagonists, and trying to keep the peace between them, without compromising herself with either. What she did attempt under Elizabeth was to allow a corner within her house for those infected with foreign heresies, in hopes of reclaiming them, just as in a family one or two members, showing signs of aberration of intellect, are allowed to remain. There is a shrinking from turning them out of doors, or sending them to an asylum, unless they become raving maniacs. It was possibly a mistaken policy, but it was a policy conceived in charity.

Newman's view of the *via media*, which he condemned as an impracticable system, was that the English Reformers tried to

occupy a middle position between the Church of Rome and the Continental Reformers. But I do not think this view is tenable. They were engrossed in purifying the English Church as best they might according to their lights, without any definite purpose of taking a *via media* position.

It is a conceivable theory that Cranmer and his associates were inclined to entirely decatholicize the English Church, but that they were afraid of outraging the people by revolutionary treatment of the Prayer Book. In Sweden Gustavus Vasa completely protestantized the Church in his dominions, but he allowed the shell to remain almost intact, archbishops, bishops, altars, crucifixes, lights, vestments, wafer bread. In Denmark and Norway it was the same. The kernel was extracted, and the husk allowed to remain, so as to deceive the people.

The Nile after a while splits into branches: one diverges to the right, and is swallowed up in unfathomable morasses; another takes its course to the left, is strong and voluminous, and it sweeps along with it the *sud*, but it does not represent the whole river, and between the two flows a current steadily to the sea, and that is the midway of the river. The idea of a *via media* did not enter the heads of the Reformers. All that they desired to do was to clear their own branch of the stream of the mass of weeds that obstructed its course and provoked divergencies. If as a result of their labours the Church of England found herself, or was found by others, to occupy an intermediate position, that had not been consciously aimed at, it was rather accidental than otherwise.

Actually and unequivocally the Anglican Church is far nearer to the Church of Rome than to the Lutheran and Evangelical sects abroad. She has retained her Apostolic Succession and Episcopal rule. In the Early Church and in the Oriental Church to this day the Constitution is and was one of a federation of bishops. In Latin Christianity this federation has been subverted, and changed into a domination by one man. We reverted to primitive usage. Our liturgical Offices are closely allied to the Mass and the Breviary services, and bear no resemblance whatever to those of Calvinists, Zwinglians, and the Prussian Evangelical Establishment.

It may not be amiss to compare them. I will take (1) the Sarum Missal, (2) the Prayer Book of 1662, (3) the Puritan Directory of 1644, (4) the Communion Service of the Evangelische Kirche, from the Würtemberg book of 1908. I will

show how that in our Liturgy there has been little other than displacement of parts.

Sarum Missal.	Prayer Book of 1662.	Puritan Directory of 1644.	Evangelische Kirchen Buch, three forms.
I. Preparation of the Priest.	Preparation of the Priest (*S.M.* I.).	1. Exhortation and Invitation.	I 1. Exhortation and Invitation.
II. Confession and Absolution.	Commandments and Kyrie, 10 times (*S.M.* III.).	2. Seating Communicants round the Table.	2. Prayer with reading the words of Institution (no manual acts).
III. Kyrie, 9 times.			
IV. Gloria in Excelsis.	Gloria transferred (*S.M.* IV.).	3. Reading of the words of Institution as a lesson, and not as a prayer.	3. Communion of pastors and people standing.
V. Collects, Epistle, and Gospel.	Collects, Epistle, and Gospel (*S.M.* V.).		4. Thanksgiving.
VI. Nicene Creed.	Nicene Creed (*S.M.* VI.).	4. Extempore Prayer.	5. Blessing and Dismissal.
VII. Oblation at the altar of Bread and Wine.	Oblation at the altar of Bread and Wine (*S.M.* VII.).	5. Joint Communion of minister and people, all seated. No prescribed words of Administration.	
VIII. Secreta for acceptance of Oblation.	Church Militant prayer of Oblation, and Commemoration of the Living and Dead (*S.M.* VIII., XII., XIV.).		II 1. Exhortation. 2. Words of Institution read as a Lesson.
IX. Sursum Corda.	Confession and Absolution (*S.M.* II.).	6. Exhortation after Communion.	3. Communion, standing.
X. Preface.	Sursum Corda (*S.M.* IX.).		4. Thanksgiving.
	Preface (*S.M.* X.).	7. Thanksgiving.	
XI. Sanctus.	Sanctus (*S.M.* XI.).		
XII. Commemoration of Living.	Prayer of Humble Access (*S.M.* XV.).		
XIII. Consecration Prayer with the manual acts.	Consecration Prayer (*S.M.* XIII.) with the manual acts.		III 1. Exhortation. 2. Prayer.
XIV. Commemoration of Departed.			3. Recitation of Institution (no manual acts).
XV. Prayer of Humble Access (for Priest alone).			
XVI. Communion of Priest.	Communion of Priest (*S.M.* XVI.).		4. Communion, standing. 5. Thanksgiving.
XVII. Communion of people, kneeling.	Communion of people, kneeling (*S.M.* XVII.).		6. Blessing and Dismissal.
XVIII. Post-Communion Prayers.	Post-Communion Prayers (*S.M.* XVIII.).		
XIX. Blessing and Dismissal.	Blessing and Dismissal (*S.M.* XIX.).		

Every Liturgiologist knows what dislocation and unintelligent patching together have taken place in the Roman Mass. As it

happens, there are *thirty-one* items common, literally or substantially, to the Ordinary and Canon of the Sarum Missal and the Communion Service of 1662. The only *one* direct point of contact between these two rites and the Middleburgh Puritan Prayer Book of 1586, the Directory of 1644, or the Scottish Presbyterian Liturgy of the same date, is the recitation of the words of institution; which, however, are entirely detached from any prayer said over the bread and wine.

Dr. Lushington cannot have known much when he said of the English Prayer Book: "The Mass is gone, root and branch."

The term *via media* has for some time been restricted to a body of men in the English Church who occupy the middle rungs of the ladder of opinion and practice; men who stand aloof equally from a Romanizing party, and from that, the breath of which smells of Geneva. These men wisely deprecate violent changes. They consider, and justly, the effect produced on the national mind and temperament by the convulsions of the past, the degradation caused by the Latitudinarians, the deadness, the spiritual numbness of the Georgian period, the lop-sided presentation of the Faith by the Evangelicals—and all this has to be overcome. Little by little, line upon line, precept upon precept, must be the rule. This is perfectly true; but it should never content a moderate man to stand still. A middle way must not become immobility. There must be movement and advance, the pace of progress regulated by circumstances and well considered. No man should complacently practise the Goose-step all his life long, and flatter himself that he is making way.

The temptation exists *quieta non movere*, so as to save trouble and inconvenience, and this is precisely the temptation that besets the *via-media* man, and too often masters him.

A man inclined to the *via media* should well consider, in a place where the bulk of the population consists of artisans and labourers, that these are men who are impatient of the *via media*.

In one of Æsop's fables is the story of a traveller who came for shelter to a satyr's cave, numbed by frost, and he blew on his fingers. The satyr asks his reason for so doing. He replies: "To warm my chilled members." Presently the host produces a bowl of hot porridge. The traveller blows on that. "Why so?" "To cool the porridge." "I will not harbour under my roof one who blows hot and cold with the same breath," said the satyr, and kicked him out.

But the traveller was right and the satyr was wrong. The

circumstances differed, and that the satyr could not understand. The satyr represents the vast majority of our population, which likes a man to be thorough.

The Rev. Conrad Noel, in his essay on " Organized Labour " in *Facing the Facts* (1911), says of the working men: " It is important to notice with some accuracy the kind of church they do not go to. Anglicanism in the mind of the general public, the Anglicanism to whose services the working man does not go, is represented by monotoned matins and evensong, the surpliced choir, hymns *Ancient and Modern*, and a sermon on domestic morality and the joys of the world to come." This is true whether of the town or the country.

That surpliced choir, so dear to the Anglican heart, is like two ridges of snow in the chancel, freezing the voices and devotion of the congregation in the nave.

Go into a German Roman Catholic church for the *Volksmesse*, and you will find it crammed to the door, and the whole congregation, mostly made up of men, singing the vernacular hymns—accompanied by the organ, but with no surpliced choir. Go into a Calvinist church in Holland, or an Evangelical church in Germany, and you will hear in the same manner the whole congregation singing—and no surpliced choir. If we want to get the men to church, and the working men above all, we must give them services in which they will take the principal part as far as the music goes: no anthems, no " Services " for Magnificat and Nunc dimittis, but plain and popular chants,[1] and for a hymnal something robust and free from mawkish sentiment.

In the German *Volksmesse* the priest is either inaudible in a cathedral or but faintly heard. It is the people's and not the priest's mass, and they crowd to it. But very few attend the High Mass, at which elaborate music is performed by orchestra and choir.

Stand outside any little wayside dissenting chapel, and listen to the singing. There is no organ, no choir—the congregation are choir and organ in one, and for heartiness they shame the service in the parish church. I felt this very strongly when Sankey and Moody came over to England, with their hymns set to popular music full of melody. The hymns went everywhere, were sung everywhere, were whistled by the ploughboy behind his team, and hummed by the seamstress over her sewing machine.

[1] Where a church has a surpliced choir, that choir might sing alternate verses with the congregation.

I compiled a little collection of *Church Songs* which is published by the S.P.C.K. to give to Church people, some hymns with definite teaching and with choruses, and set to melodious airs. It did not take. The clergy were too apathetic, too wedded to the routine of the approved hymnals to venture on so bold an innovation. For twenty-eight years I have in my little parish of about 200 people used these *Church Songs* along with *Ancient and Modern*, and it would be worth hearing how the congregation shout in them. We must study the cravings of the people—adapt our services to them.

The position of the Anglican Book of Common Prayer as a lay manual of devotion is unprecedented and unparalleled. The authorized public formularies of other Churches are intended for the clergy alone. In vain in Ulm, a town of 52,000 inhabitants, nearly all Protestant, did I seek in the five booksellers' shops for the authorized Gebetbuch.[1] In the three greatest ancient Christian communities—Latin, Greek, and Russian—the service-books are not even in the vernacular tongue, nor are they obtainable at a cheap rate. Roman Catholic laics can indeed have their "Missal for the Laity," "Paroissien," etc., but these do not profess to contain the whole service which the priest is reciting, and provide private devotions which the worshippers may employ simultaneously with the orisons of the Church. But the English Prayer Book was designed to serve both priest and laics alike, and to weld the devotions of one with those of the other. It has not been as successful as was desired, and to the uneducated and untrained in its use it is a bewildering book. What we must strive to do is to popularize it by a simplifying process in mission chapels.

At the present day, I suppose that the majority of the English clergy belong to the *via media*, and in towns where satyrs do not dwell—that is to say, in those portions of the towns where the respectable class lives, there they are in the right place; but they are quite out of their element in the slums and back lanes of the city and in agricultural villages not dominated by the squire.

It is one thing for an incumbent to refrain from too decided teaching or practice till his congregation are in a condition to assimilate and understand, and another thing altogether to take the middle road because he is timorous or lethargic.

Unfortunately too many take the middle road merely because

[1] When I did get a copy at last, from Stuttgart, it cost 10*s*.—the cheapest edition, I believe the only one.

it is safest and most convenient, and not out of principle. It is from this class that so many of our dignitaries are chosen, and for whom patrons of livings are on the look-out. "Is he a safe man?" is the question which public opinion invariably asks when the name of a candidate for a vacant ecclesiastical office comes before the world. Is he a man who blows both hot and cold? No—not blows, only breathes warm and cool. These moderate men naturally seek for like-minded colleagues, hence the condition added to advertisements for curates: "No extremist —moderate views," "No party man." In every case one may be pretty sure the advertiser is a mediocrity, and he is on the search for one more mediocre than himself. It is not learning and piety, or zeal, that is required, but colourlessness, indefiniteness, something about as relishable as a moderately fresh egg.

So we get indefinite teaching, lukewarm ministrations, and feeble examples set before us. Where there is energy it is spent in organization, a complex set of machinery is set up, and clergy and devout women are on the run all day winding up these various mechanisms, and spiritually the results are *nil*.

If the Church is ever to regain the place it once held in this country, we may rest assured that it will be by means of definite teaching and firm discipline. King Demos, who rules now, cannot understand well-balanced expositions of truth, kid-glove handling of topics of vital importance, and he looks on with amused contempt at the prelate or the parson trying to seat and balance himself between two stools. But, as already said, the *via media* finds favour with the upper ten and with the prosperous tradesmen, because it makes no great demands on their faith, their devotion, their time, and their pockets; but it will not win acceptance with the sons of toil, or gain the hearts of the young. It is worth remembering that Mr. (now Sir) Charles Booth, in his work on the conditions of social life in the East End of London, says that the two religious bodies which have the strongest hold on the working population of that district are the Baptists and the Roman Catholics—just the two which are most dogmatic in their teaching and strict in their discipline; and that undenominationalism is utterly sterile in mission work.

Monsignor Benson, in his *Confessions of a Convert*, tells us what the motive was which led him to take Holy Orders. "I decided," says he, "to become a clergyman. I think the death of one of my sisters about this time helped me to the decision. But, for the rest, I suspect that my motives rose largely from the

fact that a clerical life seemed to offer the line of least resistance. I am sure that I was not calculating enough to argue to myself that being my father's son would bring me emolument or promotion, for, honestly, these were no temptation to me at all; but I think that on the natural side, at any rate, a life spent in an ecclesiastical household, and the absence of any other particular interest, seemed to indicate the following of my father's profession as, on the whole, the simplest solution of the problem of my future" (p. 28). Now, I fancy that the above fairly represents the motives at work in inducing a great number of men to embrace the clerical profession, and such invariably settle into Moderate Churchmen, as they have no enthusiasm and hate disturbance of repose.

These are men who will not only not set the Thames on fire, but will not kindle a spark of divine flame in any human soul; they will, however, keep whatever religion they find in their parishes slowly smouldering, without emitting one jet of fervent piety.

Far higher and nobler motives, thank God, impel many to enter the ministry, and such will prove a force in the Church, but such men will be shunned or coldly regarded by their bishops, and passed over.

The average candidate is, I take it, on the look-out for a quiet, lazy life. Such men, when ordained, drift about to divers curacies, adapting their teaching to that of the incumbents, making themselves popular by proficiency in lawn-tennis or athletic sports; or else they settle down with the *placens uxor* in quiet country parsonages, their highest ambition gratified by appointments as rural deans or election as chairmen of Boards of Guardians.

Quite apart from the influence which the *via-media* man exercises in social life, and the various ways in which he promotes the welfare of the nation, there is one good end which he serves in the Church, and that is, he acts as ballast, preventing dangerous lists to port or starboard. The representatives of the class help to steady both maximizers and minimizers. Their lives are not thrown away. The good they do in their parishes is incalculable, but it is moral and material; in a far less degree is it spiritual. The stomachs rather than the souls of their parishioners are their main solicitude.

There is another end, and that valuable, which the existence of this body serves, and that is, it keeps alive what is a peculiar

characteristic of the Church of England—its quiet, unobtrusive phase, its exhibition in nearly every parish of beautiful family life, with the fear of God ever before it, impressed with a sense of duty pervading all its members, full of kindliness and generosity and sympathy. Their example, if not their teaching, has a high moral efficacy. It is from the country parsonages that come most of our best and most upright youths who serve in the Army, in the Navy, or are found in the Colonies ; and the daughters are the finest type of English girl that can be produced, not given over to vanities and frivolities, but quiet, sweet, and modest, and withal intelligent, often well-read, and always ladylike.

Moreover, the moderate men do keep alive, in a state maybe of not very vigorous and efficient life, the traditions of former generations ; and their teaching, though not very definite, is orthodox. As students moreover, as many of them are, they do good service by their writings ; unable from natural temperament and constitutional timidity to throw themselves into the heat of the conflict, they supply the ammunition which keener partisans are able to use with advantage.

The moderate man has a great fear of enthusiasm. *Pas trop de zèle* is his motto, and he possesses what is a valuable property of being able to look on everything from both sides. He can see good here, but there is an objection to it present in his mind. He is a qualifier of every doctrine and practice. Impetuous men rush headlong away with an idea without waiting to see whether it has its limitations or its drawbacks. But it is precisely the men of one idea who carry all before them.

Men of one idea are occasionally dangerous to the Church, and we may be thankful that we have a balance-wheel in the moderate party to keep them from running the machine down. But the *via media* party must be careful not to mistrust enthusiasm too wholly. The prophet rebuked the Israelites for halting between two opinions. These latter considered that there was a good deal to be said for Baal, and perhaps, on the whole, more for Jehovah, so they maintained a *via-media* position. It was much the same with the Philadelphians, who were neither hot nor cold, only lukewarm.

In the service of the State it is the mediocrities who are given places of importance, because they are safe men. And it is doubly so in the Church. The really able man is set aside, because he is able, and has ideas of his own ; and what is needed is the man who will trudge along the beaten path and never

lift his head to look over the wall, or raise his muzzle to snuff the air. Whether it be a premier on the look-out for one to fill an Episcopal throne, or a bishop seeking a man to put into a living of importance, he looks out for a mediocrity. He knows that he can trust him, a man who will cause no trouble, one whose paramount conviction is to retain things as they are. But such men as these the British working man despises.

A dealer brought a horse to a would-be purchaser. "You will guarantee that he does not run away?" "Sir, he will stand stock-still in the shafts. You must push him to make him go." "And he does not kick?" "Kick, sir! He is so stiff in the back he cannot raise his hindquarters." "And he does not shy?" "He is stone-blind." "And he is safe?" "Safe! Absolutely. Why, he's a wooden horse." "That is the beast for me and my silver-mounted harness. Take him round to the stables and give him the best stall."

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